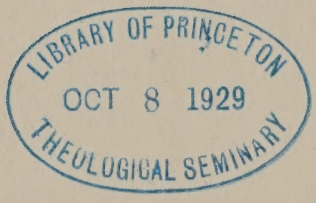
SOUTHERN BAPTISTS IN SUNNY ITALY

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR



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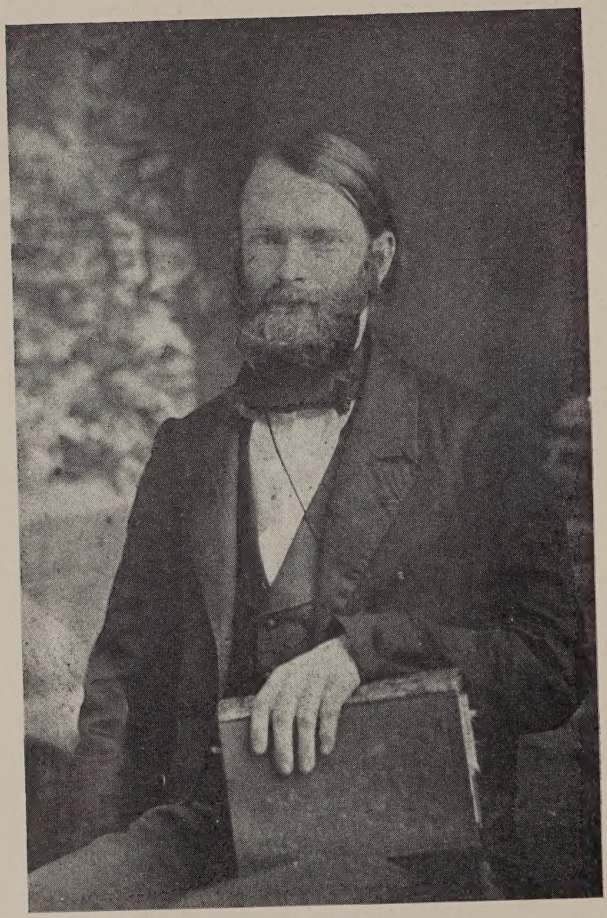
Southern Baptists in Sunny Italy



DR. GEORGE BOARDMAN TAYLOR

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SOUTHERN BAPTISTS IN SUNNY ITALY

by

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR, D. D.

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"Lives of Virginia Baptists"
"Life and Letters of Rev. George Boardman Taylor, D.D."
Chaplain, Hollins College, Va.
Pastor of "Hollins Field"

With an Introduction by
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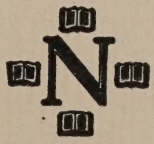

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1929

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Manufactured in the United States of America

TO
MY SISTERS WHO LOVE ITALY
AND TO
THE SUNBEAMS OF THE SOUTH
AND TO
THE CHURCHES OF MY MINISTRY
THIS BOOK
IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED
BY
THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

Religion and romance are mingled in this book. Adventure, heroism, and beauty make it an absorbing narrative of conservation and achievement. Italy is the home of sunshine and gaiety as well as the land of sombre shadows and conflict, and her storied traditions have enriched the history of religion, law, government, art, and literature. So great is the debt of the modern world to this ancient Mediterranean peninsula that even today it would not be far wrong to say that the highroads of culture, as of old those of commerce, lead the imagination to Rome. The grandeur that was Rome is even a greater lure than the glory that was Greece, for in the making of later civilization Rome had a more material part.

In the following pages, however, the author is concerned with spiritual things. Specifically, he has recorded the labors of a line of notable Protestant leaders, representing a great denomination, to establish and maintain religious liberty in Italy. Deservedly preëminent among these Christian ambassadors is Dr. George Boardman Taylor, who dedicated thirty-five years of his life to this noble task. The story of his missionary journeys and ministrations is vividly related. The letters and recollections of Dr. Taylor are delightful reading. They show him to have been a man of large

humanity, broad culture, and deep spirituality. They also reveal a strong will, high efficiency, and indomitable energy in a body often weakened by physical suffering. As one reads this account of his Italian years, made up of his own words and the connecting comments of his son, a remark in one of his letters, almost casually made, seems to furnish an explanation of his strength: "I have learned to maintain a certain tranquillity of spirit." One fancies that his love of art and literature, of which he had a wide knowledge, helped to tranquilize his spirit in a land where he could find recreation, after fatiguing and sometimes disappointing labors, in loveliness of scenery and in beauty of painting, sculpture, and architecture. For an appreciation of all this his years of reading and study and the companionship of his cultured wife had prepared him. But the passion of his life was his missionary work, which this volume recounts in luminous detail.

The book is at once a tribute to Dr. Taylor and his successors and a personal history of their consecrated efforts to reach individuals and organize them into churches. Garibaldi is reported to have said that "the Bible is the cannon that shall free Italy." It is certain that this small army of zealous Southern missionaries have freely used this "cannon" in their war for the spiritual liberation of Italy. Just how this was done by Dr. Taylor and others has been entertainingly told by Dr. George Braxton Taylor, son of a distinguished father, in the following chapters. Aside from its purely

religious interest, which is paramount, the story is valuable for the light it throws on Italian domestic conditions from the days of Garibaldi to those of Mussolini.

J. C. METCALF.
University of Virginia.

PREFACE

Do we not need to put the stories of all our foreign mission fields into book form? Our convention reports are rich in thrilling scenes from many lands and many lives. There are also in the archives of our mission boards many letters that could be used. Few have the chance or the patience to ferret out these interesting records. Ought they not to be placed within easy reach of all among us who read? Several of these mission stories have been wrought out and published, the latest being Mrs. Una Roberts Lawrence's *Lottie Moon.* That book suggested to me this book that I now send forth. Books beget books: "As one lamp lights another nor grows less." Circumstances have made it well-nigh impossible, save in a limited degree, to have for this work the helpful criticism of wise friends. So it must go out as it is. The bringing forth of this volume has given me a double pleasure and an ardent hope. First, the pen and heart travail are my tribute to a land and many laborers in it, bound to me by ties of love and friendship. Second, the generous and gracious confidence of many friends as expressed in the financial coöperation that makes the publication of this book possible, has warmed my heart. My hope is that my labor and their gifts may bring help and blessing to many. It is agreed that any profit from the sale of this

book goes to Foreign Missions. The roll of these friends and helpers is as follows:

Mr. Clem A. Hancock, Mr. B. E. Willingham, Mrs. J. Appleton Wilson, Hon. Joshua Levening, Mr. R. H. Angell, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fleshman, Mrs. R. S. Kilborne, Mrs. E. W. G. Boogher, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Shaver, Master Rivers John Peterson, Mrs. Laceye Caldwell Haycock, Hon. Jas. Boyce Taylor, Mr. H. P. Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bowman, Mr. George W. Lambert, Mr. T. S. and Mrs. Emily Crockett Jones, Mrs. W. W. Moffett, Miss Sarah Moffett, Mrs. B. N. Eubank, Mr. E. E. Tompkins, Mr. E. L. Flippo, Mr. F. D. Bolton, Mr. C. C. Etter, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Matthews, Miss Fannie Dowdy, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Martin, Mrs. J. W. Harris, Doris Louise Trout, Miss Alice G. Chapman, Mr. O. L. Stearnes.

The cost of ten illustrations in the book is met by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Taylor, a friend, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Stratton, Mr. C. A. Johnston, Mr. Paul D. Willingham, Mrs. R. L. Peck, Rev. Dr. John H. Eager, Mr. Harrison Gill, Mr. F. W. Whitescarver, Mrs. B. B. Crist, Dr. and Mrs. P. E. Tucker, Miss Ella M. Thomas.

Some of these friends would have the names of loved ones "pass'd into the skies" remembered here.

IN MEMORIAM

Miss Adelaide Wilson, Mrs. Lucy Obenshain, Mrs. Sarah Ann Riley, Mrs. George W. Lambert, Mrs.

George E. Cox, Mr. James W. Harris, Master Thos. Smith Jones, Jr. (born March 29, 1913, Saltville, Virginia; died, February 7, 1925, Norfolk, Virginia), Judge W. W. Moffett, Mr. James C. and Mrs. Kate Bohannon Chapman, Mrs. Pearle F. Etter.

The stenographic work for this book was done by Mrs. Lottie R. Pickens, Roanoke, Va.

GEORGE BRAXTON TAYLOR.

"The Enon Oaks"
Hollins, Virginia
May 8, 1929

MRS. ELIZABETH MAYO BRAXTON

Facing page 15

CHAPTER I

VIRGINIA (AND OTHER) SPRINGS

All my springs are in thee.
—*Ps. 87:7.*

"Oh, Missus; come out here in the back yard, quick!"

"What in the world is the matter, aunty?"

"Quick, quick, you'll see 'fore I can tell you!" replied Mrs. Zolicoffer's faithful cook and mammy.

She was just in time to pull little Susan Braxton out of the water; a few minutes more and it might have been indeed too late. The little girl was soon back across the street, with her mother getting her into dry clothes and warming the chilled body and cheering her frightened spirit.

Norfolk, Virginia, when the tide comes in, has behind many a home a pool where the children paddle and play, and even a wide lakelet where boys fish and catch crabs. Usually no harm comes; but little Susan had tumbled into water too deep for even her playmates older than herself.

Mrs. Braxton was a member of the Episcopal church, and so were all her people and her husband's. Maybe some doubts as to baptism had troubled her; at any rate, hearing that her rector was to preach on this subject, she took especial pains to be present to

hear the sermon. Having heard it, very soon thereafter she was baptized by the Rev. Dr. R. B. C. Howell, pastor of the Freemason Street Baptist Church, Norfolk.

After a brief residence in Norfolk, Mr. Braxton moved, with his family, to "Mantua," his farm in King and Queen County, on the Mattapony River. Here Susan and her sisters and brothers passed their childhood and early youth; and, while schools such as Virginia country neighborhoods have today were unknown then, the children at Mantua did not go without schooling and the truest culture. That was the day of governesses; besides, this home had a good library that was freely used. Better still, Mrs. Braxton was a woman of wide reading, intellectual ability, and, for that day, was a well-educated woman. Especially under her guidance Susan's taste for the best in literature and her love for the English classics were formed. Her mother did water-color sketches, but she would never have guessed or dreamed that her "Doves of the Capitol" would some day adorn the home of granddaughters a stone's throw from where the original is found. Susan must have been still a little child when, for fun, and with a touch of mischief, she decided to frighten the colored girl whose task it was, just about twilight, to fill with water the pitchers in the various bedrooms. Susan hid herself behind a door leading to the upper floor, intending to jump at the maid as she came down

and shout "boo." With great glee she pictured to herself how scared the girl would be. It grew later and darker, and the servant did not come, and it was very quiet. Susan herself began to get nervous. Her imagination worked. At last she could stand the strain no longer, and down the steps she went, trembling and crying and streaming. Nor did her sobs for quite a time allow her to explain to her mother what the trouble was.

"Uncle Robert" lived on an adjoining farm, and, scarcely so prosperous as his brother, he greatly enjoyed his frequent visits to Mantua, where he was always warmly greeted by his brother and Mrs. Braxton, whom he admired greatly and always called "Sister Betsy." This was before the day—in the country, at least—of such conveniences as bath-rooms with hot and cold water and so on. Yet Mr. Braxton wanted for his home all the comforts he could provide. So he built, out in the yard, a bathroom, and to prevent the tub's leaking, tar was used. Before the tar was dry "Uncle Robert" arrived and, hearing of the new luxury, said he believed he would go and take a bath. His "Sister Betsy" suggested that she believed the tub was not yet ready for use. "Uncle Robert," thinking this was an excuse to keep him from using the new bath, went on with his plan. Before long lamentable cries were heard; "Uncle Robert" was stuck tight as ever Br'er Rabbit in the grip of Tar Baby; patience and no little lard

were used, and even then he might have needed Br'er Rabbit's advice to Brer Bear, on another occasion, "Flaxseed poultice mighty good for sore places."

Bruington Church was not far from Mantua, and here the family worshiped. Mr. Josiah Ryland, many years later, was fond of telling a certain student at Richmond College (Susan's Braxton's son) how fine, on a summer Sunday, it was to see the sisters, Sally and Susan Braxton, in their white dresses, coming up the aisle of the old church. It was Sallie Braxton whom John G. Oncken, the famous pioneer of German Baptists, said was the most beautiful woman he saw while he was in this country. And Susan was like unto her sister.

The days at Mantua were long and quiet; but the children did not count life monotonous; there were the ponies, "Snowball" and "Snowflake," always at their service; there were long walks with mother and drives with father; there were lessons and tasks; there were books they loved to read and half-a-hundred things to keep them busy, and so help to make them happy.

"Why, mother, is my name not just 'Susan,' but 'Susan Spottiswoode'?"

"While I am answering that question, Susan, let me tell you also why your father's first name is 'Carter' and your sister Sally's middle name 'Moore'."

"Please do, mother."

"Well, many years ago one of those who came from

England to settle in Virginia was John Carter. He came from Walford, Herfordshire, England, and settled in our Lancaster County, and the motto on his coat-of-arms was *Purus Sceleri,* that is, *Free from Evil.* His son Robert Carter grew to be so good a man and owned such vast estates that he came to be known as 'King Carter.' He built, in 1674, near Kilmarnock, Christ Church. Here he and his family worshiped. He would drive up to this church Sunday morning in his coach-and-four, and no one entered the church until he had gone in. Nine of his twelve children grew up to be men and women, and his eighth child, Mary, married George Braxton, and their son received the name 'Carter' after his mother or grandfather. This Carter Braxton was your great-grandfather. So the name 'Carter' came into the Braxton family. This great-grandfather of yours was educated at William and Mary College. He was for a number of years a member of the House of Burgesses, held the office of High Sheriff, was one of the eleven members of the Committee of Safety appointed by the General Convention which convened in Richmond, after the governor had taken his flight. He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and later a member of the first Virginia House of Delegates that met under the Constitution, and in this body was chairman of the Committee on Religion. He risked his great fortune in extensive commercial enterprises, and during the Revolutionary

War his vessels were captured by the enemy, while debts due him became worthless because of the depreciation of the currency; finally he was involved in endless litigation and became fearfully embarrassed in his financial affairs. His style of living was that of lavish hospitality. One of his estates was 'Elsing Green.' You have been there many a time, Susan, and some day before long we must go over to another of his estates, 'Chericoke,' which is in King William County. Then there was 'Newington;' you know all about that place. Some day we must read together the diary of his son when he went to London. He had a gay time, perhaps too gay a time, played piquet with fine ladies, and carried a great row. Are you tired, Susan? Shall we hear the rest of this story some other time?"

"Tired! Not a bit, mother; do go on right now."

"Very well—Let me tell you next about your middle name, Spottiswoode. Alexander Spottiswoode, Governor of Virginia, was your great-great-great-grandfather. Governor Spottiswoode was wounded when he was twenty-eight years old at the Battle of Blenheim.

" ' 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,' and six years later, when he came to Virginia, he was cordially received at Williamsburg, because he brought with him a writ confirming the claim that Virginians were as much entitled as other Englishmen to the privilege of *habeas corpus*. Some day, Susan, we must go down to Williamsburg, where you will be re-

minded not only of your ancestor Carter Braxton but also of Governor Spottiswoode, for you can see the powder-horn he built. Then we might go on to Temple Farm, near Yorktown, where he always spent part of the year, and there we might in imagination see his daughter Kate, who on her high-days and holidays wore fawn-colored satin, looped over a blue satin petticoat, square bodice, and elbow-sleeves and ruffles, and her feet, which were extremely small and beautifully formed, were shod in blue satin shoes with silver buckles. She was a haughty spirit and, when an old lady, would comb her wealth of silver hair, the while a servant held before her a mirror. When the cruel war came on, the Colonial dames packed away in lavender-scented chests all their imported finery, their quilts and brocades, and clothed themselves in homespun, or in mourning, destroying or sealing up their precious stock of tea. But, alas, my dear Susan, the word is handed down that this proud great-great-grandmother of yours continued to sip her tea in her closet when it was banished from every table!

"Governor Spottiswoode was a man of great energy and initiative and great public spirit. He sent out ships to exterminate the pirates. He established missions for the Indians and had certain Indian youths come to William and Mary as students. He brought over a colony of Germans from the Rhine, to introduce into the colony the making of native wines, and the place

where he settled them is still known by the name he gave it, 'Germana.' He was Postmaster-General for the colonies, and by 1738 he had the mail running regularly from New England as far South as James River, the time from Philadelphia to Williamsburg being a week. He came to be called the Tubal-Cain of Virginia, because he was the first to start, in this colony, the smelting of iron.

"Perhaps the story about your far-away grandfather which will interest you most will be about how he organized 'The Trans-Mountain Association.' This was an expedition to cross the mountains and open up a vast section never visited by white men before. He led this venture himself. He gathered for it the finest young men in and about Williamsburg. Each of these brought fifty or less servants, horses and others. This enthusiastic company made their way from James River westward, largely through trackless forests, and crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains. Here they expected to find the Mississippi Valley. Though disappointed in this, they did discover the famous and beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Their motto was *Sic Juvat Transcendere Montes.* Upon their return to Williamsburg each young man was given a little golden horseshoe, set with precious stones, and they were all called 'Knights of the Horse Shoe.' One of these Knights was Bernard Moore; and, upon the return from the mountains, he married Kate Spottiswoode, and his granddaughter,

Sallie Moore, married your grandfather, Carter Braxton, and this is where your sister gets her name.

"Well, Susan, you have been very patient with this long story, but, really, much about these ancestors of yours I have not told you; maybe some other day."

"I am not tired a bit, mother, and another time will you not tell me about your side of the house, the Teackle and the Mayo line?"

"Susan, I shall be glad to do so, if you insist. Older people are to hand down to the generation to come many, many such things."

From Mantua Mr. Braxton moved with his family to the town of Fredericksburg, where George Washington and his mother had lived. Before long a double sorrow came to the family circle, in the sudden deaths, close together, of Mr. and Mrs. Braxton, by which event the younger children were left to the care of their aunt, Miss Fannie Mayo, and the eldest daughter, Sallie. Sallie soon married Mr. J. Warren Slaughter, a man of ample means, whose handsome residence, "Hazel Hill," on the edge of the town and overlooking the Rappahannock River, came in large measure to be a home for the Braxton children. Although at that day the Baptist church of the town had among its members few, if any, of the cultured people of the community, and although the meetinghouse was small, unattractive, and on one of the side streets, Sallie and Susan Braxton, because they had come to be Baptists

from conviction, became members of this church, being baptized in the Rappahannock River by the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Smith. Before the death of their parents the education of the daughters had not been neglected, and at a boarding-school in Richmond, and later in Fredericksburg, Susan went on with her studies. In Fredericksburg she attended a private school for girls conducted by the Rev. W. F. Broaddus, who had become pastor of the Baptist church. The classes met in the basement of the church; and, if this seems, from our point of view today, strange quarters for such a school, remember that Garfield's definition of a college was, a log of wood, the student at one end and Mark Hopkins at the other. Remember also that W. F. Broaddus was almost a Mark Hopkins in intellectual ability, in culture, in thought, and in piety.

The years passed on, and one summer a young preacher from Richmond came to Fredericksburg to supply for a Sunday the pulpit of the Baptist church. He saw Susan Braxton, and for him it was love at first sight. It was not long before he returned to Fredericksburg, this time not to preach but to see Miss Braxton; alas, however, he

> " . . . rings the gateway bell
> And learns her gone and far from home.
> He saddens, all the magic light
> Dies off at once from bower and hall,
> And all the place is dark, and all
> The chambers emptied of delight."

He was informed that Mr. Slaughter and his family and, with them, Miss Braxton, were in the Virginia mountains and perhaps might be found at the Hot Springs. The young preacher set out for the mountains, but when he arrived at the "Hot" he was informed that Mr. Slaughter's party had left two days before for the "Old Sweet." What a tour of the Virginia watering-places the young preacher made! Disappointed again and again, at last he found the object of his search. On a lovely May morning the marriage took place at Hazel Hill, and Susan Spottiswoode Braxton became the bride of the Rev. George Boardman Taylor, who was just leaving the Franklin Square Baptist Church, Baltimore, where he had been pastor two years, to become the pastor of the Baptist church in Staunton.

One blessing of a wedding-journey is that it gives time for many long talks between those who have united their lives. So one day this bride:

"I married you and not your ancestors, but I do want to know about your family history; you already know about my forebears."

"I had rather have you tell me other stories of your Mantua life and of the romances of former days. You may find the long line of New England preachers, my line of descent, rather solemn and serious. My father was born in England and, when a baby, was brought by his parents to this country. First the little family

was in New York and then in Mecklenburg County in Virginia. The baby, a family legend says, was almost drowned in the Atlantic when my grandfather was seized for the British navy. The more recent history of my father and his service in Richmond as a pastor and then as secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, you know. I hope some day you and I may go to Merrie England and visit the little Lincolnshire town, Barton-on-Humber, where he first saw the light. My mother was Miss Mary Williams of Beverly, Massachusetts. If you will be patient, here is the preacher line:

"My mother's father, the Rev. Elisha Scott Williams, and his father, the Rev. Eliphalet Williams (he married Mary Williams), and his father, the Rev. Elisha Williams, and her father, the Rev. Seaborn Cotton, and his father, the Rev. John Cotton, who was born in 1585. Then, for good measure, go back and pick up in the male line the grandfather of the Rev. Eliphalet Williams, namely, William Williams, who was also a preacher. Whenever I preach a poor sermon, which you will find I do all too often, I feel that the *preacher* gift is pottering out. Elisha Scott Williams was chaplain in George Washington's army, and I have heard all my life that his figure and face from life are seen in the well-known painting, 'Washington Crossing the Delaware,' but I am not sure about this. All of these worthy men were Congregational preach-

ers, though my grandfather became a Baptist minister. To him is attributed this saying (though it may not have been original with him): 'Although we cannot prevent the birds' flying over our heads, we can prevent their roosting in our hair;' he was talking about allowing impertinent thoughts to disturb us in our worship. Elisha Williams, my great-great-grandfather was president of Yale for some thirteen years. I must not weary you, but still, leaving some facts about these godly ancestors for another time, perhaps you will be amused, as well as interested in the inscriptions on the tombstones of Eliphalet Williams and his wife—these stones are in the cemetery at East Hartford, Connecticut—and a cousin of mine, who is very much interested in our ancestry, sent me a copy of these inscriptions the other day, and I have it in my pocket—look at it:

HERE LIES THE REVd
ELIPHALET WILLIAMS, D.D.
WHO DIED JUNE 29, 1803
IN THE 77th YEAR OF HIS AGE
AND 56th OF HIS MINISTRY
HE WAS AN ABLE, ORTHODOX
FAITHFUL, LABORIOUS, EXEMPLARY
AND SUCCESSFUL MINISTER OF
JESUS CHRIST, PATIENT UNDER
LONG AND SHARP BODILY DISTRESS.
RESIGNED TO THE WILL OF HIS
MASTER, HE COMMITTED HIMSELF
TO HIM THAT JUDGETH RIGHTEOUSLY
BLESSED ARE THE DEAD
WHO DIE IN THE LORD

HERE LIES YE PRECIOUS
DUST OF THAT DESIRABLE
WOMAN MRS. MARY WIL-
LIAMS CONSORT OF YE REV.
ELIPHt. WILLIAMS COURTE-
OUS BENEVOLENT & PIOUS
A PATTERN OF CONJUGAL &
PARENTAL AFFECTION A
RICH BLESSING TO HER FAM-
ILY. HOW RICH THIS STONE
HAN'T POWER TO TELL. SHE
DEPARTED THIS LIFE IN HOPE
OF A BETTER
JUNE 28, 1776, IN YE 50th
YEAR OF HER AGE.
GO READER LOVE THY SOUL
AND LEARN TO DIE.

In going to Staunton, Mr. Taylor fully understood that he was entering a difficult field. The Baptists were not numerous in that section of Virginia; indeed, it used to be said that there were two things which would not grow west of the Blue Ridge—sweet potatoes and Baptists. The Valley of Virginia was a stronghold of the Presbyterians, and the Lutherans also were strong there. Soon after Mr. Taylor went to Staunton a meeting of the ministers of the town was called to take steps to drive him away, but, somehow, Mr. Taylor, hearing about the meeting, though he did not know about its special object, went; and so, without meaning to do so, prevented the adoption of measures for his own expulsion from the town. A long time afterward one of the other ministers told Mr. Taylor of what had been the

design of the gathering. A few years later a most fraternal spirit prevailed among them all, and from time to time they met for social touch in each others homes in rotation; nor was Mr. Taylor's home omitted. A meeting-house, a credit to the town, was soon erected; on the broad and high steps of this church, in 1872, the delegates of the General Association were grouped for their picture when suddenly the supports gave way; but, strangely and fortunately, no one was seriously hurt.

For years Mr. Taylor was the only Baptist minister in a wide reach of country, and he went far and near for protracted meetings, special sermons, funerals and marriages. His house came to be a kind of Baptist home for his brethren in all the region around about. One crisp November afternoon when he and his wife came in from a round of pastoral calls, upon entering their "living-room" they were rather surprised to see an old gentleman and his wife sitting peacefully before the fire, he enjoying his pipe and she her knitting. They had heard of Mr. Taylor, and, being Baptists, on their shopping expedition to Staunton decided to "put up" at his house. On another occasion his home was so full of guests that he went down to a hotel for the night.

In those early days the church of course had no parsonage, and until he was able to buy a home of his own, he and wife lived in "rooming-houses," a hotel belonging to a generous deacon, and in rented homes, only one

of his six children born in Staunton first seeing the light in his own home. Of the eight children God gave this pastor and wife, four died in early infancy; doubtless if all eight had lived Mr. Taylor would never have gone to Italy as missionary. When Bessie, the first born, only a few months old, died, the various pastors of the town took part in the funeral service, which was at the church, and thus there was indicated the way Mr. Taylor had won the esteem of his ministerial brethren of the community. If there were space, extracts from an old scrap-book and from a file of letters would show the deep sorrow of these parents over the death of their first-born, and the depths of this mother's love, whose children, almost a half-century after her death, rise up and call her blessed.

When the trying years of the Civil War came, Mr. Taylor gave himself, without reservation, to the service of his native State and section. He was chaplain of the 25th Virginia Regiment, under Stonewall Jackson, and preaching, distributing tracts, ministering to the sick and dying were his meat and drink. Once his out-of-doors service and sermon were interrupted by the opening fire of a battle. Once he was injured on the knee, making a furlough necessary. His third child, Grace, was born, lived a few weeks, died, and was buried before he had the news and could reach his wife and sister, refugees in Danville, Virginia. So he never saw his own child's face. Years afterwards he

would say that this sad experience had helped him to understand the verse: "Whom having not seen, ye love." Once he was elected captain of a company of home guards, the other nominee for the office being a leading lawyer of the town. The vote was taken by the men ranging themselves behind their choice. When once in the race, rather against his protest, Mr. Taylor was surprised and pleased to hear an on-looker (since he himself could not see the length of his queue) exclaim: "The parson's a-getting 'em." When some one criticized his selection, saying that Mr. Taylor did not know anything about drilling men and military tactics, one of his loyal members, a woman whose word carried weight, replied: "He may not know much about such matters now, but if there is a book in this town that gives that information, he will know it all in a day or so."

The Taylor household, along with others in the South, suffered hardships as the four war years passed slowly by. Hams and other provisions were so well hidden that neither the enemy nor the Taylors ever found them, but the barrel of flour secreted on the roof escaped the eyes of the Yankees, and this fed the family almost like the widow's cruse. Wheat and corn, roasted, served as a substitute for coffee, and an old signal-service flag was made into a useful shirt for one of the children. Once, when Mr. Taylor was away, a Federal regiment encamped very near "Rock Hill."

After some of the soldiers had gone through the house pilfering shoes and other things, Mrs. Taylor, accompanied by her little son, appealed to the commanding officer and obtained a guard, and this just in time to save the child's wagon from being cut up for kindling wood. The family silver was saved, for Mrs. Taylor put it into a rag-doll for the child on the floor, and he was willing to compromise his "manhood" and seem a girl to help mother and save the forks and spoons.

When the lean and difficult years of the Reconstruction period came, Mr. Taylor suffered on and was strong, having in his wife a cheerful companion in hardship and resourceful in finding ways and means to keep things going.

While the salary paid by the church was not large, and often was not paid promptly, for everybody was hard up, the members were generous and helpful in many ways. One late fall day the snow and cold came suddenly, Mr. Taylor was away from home, and the wood-pile very low. What was to be done?

"Mother, I will ask God to send us some wood," said G——, the little boy.

And when he had prayed he got up at the window to watch, and presently exclaimed with delight: "Mother, here comes the wood." A four-horse load, too, for God is a great giver, and thoughtful Deacon Peyton and his good wife were God's agents in this merciful deed.

In order to help the family's income, Mr. Taylor

taught school, first in the Staunton Academy, and later set up a private school for boys in his own home. Then he decided to try his hand at writing books. His first brain-children were four volumes in a series called *The Oakland Stories*. Mr. Taylor's Baltimore life in the home of the Rev. Mr. Franklin Wilson supplied the background of these stories, which were modeled after Abbot's famous *Rollo Books*. The series, published by Sheldon and Company of New York, had a good circulation for many years. Next came two books, *Coster Grew* and *Roger Bernard,* two stories interesting to young people, yet withal deeply religious. The American Baptist Publication Society brought these books out, and the former book is not yet out of print.

"Well, Susan, we must have another 'pot boiler,' for money is very scarce. What shall I try next? Or must I venture again?"

"Why not try for the five hundred dollar prize the Publication Society is offering. Did you not see the notice?"

"I must look that offer up; I had somehow missed it."

From this conversation came *Walter Ennis,* a story of the struggles of Virginia Baptists for religious liberty. The book was written under high pressure, since the time when the manuscripts were to be in was not distant. However, all historical references were based on original authorities and were strictly accurate. Mrs.

Taylor wrote one chapter, describing an actual marriage when a famous bachelor beau, none too young, lost his wig, which was returned to him, as he rose to his feet, by a none too reverent and most bewitching maiden, whose favor the bachelor coveted. Expecting her husband to revise the chapter, Mrs. Taylor used the name of the well-known bachelor. What was her chagrin, when the book came out, to find this name unchanged. For some weeks after the book appeared the whole family was uneasy lest some irate kinsman should send an angry letter or even bring suit for libel. While *Walter Ennis* did not win the five hundred dollar prize, it was bought for a good price, and had a wide circulation. In a review of the book, Dr. John A. Broadus said:

> The faults and mistakes of some Baptists are not concealed and injustice to the persecuting Episcopalians is carefully avoided. The result is that we may read this record—for all the important facts are historical—with unalloyed satisfaction, thanking God that he raised up those often humble, but devout and zealous men, to plant firmly in Virginia the spiritual truths of the Gospel, and to contend successfully, not for "religious toleration" but for religious freedom. The literary execution of the work is very good. Some of the scenes are depicted with a delicate grace that is admirable.

One of the lunatic asylums of the State and the Institution for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind were located in Staunton, and Mr. Taylor and the other pastors of the town took their turn in preaching to these suffering

and afflicted groups each month. Mr. Taylor became quite gifted in the sign language of the deaf, often marrying couples thus without a single spoken word.

"Sue, what was that voice last night? I half heard it, but having been up so late with that very ill man, I was dead with sleep."

"Why, Mr. Taylor, one of the inmates of the Asylum came to have you go with him to the top of Betsy Bell to see the sun rise. With some difficulty I succeeded in getting him to go away, to come some other time, telling him you had been up all night with a very sick member of your church."

"But, dear, you should have called me. He might have become violent and hurt you. Were you not frightened?"

"Yes, I was, very much. I would have called you if he had been excited. Strange enough, when I told him the situation, he became as polite as a dancing-master, and then my trouble was to get him to leave; but if he comes again you must see him."

There was "plain living and high thinking" in those days in this home, it seems to the son and daughters as they look back to their early childhood days. No such luxuries were there as all have today and many things counted necessities now were then unknown, but there was enough to eat—buckwheat cakes and molasses, corn-bread and spareribs and sausage and so on in the winter, and in summer there were fruits and

vegetables from their own garden and from the farms of many of the church-members. A day at one of these farms, with horseback-rides and walks over fields and through forests, was counted a rare treat. Somehow, good books were not lacking, and happiness and peace took up at this home their abode. The church slowly but gradually grew in numbers and consecration. Of course it was not a perfect body, and the pastor had his heartaches and anxious hours over many a measure and many members; but the ties binding pastor and people together were many and strong. If his people loved Mr. Taylor, it is scarcely too much to say that they adored his wife.

One day when he came from the post-office (for in those days there was no postman, much less R. F. D.) Mr. Taylor had quite a piece of news for his wife.

"Here is a letter, Sue, inviting me to be chaplain of the University of Virginia for two years."

He accepted the position, much to the sorrow of the Staunton church, though they felt honored in the honor that had come to their pastor, and perhaps made up their minds that at the end of the two years they would bring him back to them. At that time the student body of the University of Virginia was not large, and the faculty was small enough to seem a big family. Into this "family," with its high culture, fine fellowship and religious tone, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were most cordially received. In these two years friendships were re-

newed or formed that were to last through all the years and go down to the second and third generations. The several denominations represented in the faculty counted Mr. Taylor as their pastor at least for three Sundays each month, and everybody went to chapel on Sunday morning and night, and many to prayer-meeting Wednesday evening. Mr. Taylor aimed to visit more than once each session all the students in their rooms, and he had many of them to hear him preach.

Protracted meetings were held for the spiritual uplift of the faculty and their families as well as for the students. The professors gave their hearty coöperation in these series of meetings, attending the services and using their influence to have students and others come. One year Mr. Taylor secured as the preacher for the meeting a Richmond pastor, and one of the services was at an early morning hour. Concerning this special religious effort, Mr. Taylor wrote to his mother: "This morning being rainy, I attended prayer-meeting alone. To my surprise and pleasure, chapel was nearly full. The Smiths, Cabells, Davises, Minors, Gildersleeves, and Harrisons have been quite regular at these morning meetings, as well as other families. Professor Peters has kindly suspended his 7:30 to 8 exercises during our meeting, stating the reason, and Mr. Minor this morning postponed his examination half an hour so as not to interfere with our meeting." The results of these meetings were good. Mr. Taylor said: "I am sure

Christians are greatly revived and stirred up, students and others, and I think that spiritual and active piety have been placed upon a higher and finer position."

Perhaps Mr. Taylor at the University in these years did the best preaching of his life; certainly many of his written sermons were requested for a quiet reading at home or for some "shut-in" one, and some of them, such as that on the text "Bring me up Samuel," were remembered and talked about for years. It seemed fitting indeed that he should thus be chaplain at the University of Virginia, for his father before him had held this position.

Back to Staunton did he go as pastor from the University, his people there giving him a generous "housewarming" and a cordial welcome, with Dr. Barnas Sears as their mouthpiece. This distinguished and genial Christian gentleman, who had been president of Brown University, and as a student in Germany had baptized Oncken, had come to live in Staunton as the representative of the Peabody Fund in the South. He added real strength to the Staunton church and to her pastor's hands.

Mr. Taylor's second pastorate in Staunton was short and had a historic interruption. Soon after his return to Staunton, he was given leave of absence by the church in order to help in the Memorial Movement, when the Baptists of Virginia undertook to raise three hundred thousand dollars for Richmond College. Not-

withstanding the financial crash that came to the whole country in the midst of this campaign, a good part of the sum aimed for was secured, and this was a great amount for those days. In a winter famous for its bitter cold and snow, Mr. Taylor visited New York and other Northern cities and succeeded, by private interviews and public addresses, in getting many gifts, some of which were large. In his desire to economize for the college, he exposed himself to the cold in a way that perhaps he ought not to have done; for example, in hotels that were not heated throughout he would go to his room at night, burn a few papers in his wash bowl, to warm his hands and feet, and then jump into bed. During these two years in Staunton came the death of Mr. Taylor's father, James B. Taylor, for twenty-five years the secretary of the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention; his writing of his *Life and Times of James B. Taylor,* and his teaching moral philosophy (along with his church work) in the Staunton Baptist Female Institute, whose principal was the distinguished educator, Mr. John Hart.

Then came what to Mr. Taylor was the sudden and unexpected call of the Foreign Mission Board. This call was that he go at as early date as possible to Rome, to take charge of the work recently started in that city and in Italy. What must he do? What was his duty? He was forty years old. He had four children, the

eldest one twelve years old and the youngest only six months old. He himself was not of the most robust health and constitution. Could he learn to speak and to write a new and difficult language? Could he hope to succeed in a field where obstacles were in many ways greater than the mission field of China presented? Of course he took counsel with his wife. Of course it was a time of much prayer. Of course the whole family circle on both sides of the house was stirred. Of course the church was distressed at the prospect of losing again their beloved pastor; yet again, they realized the honor that had come to him and so, in a sense, to them. It was a great question to decide. Mrs. Taylor was not in favor of accepting the call to go to Rome, yet she was ready to accept and to abide by her husband's decision, and she felt that, after all, it was a question he must decide.

Mr. Taylor decided to accept the call to Rome. It is interesting to remember that on his first Sunday in Staunton one of his texts had been: "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also." It is also interesting to remember that as early as 1862 a Baltimore Baptist, Dr. Franklin Wilson, had been interested in Italy as a mission field. In 1870 he made an address before the American Baptist Publication Society which James B. Taylor heard. Soon after this he informed Dr. Wilson that the Board was ready to begin work in Italy "if the man could be found to

send." How little he thought that his own son would be the man who would go!

Mr. Taylor was an alumnus of Richmond College and of the University of Virginia, and before his appointment to Italy had received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Richmond College and the University of Chicago. Soon after his graduation at Richmond College, he returned as the alumni orator, when his subject was: "The Thinker," and the title of this address seemed to describe him. While he was pastor in Baltimore he was one of the editors of *The Christian Review*. Several sermons which he preached in Staunton on the Baptists of Virginia and the world went into tract form, and several of them are still being published. An essay from his pen entitled *Originating and Conducting Sunday Schools* won a prize. When, after the Civil War the continuance of Richmond College was under discussion, he was one of the three speakers whose arguments and enthusiasm carried the day that the college should live.

Soon after Dr. Taylor's arrival in Rome, Dr. Samuel Irenaeus Prime of the *New York Observer* wrote thus:

> Rev. Dr. Taylor is a man of decided character; with a clear and vigorous intellect, a tender and glowing heart, and such a sound judgment as secures for him the respect and confidence of all who represent Protestant Missions in Rome.

CHAPTER II

TO ROME

And so we came to Rome.
—*Acts 28:14.*

Travel tests, develops, and displays character. If this be true, the story of this chapter, if well told, should give an accurate picture of the *real* Dr. and Mrs. Taylor.

Dr. Taylor obeyed the double call of the Foreign Board, to go to Italy, and to go at once. He had a sale of his household goods and gave his library to Richmond College in payment, or payment in part, of his five hundred dollar pledge. The eldest child had been ill with pneumonia, and still needed a pillow or so on the train to Richmond. Yet the family set out on the long journey "six precious souls and all agog" for the five thousand miles trip, sent forth with the prayers and tears of loving people. After all, the Richmond Board countermanded its order for so sudden a departure. Dr. J. B. Jeter had visited Rome as the representative of the Foreign Board, and when it was learned that he would return at an earlier day than had been expected, it was decided that Dr. Taylor should hear and see him before sailing. So Dr. Taylor was able to attend the Southern Baptist Convention in Mobile and the Semi-Centennial session of the General

DR. GEORGE BOARDMAN TAYLOR AND FAMILY

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Association in Richmond. At this last gathering the new missionary was given a most affectionate farewell. The minutes give this record: "Rev. J. R. Garlick moved that the President be requested to speak in the name of the Association a few words valedictory to Rev. George B. Taylor, missionary to Italy, that Dr. J. B. Jeter be requested to lead the body in prayer in his behalf, and that Brother Taylor be requested to give, at the close of the session, an opportunity to the members to extend to him the parting hand." Before announcing the Association adjourned, the President, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, said:

> . . . that we had reason to be profoundly grateful at the meeting of the largest religious body ever assembled in Virginia, and we had reason to thank God for the safe return of our dear brother Jeter and his presence with us. On the other hand, he would turn to our dear brother Taylor and count it an honor that God has given one of our number the high privilege of going to labor in such a field as that to which he would soon sail. In behalf of the Association, he would assure his dear brother that he would carry with him our warm sympathies, best wishes, and most fervent prayers. The congregation then sang the 985th hymn of the Baptist Hymn and Tune Book, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping." [The minutes give the hymn, four stanzas, in full.] During the singing of this hymn the brethren crowded around Dr. Taylor, gave to him the parting hand, and then took leave of one another. Dr. J. B. Jeter led the body in prayer for the divine blessing, alike for him who was soon to go abroad and for them who were to stay at home—toilers all in the one, same, blessed, sublime work of winning souls to Christ.

On the train leaving Richmond, Dr. Taylor waved to his mother (whom he was never to see again on earth), standing on the porch of the family residence. At her funeral, a few years later, the distinguished Presbyterian pastor, Dr. Moses D. Hoge, who was on the train that day, made tender reference, in his address, to this parting scene. At Fredericksburg the family spent several days, to greet Mrs. Taylor's sisters and brothers. When Fredericksburg was left behind, the party numbered nine, since a nurse for the baby had been secured and two young ladies bound for Germany had put themselves under the care of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. This was before the days of "Pullmans" and vestibule-limited-through trains, so the day-coaches were used all the way to New York, save the steamboat run from Aquia Creek to Washington City. Across Baltimore each coach was pulled by eight horses hitched tandem and driven by a man standing on the platform and controlling the horses by signals with a horn, and the speed of the car by a hand brake. In New York, at the hotel, the June strawberries almost lost their delicious flavor, for the children at least, as they feared strawberries were a luxury of which missionaries should not partake, and a drive through Central Park was rendered painful by the baby's almost unbroken and pitiful crying that neither mother nor nurse could stop.

The *S. S. Columbia* of the Anchor Line carried the

party of nine to Glasgow. On every plate and cup and saucer and pitcher, surrounding the Scotch thistle, was the line's reassuring motto: "Safe amidst Perils;" safe but slow, because fourteen days was long for such a voyage even then. The *Columbia* was 283 feet long, and her gross tonnage 1698, a half (or a third) as large as the Atlantic passenger ships today. (For example, *The Empress of Australia,* Canadian Pacific Lines, is 588 feet long, and her gross ton burden is 21,850.) She used sails as well as steam, and the picturesqueness of these white wings and the sailors at work with them added variety and spice to the ocean trip. Scarcely was the same thing true of a number of oxen stalled on the main deck, for the lowing and groaning supplied, as it were, thermometer and barometer as to the weather. Mrs. Taylor was fearfully seasick the whole way over, and so, what with her concern for the children, especially the baby, located as she was in narrow quarters, her condition was most distressing. Then, one night, in the stateroom next to hers there was the sudden death of an old gentleman. And another night the eldest son cut his foot on some broken glass, causing much blood to flow. The entire family, except Dr. Taylor, was seasick; so he was kept busy. Someone has proposed the conundrum: "What is worse than being seasick yourself?" Having to wait on seasick folks, is the invariable answer. The children had their hours, even days of escape from the disagree-

able though not dangerous malady, so were charmed with the novelty of the ocean and of ship life, enjoyed what seemed to them a very appetizing and generous diet, and ate for the first time the famous Scotch porridge, the delicious rhubarb pies, and other good dishes. Of course they were excited over the icebergs and whales and dolphins and occasional flying-fish, and, but for the seasickness, they would have been glad to sail on and on. Mrs. Taylor was brave and patient, and her husband cheerful in the highest degree. In those days such comforts as electric lights, almost perfect ventilation, running water, salt-water baths, and steam-heat—things now furnished even to Tourist Third—were unknown. Oil lamps illuminated the staterooms, but were regulated by the stewards from the halls and put out at an early hour. Certainly, however, the splendid and capable and faithful Scotch stewardesses of that day have not been succeeded by more efficient and kind helpers.

After the full two weeks of "water, water everywhere," the green hills of Ireland were charming beyond language and the Giant Causeway (made familiar to the children from Guyot's Geography) with its symmetrical columns of basalt, looking as if they had been set in place by some mighty race of giants, seemed an old friend. The island Ailsa Craig was soon succeeded by the shores of Scotland and the River Clyde. The town of Greenock, not far from the Land of Burns,

and Dunbarton Castle, thrilled the party. Since the great feat of making the Clyde River deep enough all the way to the Glasgow wharves, was not completed, the *Columbia* stuck in the mud, since it was low tide, and all the cabin passengers were put on tugs for the short distance to the city. But think of arriving and landing in Europe from a river tug! How inglorious!

Of course Glasgow reminded Mrs. Taylor, especially, of Rob Roy, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and Di Vernon, while Dr. Taylor thought rather of Thomas Chalmers. As for George and Mary, they were amused at the table in the hall of the hotel, full of gleaming brass candlesticks, for each guest to light himself to his own room. On the way to Edinburgh the railway "cuts," clothed with grass regularly mowed, blushed so with red poppies that it was easy to see why Burns wrote:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread—
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed.

In "Auld Reekie," as Scott loved to call Edinburgh, it was pleasant to stay in a temperance hotel, to have a lesson in English pronunciation (since the name of the hotel though called "Coburn" was spelt *Cockburn*), and to look across the valley with its railroad half-hidden, half-beautified, to wonderful Princes Street, with its famous Scott's monument, handsome houses, and shops. A day was given to sight-seeing, when John Knox's house was visited and, in the Castle, the octagonal room in which James VI of Scotland and

I of England was born. Holyrood Palace, at the other end of the Cannongate, so associated also with Mary Queen of Scots, and still showing the bloodstains of Rizzio, was not passed by. In the old cemetery, where Adam Smith, the author of *Wealth of Nations,* is buried, Mrs. Taylor saw a grave whose inscription ran somewhat thus: "Here lies—— ——— who leaving Scotland went to ——— where he spent the rest of his life. He forgot his native tongue and never learned the language of the land of his adoption." Dr. Taylor reminded the grown-ups of his party that the scene of *Rab and His Friends* was Edinburgh, and told the young people this fine dog story.

London was the next stop. On the train to this city the older members of the party were amused to see on their third-class tickets these words: "Emigrant's Ticket," while the children were rather ashamed by being so described, though Mary took comfort in her hymn-book that was her *Vade Mecum* on the 5,000 miles journey. Such a long railroad run, with no dining car, was doubly difficult for the baby, since her milk must needs be mixed with hot water, and in those days there were no thermos bottles. At the risk of being left, Dr. Taylor would rush, when the train stopped, for the restaurant and secure the hot water; but all the burden was not on him for the others wondered what they would do if the train were to go off without the one who had the tickets and the money!

The name of the square in London—Woburn Place—suggested the homesickness that all felt, at least at first, in the world's greatest capital. Even in the matter of food the adjustment to such new conditions was not effected in a day. One morning Miss Kerfoot and George gave the family a surprise. Ice for water was then unknown in London, and the weather was warm. They bought a big block of ice of a fishmonger near the British Museum and, tying a string around it, got it to Woburn Place, not caring what the people passing them on the street thought. The appearance on the dinner-table of the big pitcher, with its jingling, refreshing contents, created a sensation, and gave such pleasure as fully to repay all their trouble.

One day the whole party, save the nurse and baby, went to the famous Billingsgate Market for the famous fish dinner; but for the ladies the really excellent fish were ruined by the smells and general untidiness. From here Dr. Taylor sent his son to his bank, a good mile away, through a crowded and rather questionable section, for his mail. Before G—— returned, his mother was very uneasy about him, but the boy had no sense of fear or danger, did not get lost, and always remembered afterwards some of the things and places he saw on that walk, as, for example, a statue to George Peabody.

The original plan had been for the whole family to go on at once, either to Northern Italy, or possibly to

Switzerland, until the early fall, when Rome would be safe; but, failing to secure a satisfactory *pension* in either of the places named above, Dr. Taylor decided to leave his family in London until he could spy out the land and then return for them. This was done. Still, while waiting for the letters that brought this information, Dr. Taylor saw certain persons in the interest of the Italian mission and also heard some of London's outstanding preachers. He had heard Spurgeon on his former visit to London, but the rest of the party, hearing him for the first time, never forgot his text that day: "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." Another Sunday, while several of his party went to Westminster Abbey, he and his daughter heard Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. Dr. Taylor thus described this service and sermon:

We took the Metropolitan railroad to King's Cross and walked a mile from that point down Gray's Inn Road, Chancery Lane and into Fleet Street right at the building used as a palace by Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey. The large handsome building was rapidly filling, mostly with men. I was invited to take a seat in the rear, but when I told the Verger I was a minister from America I was told to go up higher and seat Mary on the altar cushion, females it seems not being allowed in the body of the house. While waiting for the service to begin, I, as usual, looked over the hymn-book and found some very sweet hymns, one of which I copied, and is as follows:

I

No, not despairingly
Come I to Thee!
No, not distrustingly
Bend I the knee.
Sin hath gone over me,
Yet this still is my plea—
Jesus hath died.

II

Ah, mine iniquity
Crimson hath been
Infinite, infinite,
Sin upon sin!
Sin of not loving Thee
Sin of not trusting Thee,
Infinite sin.

III

Lord I confess to Thee
Sadly my sin;
All I am, tell I Thee,
All I have been;
Purge Thou my sin away,
Wash Thou my soul this day,
Lord make me clean.

IV

Faithful and just Thou art,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art Thou,
When poor ones call;
Lord, let Thy cleansing blood,
Blood of the Lamb of God,
Pass o'er my soul.

V

Then all is peace and light,
This soul within;
Thus shall I walk with Thee,
The loved unseen;
Leaning on Thee, my God,
Guided along the road,
Nothing between.

I make no comment on the lines. They may be not remarkable any way, but they affected me.

The music was the best London affords in the Westminster and St. Paul's style and the service occupied one hour and forty minutes before the sermon began. I confess I begrudged so much from the sermon which was but thirty-five minutes in length, and to my taste might have been much longer. But the audience, men though they were, and of the more cultivated class, evidently came mainly to hear the music, and paid, I thought, but little attention to the sermon, to which I listened with eager interest. Text Luke 12:50, "I have a baptism to be baptized with and how am I straitened," etc. The sermon was an excellent one. Among other good things, the Master of the Temple said that by baptism here we must understand immersion, and quoted that passage from the Psalms, "the waters are gone over me," etc. As I emerged from the Temple court, and hailed an omnibus, I saw on the top a gentleman whom I at once knew to be an American and suspected to be a clergyman. We soon fell into a conversation, for Mary and I climbed up and I found he was a clergyman from Detroit. He had been to hear Spurgeon. I reported myself as a minister, and was about to tell my denomination and ask his, when it occurred to me to preserve my "incog" and repeat the utterance of Dr. Vaughan on the act of baptism. I did so and my acquaintance seemed nonplussed and said: "Did he say that? It is very remarkable." "Yes," said I,

"he said that and Conybeare and Howson, and, in fact, all the scholars of England and Germany say the same, when they are interpreting and not in controversy."

Among Dr. Taylor's letters of introduction in London was one to Dr. Joseph Angus, President of the Regent's Park Baptist College, author of *Handbook of the Bible* and a member of the Revision Committee whose completed work was the Revision of 1881-5. By Dr. Angus he was invited to meet socially at the college this Revision Committee.

Just as Dr. Taylor was about to leave for Italy, his departure was hindered by the illness of the baby. It was decided that a doctor must be called; but who?

"Why not ask Dr. Angus to suggest a doctor, as we know nothing about the London doctors?"

"Your suggestion is splendid, Sue; and I will act on it at once."

When Dr. Angus' sympathetic note came, recommending his own physician, a homeopathist, and also Dr. Holland, an allopathist, Dr. Taylor went at once to Litchfield Terrace to call the latter doctor. He came three times, and his bill was very moderate, only half a guinea, though at his last call he unconsciously trampled on the family's *amour propre* when it appeared that he thought the South from which they said they came was South America!

Dr. Taylor was absent on the trip to Italy six weeks. This was a trying time for Mrs. Taylor. She was in a

very real sense "alone in London" with four children and a nurse, which in such an emergency, were scarcely an asset. The family established itself in a house with a small yard just off St. John's Wood Road and so near Regent's Park that the children went often to this beautiful spot to play. Lord's Cricket Ground and Primrose Hill were not far away. Before his departure Dr. Taylor had trusted George, under his mother's direction, to do the marketing and to pay the various bills for groceries, etc. He would put a certain sum of money into his son's hands, and when that was gone he returned an itemized statement of expenditures—in pounds, shillings, and pence, of course—and was entrusted with some more money. During his father's absence the same plan was used, and George was much pleased and helped by this token of his parents' confidence.

Mrs. Angus had called when the baby was ill, and now her kindness knew no bounds. She supplied the children as well as Mrs. Taylor with books, and it was a comfort indeed to feel that in case of emergency Mrs. Angus and her husband would be a tower of strength. Twice George and Mary, though mere children, were invited to meals at the lovely college home of Dr. Angus. Once it was for dinner. Though they were fully aware of the great condescension on the part of Mrs. Angus to invite them, still they could not help contrasting the English menu that day—roast beef and

potatoes and pudding (was that not all?)—with a typical Virginia country summer dinner made up of fried chicken, ham, a variety of vegetables, and apple pie, or perhaps ice cream. The other meal was "tea." That seemed to George and Mary, by all odds, the most unique and charming table function they had ever attended in their short lives. It was not alone the food, but the atmosphere and setting. That charming breakfast-room, or living-room, with its French windows opening upon the wide reaches of Regent Park's matchless green sward, bordered by old trees and a beautiful lake! Then the tea-urn and its "cozy," and the wooden bread-plate with its Scripture motto around the edge, the books, and, best of all, the cultured family. In the long English summer afternoon, slowly yielding to twilight, could be seen the cricket games and children and nurses out on the park's green carpet. The young Taylors never forgot gracious Mrs. Angus and Dr. Angus, the great scholar, with his flowing beard, his small figure, his withered hand, and his kind manner.

One Sunday afternoon, almost before they knew it, the children, with a borrowed English boy or so, were playing in the yard a full-fledged game of cricket. Yet, a game of baseball or croquet on Sunday afternoon had not even been thought of back in the Staunton days. But Mrs. Taylor never stopped the game; it went on hilariously all the afternoon. How wise she was! Somehow it never happened another Sunday. How wise

this missionary mother, alone in London, with her four young children. Well, somehow, the long six weeks went by, and one blessed day Dr. Taylor returned. He brought a generous basket of delicious fruit, carried in his hand all the way from France—luscious peaches, pears and grapes. England has beautiful and delicious fruit, but most of it, being hot-house or wall-grown, is so expensive that only the rich can enjoy it. The strawberries, gooseberries, and currants raised in England are unequaled in any other country, and withal within the reach of quite modest purses. No one can exaggerate as to the size and deliciousness and abundance and cheapness of English strawberries.

Soon after Dr. Taylor's return from Italy, the family moved on to Paris. By way of Dover and Calais, the Channel part of the trip is short, about one hour. By way of Newhaven and Dieppe it takes eight hours to cross from England to France. The latter route is much the cheaper one. On this occasion, and generally in the years that followed, the Taylors, in going back and forth between London and Rome, booked *via* Newhaven and Dieppe. Many people who are never seasick on the Atlantic succumb to this disagreeable ailment on the Channel. This was true of Dr. Taylor. The words "Newhaven-Dieppe" soon came to be the synonym of horrible nights in the Taylor circle. Why, then, always this itinerary? It was cheaper! Was this choice right or wrong? What is the standard by which a person,

traveling at the charges of a mission board or church, should decide how meager or how lavish his expenditures should be? Dr. Taylor in such expenditures always leaned toward the side of economy. He had a New England conscience. Would he have been more useful to the mission, his work, if he had pursued a more liberal policy? Perhaps so; and yet, though a frail man, he lived to be nearly seventy-five years of age, and was an indefatigable worker. He came to be, in the management of his own personal money matters, what might almost be called a great financier. He could make a dollar go a long way. He knew how to economize, and he also knew when it was wise to be what seemed extravagant. Thus, by economy and good judgment, he was able to do things for his children and others that led many to think he had much more money than he did have. The question asked a few lines above must, after all, be left for decision to each individual; but usually today not many err on the side of undue economy. Perhaps the norm might be: spend public money as you would your own.

After the night of dampness, chill, bad odors, and sick stomachs and nausea and confusion and sleeplessness on the Channel, certainly the *café au lait* at the Dieppe hotel was indeed refreshing, bracing, delightful, that half-and-half drink of hot coffee and hot milk and a bowlful, not just a cup. Later on, the family got acquainted with the French *café-noir,* that is coffee

without cream or milk, which usually is the climax of dinner.

At Paris the family had its first experience with a continental custom-house. A big trunk, packed by Mrs. Taylor with great pains, contained a piece of toweling, bought in England and as yet uncut and unlaundered. This caught the custom-house officer's eye. So, expecting to find much dutiable stuff, he ran his hand down at one corner of the trunk and turned up and out on the floor the whole contents of the trunk. In the hurry of the moment, not even the deft hands of Mrs. Taylor could get all the things back into the trunk. So the family arrived at the *pension,* 32 Rue Druot, where they had hoped to make a very good appearance, since they had heard that it was a very *chic* place, with packages of clothes and what-not in their hands. At this *pension* they were introduced to the *table d' hôte,* that is, the dinner, the evening meal and the chief one of the day, with its five or six courses and its delicious and often mysterious French dishes.

The family's next stopping-place was Dijon. One night was passed at the Hotel du Jura. George was no Latin scholar, but he did remember some of his Cæsar, so it thrilled him to be at a hotel named Jura; and a day or so later, when the books were unpacked, he read with a new thrill *"altera ex parte monte Jura altissimo qui est inter Sequanos et Helvetios."* His sister

matched his Latin by quoting these lines she had learned by heart:

> And Jura answers through her misty shroud
> Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.

Both children laughed at the big but very light mattress-like affairs that took the place of blankets and quilts on the beds.

The plan had been to move on the next day, though it was still too soon and too warm to go to Rome with a baby six months old. Dr. Taylor discovered that the Jura hotel had an annex, on the edge of the town, that proved to be new, clean, not crowded, quiet, and with a pleasant outlook toward the country. The rates were moderate. So the family spent two very happy, never-to-be-forgotten weeks at the Hôtel du Parc. They had practically the whole hotel, with its entire force of servants, to themselves, there being but few other guests. The cooking was delicate and delicious, and especially did the family enjoy the succulent French beans, the cheese, and the daily pudding. The mornings were given inviolately to study, reading, and letter-writing. Dr. Taylor had begun to study Italian even before he left Staunton, and this work went on with renewed zeal now that interruptions were few. The children had their school-tasks, with their parents as their teachers. The afternoons were given to walks and drives about the city and out into the surrounding country.

Nor were these tramps and trips interesting and educational to the children alone. They were in Burgundy and the Côte d' Or. They saw the tomb of Philippe le Hardi, who was given the Duchy of Burgundy by his father King John for his bravery at the battle of Poitiers. They saw the barracks, once a state prison, where Mirabeau and other famous men were confined. On Sundays they went to the French Protestant church, and were interested in the sermon and exercised in their French, even if they did not understand all the preacher said. Through a young Englishman who was living in Dijon, in the French pastor's home, to perfect himself in French, since he was preparing himself for a position in Lloyds in London, the Taylors were invited to a reception at the French pastor's home; but their inability to speak French made it rather an embarrassing occasion. However, Dr. Taylor managed to get along conversationally with the pastor by using Latin.

It was the season of the vintage, so Burgundy was seen at its best. One afternoon on a drive the family watched the people gathering the harvest of grapes into baskets, carts, and wagons. Passing along the narrow street of one little brown village, what should greet their eyes in one of the cellars but a big wine-vat in which several men, bare-legged almost to the waist, were trampling out the grapes. Since fermentation brings all impurities to the top, whence they are

skimmed off, the process is not so non-hygienic as would at first appear.

> In the vat, half-way up in our house-side,
> Like blood the juice spins,
> While your brother, all bare-legged, is dancing
> Till breathless he grins,
> Dead-beaten in effort on effort
> To keep the grapes under,
> Since still when he seems all but master,
> In pours the fresh plunder
> From girls who keep coming and going
> With basket on shoulder.

The party ate grapes to their hearts' content, paying only a few cents for such a privilege. The last afternoon Dr. Taylor and the young Englishman and George had a walk through the vineyards, to lay in a good supply of grapes for the long railroad journey the next day. But alas! though having eaten to the full on the walk as Dr. Taylor's guest, after dinner, upon invitation, Mr. Greatheart (not knowing the plans for the morrow) ate again and on and on, until other provision had to be made for the next day's fruit supply. As they drove away the next morning from the Hôtel du Parc the last thing they heard was the French soldiers, in the park opposite the hotel, learning to play the French horn, and the last thing they saw was the woman standing at the railroad-crossing with a flag in her hand to warn people on the road of the approaching train.

At Chambéry the journey was broken again by a night's rest; but there was time to see the town's chief square, with its busy market scene and its unusual fountain, where figures of elephants at once attract attention as does also the statue of General de Borgne, who, in India, amassed a large fortune, part of which he bequeathed to the town. Scarcely any wonder they named a street after him! Here Xavier de Maistre (who, among other books, wrote while he was in prison, *Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*) was born. Not far from the town the house is still seen where Rousseau lived for a time. Dr. Taylor remembered that, in what might be called the first chapter of the story of Southern Baptists and Italy, was a resolution passed by the Foreign Board that a mission be established in Marseilles, or Milan, or Chambéry.

On the way from Chambéry to Turin, the clear rushing streams born of the snow that still clothed the mountain-tops, the peasants gathering in their hay, the long Mt. Cenis tunnel, whose smoke was a serious business for the baby, the campaniles and castles clinging to dizzy heights when the frontier was crossed, kept all the family at the car-windows, charmed by these new and interesting sights.

The hotel chosen at Turin was on the main street of the city, and the rooms were on the front, so the children were fascinated by the moving show every hour, with carriages, costumes, omnibuses, which were

new and strange to them. Since Turin is not usually on the itinerary of the average sightseer, these words from Dr. Taylor's pen about it will be the more interesting:

> This Piedmontese city, uniting some of the best traits of Italy and the new world, has always been to me peculiarly attractive. Lacking in objects of art and antiquity, it boasts broad streets with majestic arcades, a pure bracing air and an honest progressive population, while its position in a framework of Alpine scenery is picturesque in the extreme.

Charming as Turin was, the family, alas! through their unfamiliarity with Italian conditions, left a comfortable hotel and a city remarkable among Italian towns for its cleanliness; and, in order to have a quiet Sunday, decided to go on as far as Piacenza for the "day of rest and gladness." Too late they realized the mistake they had made! It was the summer when the Asiatic cholera was threatening the Continent — especially Italy. Upon leaving the train, the whole family were led to a room where, with every door and window shut, they and their fellow-travelers were "disinfected" by clouds from burning sulphur. The treatment might have endangered the baby's life, but Dr. Taylor, with an initiative and will-power that overcame all deficiencies in spoken Italian, carried the day with the various officials and won an exodus from the reeking room for the baby and her nurse. The rest of the party stood the fumes as best they could, though even one sulphur

match was disagreeable to Dr. Taylor, inducing a fit of coughing and sneezing that was painful if not dangerous. Next came the dark ride through the dark streets of a provincial Italian town of third or fourth rank. The massive houses, without lights, were somber enough, but the heavy iron gratings over the windows gave the impression of prisons. The primitive, not to say unsanitary, conveniences as to toilet and bathrooms capped the Saturday-night climax with depression, even dismay, and made the family wish a hundred times they had remained in Turin.

But Sunday followed. A quiet, country Sunday indeed? Just the reverse! This was the first example the family had seen of a Continental Sunday. It greatly surprised and shocked them. The thing nearest to it they had even known was the county fair, or circus day, or court day in Virginia. The central square of the city, from early morning until well into the night, was crowded with people. Many of them were picturesque in their peasant costumes. Buying and selling seemed the chief concern of the folk. Booths and awnings were set up. Masses of fruits and vegetables were seen on all sides. Such splendid tomatoes; in their red and golden glow they seemed worthy indeed of their Italian name "pomidori"—apples of gold. The variety and size and colors of the grapes made the Taylors almost feel as if they really had never seen any grapes before.

Then there were the figs and pomegranates and peaches and pears and yet other fruits.

As a Sabbath of rest and worship, the day was indeed a failure, although Dr. and Mrs. Taylor sought to maintain such an atmosphere. Yet the day may not have failed to bring a blessing, as it served to put a halo around the memory of bright and happy and holy Lord's days back at home in Virginia. Certainly that Piacenza holiday, which should have been a holy-day, made a deep impression and at the same time a well-nigh perfect picture of a certain type of Italians and Italian ways.

In Florence the family was again held back from going on to Rome. In London the baby had been ill, in Florence she was very ill. The patience of Dr. Taylor and his wife was great and their faith strong; yet this was a most trying and anxious time for them. To be ill at home is bad, but to be ill in a foreign land, among strangers and hearing strange tongues, is far worse. The best English-speaking doctors of the city were called in, and they were kind and helpful. The child was put on ass' milk, the ass coming around every day to be milked at the very front door of the hotel. God was merciful, and the child lived.

While some of the beauties of the city and some of her well-known historic spots were seen, still even the children in the *pension* as well as Dr. Taylor and his son had less heart and interest in picture galleries and

other famous spots almost innumerable, because they were devoted to Susy and at least stayed around, anxious to help if in any way they could. Yet they did have a peep at least at some of the wonders and glories of Florence. There were the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, strung out in a strange way on a strange bridge that spanned the Arno. In these galleries are great pictures that once seen go with one through life, such for example as the *Madonna della Seggiola,* by Raphael, and *La Bella* by Titian. Of course each visitor has his favorites. The children loved the Boboli Gardens, while Dr. Taylor rejoiced in the Baptistery, in Giotto's campanile, and in the Duomo. In the one or two days after the baby was out of danger, and before they set out for Rome, Mrs. Taylor had some glimpses of the pictures and points of interest in the city. Dr. Taylor and his wife had many a chat as they waited and watched about their great and difficult task in this new and largely unknown land; yet they did not fail to think and talk about many of the great men, such as Dante, Savonarola, Giotto, the Medici, and others who had helped to make Florence beautiful and famous. They managed also to read at least some of the Browning poems.

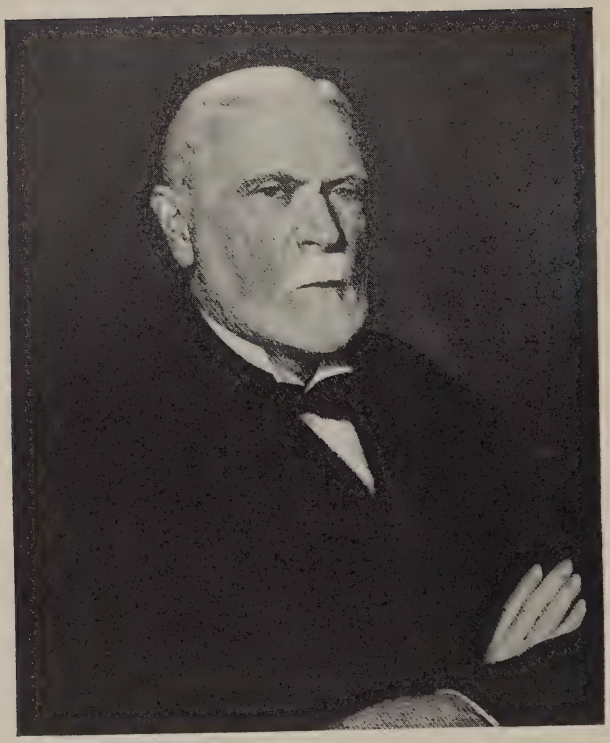
The day trip to Rome was charming in every way, the October sun being just warm enough. Perugia, seated on its high hill with its tall campanile, made a silhouette that called forth exclamations of delight

alike from the grown-ups and the children. When they came to Lake Trasimene, Dr. Taylor did not have to tell the children about the battle fought there by Hannibal and his victory over the Romans, for they remembered the story and also lines from Macaulay's poem.

How can the arrival in Rome, the Eternal City, be anything else but interesting, dramatic, thrilling, and almost awe-inspiring? In the days when the traveler, journeying by diligence or carriage coming from the north along the Via Flaminia, approached the city he saw first the Dome of St. Peter's. Many will recall Charles Dickens' description of his arrival in Rome. The Taylors were excited as their train rushed through a hole in the city wall, the engine giving, it seemed to them, a whistle extra shrill, and they knew that at last they were actually in Rome. Here, then, they were at the end of their journey of more than five thousand miles. Concerning Paul as he came from the East, at the end of a long and dangerous journey, Luke, in the book of Acts, says: "And so we came to Rome."

The whole family, escaped from the big station and its fumigation, soon got into a large two-horse carriage, the trunks following on in a barrow. In the starlight, the first object to catch their eyes and ears was the great Termini fountain, throwing its full column of water high into the air; and before they reached their *pension* they had passed three other great and well-known fountains. Thus, the first hour in Rome

they saw one of the outstanding glories of the great city. Down through the Piazza Barberini, the narrow and congested Via del Tritone, the Piazza di Spagna, they passed, reaching then the Via del Babuino. Already the new Italian government was undertaking an extensive sewer system, and the Taylor seven saw the Via Condotti torn up to a depth of twenty or thirty feet and a large force of men working by the light of flaming torches. "Here it is, Father," exclaimed George, from his seat on the boot by the driver, "here is our place. Did you not say it was No. 68? Here it is—Sessant'otto, Via del Babuino." And the boy was right.



DR. J. H. EAGER

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CHAPTER III

EARLY YEARS IN ROME

I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.
—*Romans 1:15.*

When Victor Emmanuel's army, under General Raphael Cadorna, entered Rome, through Porta Pia, there came along with the soldiers a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society. His name was Luigi, and he carried his precious stock of Bibles and Testaments in a cart drawn by a dog. (Before the Italians thus entered Rome, back in the days when the Pope made Bibles contraband in Rome, a good Englishwoman, going to that city, wore a petticoat that was one mass of pockets, and every pocket held a Testament.) The first, or possibly the second, Protestant preacher and missionary to enter Rome after the Italian army was Dr. W. N. Cote, sent thither by Southern Baptists. His father, once a priest, had worked in Canada as a Baptist, with the Grand Ligne Mission, and wrote a pamphlet entitled: *Un Mot en Passant à Ceux Qui Ont Abandoné l'église Romaine.* His son, after Y. M. C. A. work in Paris, became the first missionary of Southern Baptists in Italy. With great glow and enthusiasm the work started. A church was soon organized in Rome. Dr. Cote wrote to the Board in

Richmond: "Almost every Sunday morning it is my privilege to baptize converts." This early success, which before long showed a painful reaction, is not so hard to explain. Political liberty had come to Rome. After twenty-one years of waiting and struggle, the unification of Italy had been effected, and Rome was the capital. Oh, what a happy time with the Italian people, especially those of the Papal States and of Naples and the south! Then came those who proclaimed the freedom wherewith Christ makes men free, and some of these messengers were from England—liberty-loving England—and others from the land of Washington. Little wonder that many joined these new Protestant churches without real repentance and change of heart.

Presently the reaction came; but in the meantime the outlook seemed most bright. Crowds came to the halls where our missionary and helpers preached. One day a group resorted to the Tiber, outside the Porta del Popolo and not over-far from the Vatican. In the party were several prominent Southern Baptists. Since the river is swift and full of strong and treacherous whirlpools, the precaution was taken of tying a rope around the candidate, while Dr. Cote on the bank held the other end of the rope. The candidate that day soon after was ordained and appointed as pastor of the recently organized church. Various halls were secured at the same time, or successively, in Via della Croce, Via Campidoglio, near Castel Sant Angelo, in Piazza

Navona, and in the Trastevere. The narrowness and insufficiency of these preaching-places, especially by reason of the crowds coming to hear the gospel, wafted across the ocean a cry for a church house in Rome, and the Convention responded by undertaking to raise at least $20,000 for the Rome Chapel.

Then, before long, the rose-color began to fade and die. Troubles came. The pastor of the church in Rome fell under a dark cloud. The young "converts" began to drop away. So serious did the situation grow, that a special representative of the Board, no less distinguished and able a man than Dr. J. B. Jeter, was sent over to straighten out the tangle in affairs and to buy a lot for the proposed chapel. When he had learned the state of affairs here were his words: "I have never found myself more painfully perplexed than I have been in regard to the matters of the Rome church." He advised that immediately a superintendent for the whole work in Italy be appointed, for in various cities, as Bologna, Milan, Bari, Modena, and Civita Vecchia churches had been organized. It was at this crisis of the mission that Dr. Taylor, as has been already described, leaving Richmond just after Dr. Jeter's return, arrived in Rome. What a difficult condition of affairs confronted him!

From the night of his arrival in the Eternal City, scarcely for any hour in the day could he get away from these problems of the mission, which by the grace of

God he must solve. These problems were with him from the very moment of his appointment, but now, arrived on the ground, he realized even more fully how mountain-high they were. Yet, evidently, before he could take up fully his work he must find an apartment for a home for his family. So immediately house-hunting engaged the attention of Dr. Taylor and his wife, Dr. Cote adding his most valuable assistance. Rents were so much higher than he had expected, and so much higher he thought than his salary would allow, that Dr. Taylor well-nigh despaired. Rome had no elevators, and the streets are so narrow that top flats must be sought to secure sunshine. Yet sunshine was imperative, if the best of health conditions were desired. So day after day it was tramp, tramp, up hundreds and hundreds of steps.

In the midst of this seemingly hopeless quest for permanent quarters, one day at lunch Dr. Taylor said:

"Sue, you must have a ride and a rest this afternoon, and a sight of at least some one of Rome's famous ruins; so get ready. One of the inexpensive things here is riding in these little carriages. It is only sixteen cents a 'course.' Get ready, and George can sit on the little let-down flap-seat."

They went. They saw the Colosseum. Is it not indeed the first thing anyone would want to see in Rome? They came back refreshed in body and mind. With all the burden of the mission, they fully realized the great

opportunity for education and real culture that living in Rome offered.

At last a flat for a home was found and rented. It was at 11 Via Quattro Fontane, and the fourth *piano* one hundred steps up. The landlord lived on the next floor below; and, as his wife was English, several of the members of the family spoke her tongue, which was most fortunate for the Taylors. For a few weeks they had their dinner sent in from a restaurant, a man arriving each day with a big tin box on his head, the box containing a bit of glowing charcoal that kept everything hot. Presently, grown more familiar with Italian kitchens, where nothing can be baked and where charcoal was the fuel used, Mrs. Taylor and Sarah, the nurse, undertook all the meals, helped at certain hours by a smiling, good natured Italian servant. All the water for cooking, washing, and toilet had to be drawn up from the running fountain in the courtyard below, and this was usually George's job. And when for some time the fountain ceased to run, he "toted" all the water the family had from the "four fountains" a square away.

Marketing by means of a foreign language was hard work, and to go to a "drogheria" for groceries, and to Government stores to buy salt and tobacco and postage stamps, seemed very strange. To carry a roast of beef to the corner bakery, to be baked at a cost of only two cents, was convenient and economic; but to have all the

potatoes and gravy (or, if a fowl, the stuffing) taken, not to say stolen, was not so satisfactory.

Lessons and study went on every day, the children having their tasks, and Dr. Taylor working at the language, which he had to use constantly for correspondence and conversation. Until he could preach, Dr. Taylor was glad to attend a night-school that had been established in the Trastevere, and teach and make brief talks to the children and youth. Night by night he and his son walked to the Vicolo Cinque hall, making in the round trip five miles. Their path was almost halfway across the city, and in part through a congested and not altogether safe district. Since two are better than one, even a boy was some protection, and George's mother was glad to have him go, though she was always anxious until her "menfolks" returned. The walkers absorbed, as it were, Rome's history and customs and charm at almost every step. Did they not pass the famous Trevi fountain, with its stone Neptune and horses and well-nigh river of water? Did they not cross the Corso, the city's chief street, go by the ruins of the temple of Neptune and the Pantheon, see the Monte de Pietà (the Government pawnshop), and watch beneath the Sisto Bridge the swirling waters of old "Father Tiber?" Each night they were thrilled by the Sisto fountain, not as well-known to travelers as the Trevi fountain, but scarcely less wonderful.

One grows to love the Roman fountains as sea-born men the sea. Go where you will there is the water; whether it foams by Trevi where the green moss grows in it like ocean weed about the feet of the ocean god, or whether it rushes, reddened by the evening light from the mouth of an old lion that once saw Cleopatra, whether it leaps high in air trying to reach the gold cross on St. Peter's, or pours its triple cascade over the Pauline granite; whether it spouts out of a great barrel in a wall in old Trastevere, or throws up into the air a gossamer as fine as Arachne's web in a green garden where the lizards run, or in a crowded corner where the fruit-sellers sit against the wall; in all its shapes one grows to love the water that fills Rome with an unchanging melody all through the year. And, best of them all, I love my own torrent that tumbles out of the masonry here close to the bridge of Sixtus and has its two streams crossing one another like sabres gleaming bright against the dark, damp, moss-grown stones. There are so many fountains in our Rome, glorious, beautiful, and springing to high heaven that no one notices this one much, as coming down the Via Gulia, the throngs hurry on over the bridge, few, I fear, praying for the soul of the man that built it—as the inscription asks of you to do, with a humility that is touching in a pontiff.

Was any South African Kraal ever darker, damper, and more depressing than the half-story underground hall at Vicolo Cinque, where the night-school met and where even the Sunday service was held? As to this place and night-school, Dr. Taylor said: "Stones now and then came crashing through the windows, and knives were sometimes drawn, as we entered or left the room." But even after a much more convenient room was secured, just beyond the Sisto bridge, at least

one night, the school being in session, the window-panes were broken by rocks thrown by enemies of the mission. The whole of that first winter in Rome, Dr. Taylor and George went night by night to this school.

The detailed story of this first winter cannot here be told. While there were many blessings, there were shadows galore—and very dark. Almost every day Dr. Cote and Dr. Taylor met for counsel and conference, and letters with all kinds of questions came from the evangelists out of Rome. Within the family circle there were events the more trying because native land and loved ones were so far away. The slight illness of one of the children proved a blessing in disguise, for the doctor called in—John Gason, an Irishman who had lived many years in Rome—came to be one of the family's most loyal and beloved friends. It is true that on his first visit his call for "white pepper" necessitated a hurried run across to the grocery store, as there was no white pepper in the pantry—but it turned out that he wanted "white paper." The illness of the nurse was a far more serious business. Sarah, the nurse, before leaving for Italy, had scarcely ever been out of sight of the smoke of her father's chimney. So her homesickness amidst strange scenes and sights was far more serious than that of the family, notwithstanding their care and kindness. In the absence of Dr. Taylor in the South, her distress developed into insanity of a mild type, yet not always so mild; for, at least once, she

threatened to take the baby's life and her own. That night the family gave her the range of almost the whole apartment, barricading themselves against her in one or two rooms. Although it meant heavy extra expense, Sarah, as soon as it was safe and best, was sent back to Virginia; and, fortunately, when once homeward bound, she became again normal and happy; but it was a painful episode in the family's life. The family letters and the official communications from America did not always bring heartening news. The death of his eldest sister (and he so far away!) meant a double sorrow for Dr. Taylor, while the financial straits of the Foreign Board, described in letters and confirmed by small and delayed remittances, gave him no little anxiety, not to say embarrassment and mortification.

The first summer, and yet other summers, were spent at the Bagni di Lucca, in the mountains of Tuscany. Here good Dr. Gason went every year. Rome's summer heat is great, and Dr. Taylor's work, involving visits to various parts of Italy and a large correspondence, could be done away from Rome, at least in the vacation. Even from the days of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Bagni di Lucca had been the summer headquarters of English people living in Florence and Rome, many of them coming even from the latter city by diligence or in their own carriages. The medicinal waters and baths, an English church, a

resident English physician, a small but well-selected English circulating library—not to speak of the charm and beauty of the Tuscan mountains, with their good roads and picturesque scenery—easily explained the attractiveness of the Bagni di Lucca for English-speaking people who resided in Italy. Relaxation along with work was the program in the Taylor home in vacation days. Everyone was to have some study or writing or serious reading during the morning hours, the afternoons being long enough for walks and drives out into the mountains and along the valley of the Lima. The eldest son had regular lessons in Italian, sharing the attractive Italian lady teacher with an even more attractive American girl about his own age. This trio read together so faithfully that Italian classic *I Promessi Sposi,* by Manzoni, that his generous father, at the end of the summer, in token of George's dilligence and progress, presented to him a handsomely illustrated copy of the great novel he had learned to love.

Dr. Taylor never could and never wanted to get away from his yearning desire that men and women might come to know Jesus as their Saviour and Lord. Merely writing mission letters and letters to the Board and newspapers at home and administering the finances of his field could not wean him from the love and instinct for personal evangelism. So, in anything but a perfunctory way, he carried his message of salvation along when he visited in his hours of recreation

many a village hanging "like a nest on the crest of the purple Apennine."

He had brought from Rome quite an assortment of tracts—and, describing these mountain walks and the use he made of his tracts, Dr. Taylor wrote:

Day before yesterday George and I took a donkey between us and climbed a very high mountain, on the top of which is a village with its solid stone houses and narrow paved streets. Providence favored me. Two or three young men, unusually intelligent looking, were standing or sitting together. I took my seat on a stone curbing holding my bridle (George having gone to get some grapes, for this village is surrounded with vineyards and they were in the midst of the vintage), and thus seated I commenced a little chat offering cautiously some simple gospel tracts. I then said, as they were accepted, "These are about the Saviour, etc. I have others which are controversial, opposing the Mass and the Confessional, but I don't wish to give them to you without telling you what they are, and unless you wish them." They passed some words among themselves, and I, seeing that "Barkis was willin'," passed over my other sort, insisting, as I did so specially as young men they ought to seek to know the truth. Others came and I soon gave away a good many with as much adaptation as possible. I could see sundry persons passing and looking suspiciously and scowlingly on me and my work. Having finished my distribution, which had been accompanied by a running fire of talk, I rose, and fronting the party, said: "The substance of it all is that God has so loved the world that he has given his only begotten son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. We all then may be saved without money and without price and we may go directly to God without any priest but Jesus. We all ought to accept him and if we do trust him we will love him and try to please him.

I am doubly a stranger, for I am a foreigner, knowing little of your language and do not know you by face. Probably I shall never see your face again till we meet at the judgment." Then I bowed and bade them good-bye, which they most respectfully reciprocated, and I took my way down the mountain.

Sometimes the mountain trips were longer, and whenever any of the womenkind went, one or two donkeys were hired. The pay for a donkey included one man for each animal, to make them go on. There were places along the smooth highway such as the Ponte dal Diavolo, a steep high hill in itself, or far away Pracchia that could be reached by carriage. Concerning one such trip Dr. Taylor wrote:

Our new apartments in Rome necessitate our furnishing linen and as a good deal is made in this region it seemed well to seek it here. Dr. Gason recommended Gallicano, a village twelve miles from this, and I determined to make an excursion of it, taking Sue and some of the children. Accordingly at 7:30 this morning Sue and I, Mary and Spotswood, set off in a light, open buggy with a jolly little black horse, and a driver whom we knew. I leave to Sue's more graphic pen to describe the drive, the scenes, the vintage, the quaint village and our curious experiences in bargaining for and buying the linen. When it was all over I commenced my colporteur work. Here, too, I preached my three-minute sermon, and left the results in the hands of God.

During the summer, and again other summers, Dr. Taylor took "sittings" at the church of England, whose edifice, built in the days of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was not allowed to have on the outside the appearance of a church, and so seemed to passers-by a large family residence. The morning and afternoon services on

Sunday were attended regularly by the family. As for the circulating library (mainly English books), which was delightfully situated in the edge of a villa, it was the joy and blessing of the whole family through all their years at the Bagni di Lucca. The Casino was not much used by the Taylors, but the Sunday afternoon concerts in the village square they had to hear *nolens volens,* as their house was only a stone's throw away. Since their landlady was a Catholic, and also their cook Ottavia, Mrs. Taylor did not like to leave the baby too long alone without any member of the family, for she had read a story about an English mother who years before had lived at the Bagni di Lucca. It was to this effect: She went away once to be gone all day, leaving the baby with the Catholic nurse. Returning for some reason sooner than she had planned, as she entered the room, she heard the servant say: "Another cursed Protestant out of the way." She had poisoned the baby.

If anything, Bagni di Lucca was more delightful as the early autumn days came on than in the summer. Then the chestnuts began to open and fall. As the people used the chestnuts for flour, the trees were closely watched as the fruit came to maturity. Up the mountain-sides there were bridle-paths, not roads, and any chestnuts found on these paths might be picked up freely by anyone, but to step out of the path and pick up chestnuts was to trespass, and there were those on

watch to prevent such infringement of the law. When the chestnuts have been gathered and dried, they are ground at the mill and the flour made into cakes and baked between heated stones, covered by leaves.

More than once the family lingered at the Bagni in the fall, after Dr. Taylor had gone on to Rome. It was safer in Rome after the equinoctial fall rains. By that time it would get too cool without fires, and the Casa Morgana at the Bagni had no fireplaces nor stoves. Then Mrs. Taylor would gather her little "brood" and, with Ottavia and her daughter Libera, cook and nurse respectively, hasten on to Rome. One year, upon their arrival at Pisa, it was learned that the rains had broken the line by Civita Vecchia, and that a detour by way of Florence would have to be made. But this route was much more expensive, and there was not enough money for the tickets! What was to be done? Fortunately, the Episcopal pastor at Pisa was the summer pastor at Bagni, and he kindly loaned Mrs. Taylor the necessary money.

In his early years in Rome, Dr. Taylor and his family, as did Paul, dwelt in their own hired houses. The quarters on Via Tritone were not as attractive as the Quattro Fontane apartment save that there were fewer steps to climb. The street was narrow and very noisy, the main artery of traffic from the railroad station to the heart of the city. Doubtless this "flat" was less expensive. It was at this home that the stream of Ameri-

can visitors began to reach the Taylor home, a delightful stream that kept up through all the years. Dr. Edward Judson, son of Adoniram Judson, was in Rome this winter, as was also Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of *The Land and the Book*. Dr. Taylor wrote:

> I have seldom seen a man who pleased me more. He (Judson) is bright and full of life and very intelligent, but simple-hearted as a child, and is to me at once more affectionate and deferential than anybody I have seen for a long time. One week ago tonight we had a little company, the Van Meters, Judsons, Dr. Wason and his little boy, Dr. and Mrs. Vernon and their daughter of Mary's age, and Dr. Thomson and his grown son. I told him that wishing to prepare my little daughter, I had asked which was *the* land, the most interesting land in the world, and that she had said and insisted it was America.

The following spring, when Dr. and Mrs. Judson were returning from Greece, they appeared one Sunday morning at the door with a big valise—it was full of Corfu oranges that they had brought all that long way to Dr. and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor won the love of young girls as well as others, and for several winters in Rome was a second mother to an American girl who was alone in Rome studying art.

Some of the early embarrassments began to pass, and the opening of the Montecitorio hall gave new hope for the work. Dr. Taylor wrote: "I think that we may now feel that the old troubles are well over and that things are moving on with fair prospects of gratifying results." Here was a place for worship that,

though only a "hall," was central, clean, and bright. It was just opposite the Chamber of Deputies, back of the General Post Office, and only a stone's throw from the Piazza Colonna and the Corso. In the basement, a baptistery had been provided, which was a distinct improvement, as many baptisms in Italy had been in bathtubs, often at public bathing establishments.

Signor Oscar Cocorda now came to Rome as pastor; he was a man of brilliant intellect and wide scholarship, a native of the Waldensian Valleys, and a student in Geneva under Merle D'Aubigné; he spoke English very well, though of course he now and then missed the pronunciation of a word, as, for example, when the congregation was gathered for the first baptism in the new pool, he was asking in an anxious tone "Where is my gun?" What did he need with a "gun" as such a moment? (Of course he meant "gown.")

At the Montecitorio hall Signor Cocorda was the pastor; yet, Dr. Taylor was now able to preach, and did preach, for he loved to preach, and about this time he wrote: "I preach in broken Italian indeed, but with as much earnestness as I ever did in my life." Dr. Taylor set up at the new hall a song service every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Signor Cocorda translated many of the nobler Moody and Sankey hymns, and Mr. Van Meter led the singing, while his daughter presided at the piano. Short addresses were made by Signor Cocorda and Dr. Taylor. The music attracted many

from the street; and one day a young man, on his way to the Tiber to commit suicide, dropped in. He had come to Rome from the Abruzzi Mountains seeking work. Having failed to find work, in desperation he had decided to take his life. Later he was converted and joined the church, and eventually his brother and sister and father and mother also became members. This family was for years a tower of strength in the work.

Sunday was a strenuous day for Dr. Taylor and his family, yet even the children felt that at the chapel they, by their presence at least, could help, for getting a crowd was not easy. Often after the four services at Montecitorio they went to Mr. Van Meter's for a fifth service, usually being in time for some of the brief addresses by distinguished ministers passing through Rome and for the social hour that followed.

At first Dr. Taylor was, because he was a Baptist, rather *persona non grata* among the other Protestant workers in Rome. A number of years later he wrote:

> When I came to Italy in 1873 I found, both among Italians and in the resident foreign community here, a most bitter and obstinate prejudice against our restricted communion. It was necessary for several years to defend it in our own and other periodicals, explaining our practice, replying to objections and not only appealing to the *ad hominem* argument but sustaining our position on its own merits. The fight was so well fought that since that time we have met with no reproach for our "close" communion; indeed many of the more intelligent of our Pedo-

baptist brethren regard it as at least the necessary corollary of the doctrine of believers' baptism.

As a preacher he was acceptable from the very first among the English-speaking congregations in Rome. There were in those early days three Protestant churches *outside* the city, because the Papal States would not allow them within the walls. One of these churches was the Scotch Presbyterian. Here Dr. Taylor preached quite often. Concerning one service, when he preached at this church, he wrote to his brother: "I enjoyed preaching. After the sermon a lady sought an introduction, saying she was from Philadelphia, and that one of the recollections of her childhood was the devotion of her mother to my father. Then came up two or three gentlemen, very profuse about the sermon, one of them borrowing it for himself and party." In this church there was provided for the preacher after his sermon port wine and crackers. One summer, at the Bagni di Lucca, Dr. Gason invited Dr. Taylor to hold a regular mid-week service at his house, probably because of the High Church sentiment that that summer seemed to be quite in the saddle at the Bagni. Dr. Gason himself was quite Low Church. The invitation was accepted.

As already suggested, Dr. Taylor liked to preach; and, writing to a loved one, said: "Personally it is a great cross to me not to preach regularly every Sunday. I often feel it like a fire in my bones." In the same let-

ter he described two services in one of the great Catholic churches thus:

I attended last week two very remarkable meetings, both at the large and fashionable church of the Gesù. The preacher occupies a platform erected for the occasion, and has nothing before him, and standing out with his black cap and long, graceful robe the effect is very striking. On each occasion there were two discourses. The first was by a middle-aged, tall, handsome, oily-mouthed Jesuit, who made very many good points, keeping the people on the *qui vive,* and insisted with much Jesuitical casuistry on the importance of the Confessional. After him several monks in white gowns wormed their way through the congregation, taking up the collection, announcing the proximity to each person by a dexterous jingling of the bag. This done, came a second discourse which was by a portly, aged man, with a large cross suspended at his side. His voice was powerful, his tones pathetic, his manner not unlike one of our best Virginia preachers in a revival, and his sermon largely evangelistic, containing sundry apposite citations from the scripture. He closed with a fervid appeal, fell upon his knees, led in *ex tempore* prayer the congregation, who knelt as one man. Then followed the pageant of the Mass, the offering of incense and imposing music, the vast congregation joining the choruses, so that I was thrilled at the time, and even now seem to hear the vibrating notes.

Dr. Taylor was never a very strong man, yet he had great will-power, and possibly what might be called physical stamina; still, ever and anon he had illness of one form and another. See what he tells in a letter to one of his brothers:

I went to bed and remained there a couple of days. It always

troubles me that when I am sick just a little, I lose all interest in everything, religion included. It is a miserable experience. I meant to stay at home with Sue and let the children accompany these gentlemen to see the illumination of the Colosseum, it being the 2628 anniversary of the founding of Rome, but Dr. Gason asked me to accompany him and I went. The crowd was immense, counted, I am sure, not by ten or twenty thousands, but rather by hundred thousands, filling up every street and open place for a quarter of a mile around in every direction. I was taken with a sort of fainting spell and after seeing the Colosseum in its glory for a minute, was too happy to lie as best I could on a ledge of the Arch of Titus with my head in Dr. Gason's arms. I think I shall never forget the anxious misery of those moments.

Their second summer in Italy, the family were again at Bagni di Lucca, with some weeks at the close of the vacation at the seaside. Again in his mountain tramps Dr. Taylor sought to tell the old, old story, and perhaps all the more earnestly, as his plan to have public services could not be carried out, since those who had suitable rooms were afraid to let them for such a purpose. He wrote thus:

Day before yesterday I was much favored. George and I took an ass in partnership (not to ride and *tie,* but to ride and drive) and ascended to Lugliano, a lovely village on the top of a mountain. On the way and in the village I had many pleasant conversations, being enabled in every case to introduce the gospel in a natural, easy manner. In the piazza I began to talk, and quite a crowd gathered to hear. I, of course, gave out some tracts, but rely even more on the *spoken* word, however feeble, and when tracts are given I like it to be not mechanically but discriminat-

ingly and in connection with conversation. Yesterday I went again to Benabbio. I was courteously received and soon began to talk, and then to read passages from my Testament. But I found, presently, that the coast was not by any means so clear as in Lugliano the day before. The men (there were three) listened pretty well, but one of them replied warmly though courteously. Meantime the village priest, whose garden overlooked the shop door, had stopped to listen to us, and, hearing some statement of mine, shouted out in a loud and angry tone that it was false. I fortified and explained what I had said, and then one of the men very courteously took me up into a sort of society hall, upstairs, where we went on talking. As I started to come down I saw *the* priest with another coming to the shop, with quite a number of men. I saw I was in for it and determined to stand my ground. On getting down I found the two priests sitting in the shop, while quite a company was gathered around the door. One of the priests began by saying we were not wanted there, that our doctrines were destructive and they would burn all our books and tracts, etc. I replied very calmly that I had no wish to intrude anywhere, but that I had a right to go where I pleased and to talk to whom I pleased, provided they wanted to hear me. "Yes," said one of the priests, "but not on religion." "On any subject whatsoever." We then got into a discussion which touched on many points, salvation by faith, the Confessional, the right and duty of the people to read the Bible, etc., and continued perhaps for an hour or an hour and a half. The position was very trying, and some times the priests would use ridicule, and appeal to the prejudices of the people against us, and it was not always easy to reply to everything in the very best words, specially in a foreign tongue; but in the main I held my ground pretty well, citing from my Testament, and reading from one or two tracts to show the doctrines we teach. God enabled me to be perfectly calm throughout, and I could see that, though many of the audience were to a considerable extent with the priest, I had

made, on the whole, a favorable impression personally while perhaps some words had not been fruitless. I parted in a friendly way with the priests, making them shake hands, and inviting them to come and see me and telling them I would call on them.

Leghorn is not far from Lucca, and Lucca is only sixteen miles from the Bagni di Lucca, so the change of base at the end of August was not difficult, and *en route* the famous group of buildings at Pisa (the Baptistery, the Duomo, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower) was easily visited. In his book *Italy and the Italians,* Dr. Taylor says:

Sea bathing is much used by Italians and on the extensive coast many are the bathing resorts from country places where brush huts near the beach serve as dressing rooms, to large establishments at Civita Vecchia, Leghorn and elsewhere, which have extensive platforms and rooms out of which one descends into water of the required depth. As there is no surf these last are to be preferred. On one point custom is exact and vigorous. The bathing begins the first day of July and closes the last day of August. These may be the best months, but why should the last days of June and the first days of September be excluded so absolutely? It is, however, a boon to the impecunious foreigner who summers in Italy, for a furnished apartment in Leghorn which had rented for an hundred dollars a month during July and August was gladly let to me at twenty dollars for the month of September, which my family physician said was just as good.

Leghorn has all the variety and cosmopolitan air that usually characterizes a seaport town, and it has suburbs that move along the water for miles. About this sojourn at Leghorn Dr. Taylor wrote:

I feel better than at all during the summer. It is almost the first time I was ever near the sea except for only a few hours together and it was charming to walk right on the beach, to watch the waves—specially when lashed into fury by the wind—to count the vessels coming and going, to see the lighthouse with its revolving light, to take an occasional row, to visit the British men-of-war, and every day, almost, to take a plunge into the ocean, and to walk into the city and along the wharves seeing persons of different nationalities, and now and then exchanging a few words with sailors or boatmen.

At Leghorn, as in Rome, Dr. Taylor was often called on to preach at the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and his family liked to see him in the Geneva gown go up into the high pulpit, preceded by the sexton bearing the Bible, who then closed him in.

At Leghorn the younger children were taught to swim by a weather-bronzed Italian named "Tenebrone," that might almost be translated by the Scripture phrase "blackness of darkness." Nor did they ever forget a visit of one of the evangelists. When he was gone:

"Mother, when he got up in the middle of dinner, went into the corner of the room, pulled out his big red handkerchief, selected a certain spot on it and then blew his nose, making as much noise as a small fog-horn, it was as much as I could do not to disgrace the family and make him feel badly by laughing outright."

"It was indeed, my child, very ludicrous."

Their third winter the family occupied a flat on Via della Croce, which was so bright with sunshine, had such big rooms, was so near Piazza de Spagna, the center of the English quarter, and boasted such a big courtyard, with such a picturesque river-god and sarcophagus fountain, that it was the surprise kept as a secret by Dr. Taylor until he greeted wife and children at the station as they returned from the mountains.

Dr. Taylor was able to keep up with the news of the world by looking over English, American, and Italian newspapers once or twice a week at his bank, Macquay and Hooker, on Piazza di Spagna, and at Christmas the big reception given in Mr. Hooker's palace home, on Piazza Venezia at the end of the Corso, brought Dr. Taylor in touch with the large winter American-English colony in Rome. By this time the Taylors had a circle of acquaintances, many of them turning out to be lifelong tried and true friends. There were the Bruces (he the representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society), the Piggotts (he the Wesleyan Mission Director), the Vernons (he the head of the American Methodist work), the Van Meters (he in charge of a non-denominational work), the Philips (he in charge of the mission to the Jews), the Walls (he the head of the English Baptist work) and others. Besides these, every year many charming and cultured persons, in Rome for all or part of the winter, were

met. Rather informal receptions in Rome after the English model, since the refreshments were often only tea and thin buttered sandwiches and possibly wine and cake, could be more frequently given, since they did not involve so great an expense as do receptions of a like grade in America. Dr. J. L. M. Curry, accompanied by his wife and sisters-in-law, was in Rome a number of weeks; the fellowship with these Richmond people and their gracious hospitality in more than one all-day outing to places of interest outside of Rome brought great refreshment for soul and body to Dr. Taylor and his family. As far as was possible, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor brought with them to Rome and Italy that hospitality for which Virginia and the South are justly famous.

CHAPTER IV

"IN JOURNEYINGS OFTEN"

Beside those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily the care of all the churches.
—2 Cor. 11:28.

"I hate to see you start off alone on such a long journey, but I know you are a very good traveler; that will make me less uneasy about you. I remember so well when you started from the University of Virginia on your first trip to Europe. Your ship passage was engaged, and then, when the time came for you to start, you were almost ill. You decided to go as far as New York anyhow; and we gave you a pillow, for there were no Pullmans then, and by the time you reached New York you were much better and able to sail."

"I remember it all very well, Sue; and I think now I am a better—certainly a more experienced—traveler than I was then. Please do not worry; I will write."

So Dr. Taylor was off on his first long tour among the mission stations. And he did write to his wife:

. . . In my compartment on leaving Naples I had as companions three "sisters," who appeared to feel anything but kindly to me for entering. But I preferred them and their sour looks to tobacco fumes, so was undaunted and held my place. In an hour or so they left the train and from that to Foggia, say from eight to three, I had the compartment all to myself. At first my prominent feeling was of sleepiness, and that uncomfortableness which

MAP OF BAPTIST CHURCHES IN ITALY

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comes from losing sleep, and getting up when one would much prefer to lie abed. But soon I became engaged in a desperate struggle to keep warm, or rather to keep from being insufferably cold. The day was sunless and raw, and our passage was for one hundred miles through a mountainous region covered with snow while occasionally the clouds would spit forth the genuine article with a vim you would hardly have supposed possible in this southern, genial clime. It would have been amusing if it had been less pitiable to see my efforts. My overcoat, you know, is very thin, and my half shawl like the covering described in Scripture ("And the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." Isaiah, 28:20). I needed it to sit on and to cover my shoulders and my feet. For either two it was sufficient, but for all three it was quite unequal; and to see me curled into a knot, and keeping perfectly still, so as not to throw off my needed covering, would have excited the risibles of the most pitying, and the pity of the most mirthful fellow-passenger, whom a kind Providence had, by keeping him away, saved the trouble of acting this double and conflicting part of the laughing-and-crying philosopher. Happily I had a pair of cheap rag slippers along, which were large enough to admit my toes and insteps, leaving only the heels utterly unprotected. Coiled up as I was, reading was not easy, yet I read in Italian several chapters of Acts, and I must say read them with keener zest than usual, entering into Paul's missionary journeys as scarcely ever before. Anon I would pace my compartment like a caged lion and even stamp around generally to keep from getting numb and stiff. But as the walking had to be done on my own empty stomach, it was the less relished, for, be it remembered, while hunger is the best sauce for dinner, it is not for exercise. But all things have an end and so had my trouble for this time and of this kind. About two o'clock we began to see the ground once more, and I gave an involuntary sigh of relief and said "Thank God for this!" Then, too, came some straggling beams of the sun, and I actively dodged from

corner to corner to catch each gleam. We also emerged into a beautiful open and fertile country in striking contract with the dreary region through which most of our journey had been made. And to crown all at three o'clock we reached Foggia, where I had a rest of an hour before changing trains and where I had the opportunity to get a good hot dinner, which, while it did not quite take the numbness out of my fingers, certainly made my body and my mind feel a thousand per cent better. But I am sure had the man of the German story, "the man who could not shiver," been with me yesterday, he would have been gratified, or if he had found, owing to his peculiar condition or constitution, any difficulty, I could gladly have helped him by relieving him of any or all of his garments.

At 4:30 I took another train on the great through route, down the Adriatic coast to the stepping-off place for the Orient. Still, strangely enough, I had a compartment to myself. But about dusk, at a certain station, eight men bolted for my compartment and off we dashed. They at once began to talk first about and then to me. They were athletic-looking fellows and their eyes and mustaches were decidedly brigandish. Now not only has Southern Italy been cursed with brigandism, but we had but a little before passed a town which Baedeker, a most faithful guide, declares is still "noted for the brigandism of its inhabitants." Then these men whispered and made signs so mysteriously; how could I not have vague suspicions awakened? Add several suspicious circumstances—their most pertinacious and minute inquiries as to my destination and whether or not I was a traveler for pleasure; their drawing the curtain over the lamp in the ceiling of the car, so as to render it almost perfectly dark; their crowding very close to me; and finally their producing and showing for my inspection several pieces of silver, and more than hinting their wish, which I took care not to gratify, to see the contents of my purse; and do you wonder that with all these things I felt at least the need of caution, and began to think

what I would do, if peradventure (for I did not really apprehend danger) they should do this or that? And yet, after all, I presently assured myself that the suspicious circumstances were purely accidental, and portended just what the dead Indian answers, that is, nothing at all. The catechism to which I was put was due simply to curiosity. Probably they had never seen an American before. Moreover my chief interlocutor was a lawyer. But now embarrassment on my part succeeded any other feeling. I am sure I felt as I sported my broken Italian, trying to gratify them, something as a coy maiden might feel when surrounded by her first circle of admiring and contending combatants for her favor; and when they seemed lost in astonishment that one so lately come should talk so well, and all eyes were on me, and all tongues busy discussing my revelations, really my face became hot with just such blushes as might have suffused the face of the aforesaid maiden. But having satisfied myself no harm was meant I boldly told them all they wanted to know about myself—in fact did all but produce the purse—and to my statement, "I am an evangelical minister," they said, "Bravo! Benissimo!" in a way quite reassuring. They left the train one after the other with a kind handshake; and so ended my adventure(?).

In a couple of hours I was at Bari, and before I could hesitate much as to my plan of action, I was greeted by Signor Basile, and three other brethren, whose affectionate kisses might even have confirmed my idea of being a courted maiden, as above suggested, had I not learned to know last summer that these were the holy kisses enjoined by the apostle. We walked to the excellent Albergo del Risorgimento, and sat for a couple of hours talking, and then I retired to my ample chamber, and thanks to my Heavenly Father, enjoyed a pretty good night's rest.

But, alas, this morning was cold and rainy as I went out to a restaurant in the rain for my *café*. Oh, how cheerless it was!

How shocked and saddened I was to hear there that this was the last day of a poor fellow condemned to be executed in this city. It has been a pall over my soul all day, and at one I thought, "at this hour he is meeting his doom"; and then presently the people came thronging back from the scene and presently all were reading the huge placards in reference to his execution.

Till eleven this morning I sat talking with the brethren, but, oh, so cold; equal to any November day I ever felt! Then I said I must have a room with a fire. Alas! no such room in the house. Then I demanded a *scaldino* which warmed my feet, but badly affected my head. Alas, winter life in Italy is often the quintessence of all uncomfortableness. My brethren said, "Oh, this weather will not last many days." "No," said I, "but if by the time it gets fair and warm the bad has killed me, what good would the sunshine do me?" At which all were infinitely diverted. I have been busy talking all day, I trust usefully. I have tried to talk for Jesus. This letter I have dashed off for recreation, and now have not time even to read it over. Have just taken a look at Horace's stormy Adriatic and now go to sup with an evangelical family. In much haste, with oceans of love to each and all.

Almost always in the earlier years Dr. Taylor made his trips among the churches by himself. It was not easy to induce Mrs. Taylor to leave the children, so devoted and unselfish a mother she was. Yet infrequently she was persuaded to go with her husband, for her refreshment as well as his. Of one such trip Dr. Taylor says:

Nearly all of August I was away from home. It was a delight to have Susan with me—the greater that only recently has she felt able to leave the little ones. Traveling alone, and in such good company, I find very different. A week was spent in Torre Pellice. Another week we were at Bologna and Modena. A third

was spent at Finistrelle, in the Alps. Finestrelle has a famous old fortress, the scene of *Picciola,* pronounced, by the way, with accent on *first* syllable and not on second as one hears it generally. We also took from there a two days' jaunt higher still. The air was bracing and I found great benefit from that week's trip, and yet I know that I should not have taken it but for the persistency of my wife who is ever my good genius.

During our absence from home the startling and distressing news of our dear sister Sally's death reached us. It was like thunder in a clear sky. My wife bears up heroically but few can understand how much her sister was to her, and it is a heavy blow. It is also to me, for not only was she so lovely in herself, but she was one of the few in this world to whom I felt *very,* very near. Her letters were regular and full of sympathy . . . Her life for years has been a great struggle. She took me and mine—*all my family*—to her heart. Father knew and loved her before I did.

In another letter Dr. Taylor tells as follows about a trip among the churches:

I wrote you from Torre Pellice a pretty full postal card. I left there last Monday at four in the A. M., and came without stopping to Modena—a hot, terribly dusty run of twelve hours. I had the great pleasure of aiding in Torre Pellice in settling a difficulty between F——— and E——— (the principal members) which had long been a stumbling block. I feel it a blessed thing to be a peacemaker. One day we were called at five and with Martinelli went to Carpi, thence in carriage to S. Possidonio (ten miles), pausing half an hour for a short service at Roverto; at S. P. we visited an aged and probably dying brother, but still full of energy and vim. A priest had intruded upon and was worrying him, but after a short contest was soon put to flight. We reached Carpi to dinner at 2 P. M.; visited a sick

sister in the hospital; held services from 4:30 to 6; reached Modena quite tired but happy in having done so good a day's work. The most disagreeable part of the occasion for me was kissing quite a lot of brethren not much adapted to be kissed. Save the mark. On reaching Bologna we found the walls placarded concerning our coming and we have had two fine, and I trust, useful meetings. The audiences were large and attentive.

As Dr. Taylor and his daughters returned one fall to Rome, they stopped for a few days in Florence. Concerning this visit to Florence, Dr. Taylor wrote:

We have spent two mornings in the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, one in each. The latter is now called the "Palatine." When I was here in 1870 admittance was free as air, whereas now, as in every museum or ancient building, a franc each is the fee. But these galleries are always crowded and, indeed, the sum is very small as compared with prices in America, and considering the richness of the collections. There are pictures in these galleries which I can shut my eyes and see, and which are a great joy to me. This time we have given more attention than ever before to Fra Angelico and Botticelli—the latter on account of an article on his works in a late *Harper*. But your sisters have for some time been reading up for this week, which is, as the theatre people say, their "benefit," and which they richly deserve. I do wish them to get the best of Italy so that in case of their removal to America they may have stored in their memories precious pictures in abundance of this land of art and beauty. One morning was given to Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Italy, and yesterday morning to San Marco, with the wonderful frescoes of Fra Angelico in the convent there, now a government museum, and the cell from which Savonarola went forth to die. It never seemed so real to me before. An hour was given also to the church of San Lorenzo, with its double-starred new sacristy and Medici

chapel. Tomorrow we must go to the Academy of the Belle Arti. Of course, we have given due attention to the Duomo and Giotto's Tower and the Baptistery. The Duomo is now resplendent in its façade completed only last year. At the Baptistery we witnessed an infant sprinkling (what a contradiction in that place!), and at San Lorenzo witnessed a bridal procession issue as we entered. There was a wealth of lovely bouquets fastened to the doors of the carriages, but the bride seemed neither young nor beautiful. Two afternoons we have sauntered on Lung' Arno, looking at the pretty bric-à-brac in this capital of bric-à-bracdom, and one bright clear afternoon we rode in a carriage on the famous and beautiful ride over the hills of San Miniato, enjoying a lovely view of the city, river and encircling hills. This paper was made at Ponte di Lima, about three miles from Cutigliano, where also the government stamp paper is made.

Of a trip taken with his daughter to Southern Italy, which combined recreation (he had been far from well) and sightseeing with visits to churches and evangelists, Dr. Taylor writes:

For some time I have been invited to come and baptize several persons, who, from Roman Catholicism, had come to the gospel through the influence and teaching of Signor Antonio Fiori, a Baptist, and a commercial traveler. Yesterday morning after our coffee, gotten at a nice café, I left Mary to wander, and hied me to the place indicated. I found a mother and her two daughters, with whom a very satisfactory conversation was had; the young ladies especially impressed me with their intelligence and decision. The brother, who was in the civil service, was sent for but not found, so I left, saying I would remain in my room at their disposition. Later he called on me with a friend (a Brigadiere di Finanza), also a disciple, and asking for baptism. We arranged for the rite at a hydropathic at 5 P. M. At that hour and place I

baptized all of them. It was on the ground floor in a lovely flower garden. The people were respectful and sympathetic, and all went well. Before the baptism we had a little service in the parlour. Only two other persons, besides the candidates and Mary and me, were present—friends of the parties. We then went to the Berti home and spent an hour in singing, conversation, prayer. *Vermut* and *biscotti* were served. There is a dear little girl, the youngest, perhaps ten, who, I trust, loves the Saviour, and who has witnessed for him and his truth among the neighbors in a modest, simple way. Then there is another son, a fine boy of sixteen or seventeen who seemed to enjoy the service, though he was not, probably could not be, at the baptizing. When we left for our hotel the young people proposed to accompany us. Young Signor Berti explained to me that he always took his sisters out in the evening as they had few friends or recreations. I treated the party to ices, six of which, not *mezzi,* costing thirty sous, to which I added six for the waiter. After *vermut* and then a citron ice, I did not like to eat, so we went supperless to bed.

Next comes a letter describing a visit by Dr. Taylor to the mission stations in Sardinia. It is as follows:

And so last Friday, at noon, I started, but the train being detained, and lingering over five hours on the road, Civita Vecchia was reached just after the steamer was gone. It was very vexatious, but I made the best of it, and passed the twenty-four hours there not unpleasantly, reading and walking by the sea, or looking about the port. The question was as to the course of duty. My steamer ticket was already bought, or I would probably have returned to Rome. The other alternatives were to stay forty-eight hours more at Civita Vecchia, or push on and spend the Sunday on the train, which last I decided to do. The voyage was not bad exactly, but the rain drove me below, and I passed an almost sleepless night. One episode was very gratify-

ing, a long conversation with two ingenuous young soldiers (sergeants) going to their regiments. One of them was in a peculiarly tender frame of mind, having just lost his mother. I took their addresses and promised to send them Testaments, which yesterday I did. I wondered if I had been allowed to miss the Friday night steamer in order to have this interview. Pray for these two precious young men, sincere Catholics, piously inclined, but till then ignorant of the gospel, and withal truly interesting, such as Jesus would love, as he did the young ruler. From 5:30 in the morning till the same hour in the evening I was on the train, in a compartment to myself (except for the last few miles), and what with my New Testament, the *Examiner* and Milman's *History of Latin Christianity,* and my own thoughts, and admiring the works of God, the day was passed as it might have been in my own study, and certainly no one was influenced by my example in favor of Sunday traveling. I hated to be on the train on that day, and yet I could not see that I did wrong. Several brethren, including Signor Arbanasich, met me at the station and I was soon under the sheltering care of the Moors, and an hour or so later at the meeting. Monday night we had another service and I spoke on 1 Cor. 13. Tonight I expect to preach, and then to leave very early tomorrow morning for Iglesias, where we shall open a new *locale,* and I shall meet Brethren Tortonese and Cossu.

Some years later, after Mrs. Taylor's death, when none of the family save his daughter Mary was with him and when his health called for a complete change of climate, Dr. Taylor and Mary spent a season in Switzerland. A letter of his from Interlaken is as follows:

We came third class by rail over the famous Brunig pass, and then by steamer on Lake Brientz to this place. We find Inter-

laken charming. Of course you know, or think, at once that the name Interlaken simply describes its position. [Here is inserted a sketch, showing the two lakes, etc.] One of the beauties of this place is its shade trees many of them, the growth, one would think, of centuries, and as one walks on the hills and mountains around, it is on well-graded paths and through tall balsamic firs and pines, suggesting the Black Forest, while here and there are comfortable seats, bearing the names of Byron, Goethe, Shakespeare, etc. One of the perfect days Mary and I went by train third class to Lauterbrunnen, and having seen the Staubach falls we went on and visited the Trummebach falls. This last involved a walk of some three hours, going and returning, and gave us a keen appetite for the lunch which Fräulein Pfister had put up for us, and which we ate at a quiet restaurant. This function finished, we took a rack and pinion train which carried us up nearly perpendicularly to a point where we changed to one run by electricity that bore us to Mürren. The view en route was stupendous, but clouds and rain soon came up and we were glad to hurry down, but feeling that, like the King of France, we were well repaid for the time and money spent. Many more people wanted to come down from Mürren than there were seats for, but though burly Germans pushed and struggled, some of them were left behind, while we two succeeded in getting aboard. In changing trains for the steeper part, the number that could be carried was reduced one-half, but again fortune or Providence combined with our own enterprise to make us of the favored few. We came back at night feeling that it had been a rare day.

But the next was even better. We were in the act of buying railroad tickets for Grindelwald when Mary suggested that we go instead by carriage. I, of course, agreed, and soon out of several applicants she had combined with a little white-headed old driver with a small, comfortable carriage, and a vigorous generous horse. Going and returning we had a fine time amid lovely scenery, the Jungfrau, the Wetterhorn, the Eiger, the Schreiber-

horn rising in majesty before on one side. From Grindelwald we walked to the upper glacier of the Wetterhorn, and entered the ice grotto. It all occupied some three and one-half hours, and we were very tired when it was done. I suffered much from the hot sun. This time we struck a very swell restaurant, and under the trees, surrounded by boarders and tourists like ourselves, we ate our rolls and meat and raspberries that we had brought from the pension and drank a pitcher of milk brought by a waiter in a dress coat, who stepped and looked as if the place and all the mountains and glaciers around belonged just to him . . . When we came down, all but us were Russian, German or Belgians. Since then a lady, Mrs. D——, from Massachusetts, has come with her three daughters, one of them rather pretty and more *simpatica* than pretty. As they seemed rather bored, we have shown them some slight attentions. . . . Do not think of us as gay. I have mission work every day. Mary is reading French and German and picking up all she can in conversation. Last Sunday she went to the Scotch church and this morning to the German. I have read at home, but think of going to one of the churches this P. M., for though I don't hear, yet I love, or ought to, the place where the saints gather to worship God. I trust I do.

Notwithstanding much physical infirmity, Dr. Taylor went on with his work, not letting weakness and quasi-illness hold him back from visitations to the churches that needed to be made. The following letter tells of a mission trip:

Waiting here half sick for my train it is a pleasure to pen you a poor line. Yesterday from ten in the morning to dusk, I rode through an enchanted region — the Western Riviera — from Cannes, in France, to this place, the sea on one side, mountains, terraced vineyards, gardens with olives, palms, pines and cedars and flowers everywhere on the other side, and, above, the loveliest sky. But for the first part of the way I was nauseated, and

later weak in consequence. Last night I suffered, and feel little refreshed this morning, and poorly fitted for a long journey. But I have learned to maintain a certain tranquillity of spirit, which is restful, or at least in the minimum degree exhaustive even to the body. Two days ago I was in fine spirits, and being in France, I concocted a French postal to Mary for her amusement. I read that language with sufficient ease to read aught that interests me. The landlord at Cannes lent me a French book in which I became so much interested that I am taking it along, with his permission, to finish and return by post. Cannes and Nice are charming cities with such a climate, such scenery of sky and land, and the Mediterranean, that I do not wonder that they are crowded with rich folks, many of them sick, of every land; and the same might be said of San Remo. One can understand how Garibaldi could not forgive Count Cavour for ceding Nice, his birthplace, to Louis Napoleon, even for valid help *versus* Austria. All over Nice and Cannes are comfortable benches on which wayfarers may rest, as I did in the former city while munching an apple from Rome. In San Remo Sunday morning, I saw such numbers of boys and girls, men and women, bearing along bunches, baskets of flowers, chiefly chrysanthemums of choicest kind, and many hues, but also roses and other flowers, that I surmised it was Decoration Day and joined them. Every grave and monument was covered—I have never seen so many and so lovely chrysanthemums before or elsewhere. Many of the graves were stuck all around with lighted candles which flickered and sputtered in the wind.

Another summer, by direction of the physician, Dr. Taylor was at Airolo, Switzerland, trying to get rid of his malarial trouble. In a letter from this place he says:

We have here daily and hourly before us an instance of the instability of the most stable, earthly things in the great land-

slide of last December, which destroyed homes and people, and changed, perhaps forever, the aspect of the town and its environs. Last summer this place was full of tourists; now there are very few, for fear, it is said, that another mountain will send down rocks as big as houses, crushing everything before them. I do not, however, apprehend any special danger. There are so many other ways by which, without any great catastrophe, people make their last journey. This morning, when half dressed, I went to close my window, for we sleep with open windows. The first object seen was a funeral procession, the coffin borne on the shoulders of four men, who, as all the others, walked reverently with uncovered heads to the cemetery, a crowd of women, in black, following. This place, though a hundred miles from the Italian frontier, is largely Italian in population and almost all signs and notices are in the Italian language. The mountains around are covered with grass and dark firs and patches of snow on the heights. Beneath is the Ticino River, running like mad, to Lake Maggiore. A few steps away is the mouth of the great St. Gotthard tunnel. We are more than 3700 feet above the level of the sea. I spend much time in the garden, pacing the gravel paths or reading and writing in the shade of the firs and beeches, *sub tegmine fagi,* as Virgil would say, but not *recubans.*

I was very unwell just before leaving Rome and suffered no little in the seventeen and one-half hours' railroad journey to Milan, and needed two days there to repair damages. We then spent nine days at Lugano, over the lovely lake of that name. Every prospect pleased, and the people met were not a bit vile; on the contrary, very good and pleasant, and we had all our meals in the open air, but it was about as hot as Rome. We had two sails on the Lake, saw Luini's famous frescos, admired the tall stone tower, and the girls went by steamer and *diligence* over Lake Como and to the City of Como, the home of Volta, who invented the Voltaic Pile, and where in his honor, an electrical exposition was held this summer till destroyed by fire, and

they are now trying to rebuild and renew it. Early last Monday morning we left, third-class, on a slow train for this place. We seemed coming thus at leisure to find more beauty in the route than we had ever seen in any previous journey over it in a rushing express train, and specially admired the waterfalls, and the loops of the road, which winds up the mountains like a corkscrew. Of course my mission correspondence is not abated, at least a score of letters having come in these last days, and yesterday I arranged to send off some 12000 francs to seventeen evangelists. There arrive, besides, letters from all kinds and conditions of men, wanting this, that and the other of me, and I have written an article for the *Foreign Mission Journal* and am asked for one for the *Seminary Magazine*. There is also reading matter accessible. There is also much to see, tourists on foot arriving and passing, and the mountains are an endless study.

Here follows part of a letter describing a trip made by Dr. Taylor to Trieste:

We gondolaed out to the steamship (a Lloyd), passing several barks brilliant with Chinese lanterns. It was now about 9 and till 11 we sat on deck in steamer chairs and I dozed a bit despite the fascinating scene. At 11 we went below and had a fairly restful night, I being just conscious when the boat started. We reached Trieste about 6 or 6:30 Sunday morning, and, not being met, as we had expected, drove to the hotel of the Buon Pastore, roomy but unpretending, and serving our purpose entirely. Not knowing either the locality or hour of service, I found out after breakfast, by long search in the city directory, the street and number of the Y. M. C. A. (Christlieb Verein), and by several inquiries en route reached the place. There was a good meeting. We returned to the inn for dinner, resisting the kind and hospitable invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Waschitz by promising to go there at night. The Bora blew cold and furious

at night and at last my heavy *surtout* was most welcome. There were three guests besides us and the party of seven had six nationalities. The dinner was really delicious and best of all, digestible and digested. It was past eleven ere I got to bed and we were called at 5:30 this morning, the world being still dark as Erebus, and by 10:47 we were in Venice again, coffeeless and with only a picked-up rusk en route.

In his many journeyings in Italy and in other lands Dr. Taylor had many interesting and often times unique experiences as for example this which he tells as follows:

Waiting for some hours in the Paris depot, our attention was attracted by a woman in eastern costume of singularly pleasant appearance. I approached her and asked her nationality. She replied: "I am from Ceylon." "Are you a Christian? Do you love Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I am a Christian; I am a Baptist." Added explanations showed that she was really a baptized believer. I went back to my seat thinking of Heber's lines:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile,"

and rejoicing that there also human vileness is cleansed away by the blood of Christ and the Holy Spirit of God.

And also this, when, with two traveling companions, he was on his way from Paris to Turin:

In the railway carriage between Paris and Turin we had three agreeable traveling companions. One was an Italian sea captain, whose ship plies between Roen and Bombay; the second

was a gentlemanly and handsome man, apparently in frail health, who spoke several languages, and seemed to be a Russian; the third was a young captain of her majesty's fusiliers in Burmah, who had been in England on a three weeks' furlough. Missionaries are not the only people in the world who make sacrifices; shame on us if we ever murmur! We six gathered from various lands and bound to various places found it pleasant to exchange civilities and encourage one another in a way.

Dr. Taylor made more than one trip to Sardinia, but each time he had new experiences, found new, and worth-while men and manners, and discovered new matters of interest in this island practically never visited by the average tourist. In one letter Dr. Taylor writes:

The 20th of May seemed late to visit the island of Sardinia which is nearer to Africa than to Italy, but I had been hindered up to that date, and I wished much to go, and seemed providentially led to it, while Baedeker said it was not *too* late at least for health. When I had eaten the good dinner provided by Florio Rubatino steamer and was sitting on the deck admiring the laughing waves and fanned by the west wind, I said to myself, O that this was a voyage of twelve days instead of as many hours! Pleasant acquaintance was struck up—with a rich young Englishman going to visit extensive possessions acquired by his deceased father while building the railroads of the island; a native of N——; and a gentleman connected with the famous observatory of the Roman College, who had spent some years at a German University and was now going to study mineralogy in Sardinia, so rich in almost every species of minerals. With the last two named persons interesting conversation was had concerning the gospel. During the night I vibrated between my

cabin, which was hot and unventilated and the deck, where the cutting wind was almost unbearable. At midnight one of the sidepaddle wheels of the steamer gave way, and some five hours were spent in repairing it, during which time the craft tossed idly about, though by no means like "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." It was a mercy the accident did not occur later, as by daybreak the wind freshened into something very like a gale; the waves were as big as I ever saw them on the Atlantic, and the ship, plunging madly on, seemed each moment about to be swallowed and engulfed in the angry sea. Only my friend of the Roman College and I remained on deck, which was constantly swept by the waves and anon my face was washed with spray, which was truly refreshing. Even in the harbor, boats were tossing like corks in a whirlpool, and it seemed to me to land in one of these would be the last straw on the camel's back; but my fears were unnecessary for the steamer sidled coquettishly up to the wharf, and soon my feet were on terra firma —but not *too* soon, for I was beginning to be faint after nearly twenty-four hours of fasting. Of course we missed the direct train, which, with a twelve hours' run would have put me in Cagliari Saturday evening, and the only alternative was to take the way-train, sleep at Macomer, resume the journey at 4 o'clock Sunday morning and arrive just in time for the 11 o'clock service. I was of course tired but did not decline the invitation to preach, and my subject was "The Local Church," which offered an opportunity to combat many widespread errors as well as to set forth truths most cheering and stimulating to every baptized believer. . . . Again at night and the following night I had the privilege of addressing good congregations upon the things that belong to Christ's Kingdom, while brethren were visited at their homes or received by me in my room at the inn. Very unpretending but most homelike and comfortable was the hostelry, which calls itself "The Four Moors" (was Othello one of them?) and when after my visit to Iglesias and Domus Novas, I had a

touch of fever and needed to keep my bed for a couple of days, I was waited on with assiduous kindness. Each day I dined with the Arbanasich family, and the merry talk and the bright children doubled my appetite, and had I needed it would have been a great aid to digestion.

My railroad ride to Cagliari was rendered somewhat unpleasant by the character of my traveling companions—worldly, smoking, drinking men, who were nevertheless deferential and even kind to me, so that I was reminded of the incident related by John Brown, M.D., in that exquisite biographical bit with the not very suggestive title of Letter to Dr. Cairns. An old preacher, on his way to presbytery, was overtaken by a snow storm, his pony's feet "bulled" and they both tumbled into a ditch and must have perished had they not been rescued by some rough, profane carters, who sorted and heartened the old man and gave him some whiskey in a horn; and when he, before drinking it, said reverently, "Let us ask God's blessing," they wept like children. Arrived at his destination, he rose in meeting, and, having recounted his experience, added with emotion, "I have sometimes said there is no good in the unregenerate, but I will never be so sure again" or words to that effect. I tell the story from memory, but have given the pith of it.

It was pleasant to see a flower garden at every station, while bright, wild flowers abounded everywhere. Many were the signs of agricultural improvement, and this island, formerly one of the granaries of Rome seems destined to be redeemed from sterility. Here and there are young vineyards, though one is likely to be deceived, since in Sardinia the vines are not left to grow luxuriantly as elsewhere in Italy but are kept down, as in France to the size of small shrubs. The wines of the island are destined to enjoy European reputation. Those strange and imposing structures, known as Nurraghi, and which, though often seen before, arrest and hold the eye as long as they are in range, are prehistoric tombs and are found nowhere else save in the Bale-

aric Isles. For the first half of the journey the country is rough and mountainous, rock walls divide fields, and the houses are of dark stone, so that from a casual glance one might even think himself in Scotland; but as the South is neared, the ground is flat, with full cactus hedges, sluggish streams, and mud houses, though mountains are never out of sight. Like the continent (as the Sardinians call Italy's mainland), but more slowly, this island is losing many of its interesting peculiarities; yet, at every station and even in chief cities, the old picturesque costumes are still seen, while in the smaller places and away from the great highways they are universally worn, all of them conforming to a common type yet varying in details according to the district. Thus, the men wear a sleeveless black blouse gathered at the waist, leaving a comically short and outstanding skirt, reminding one a little of the pictures of ballet dancers; puffed breeches with leggings below the knee, and jaunty phrygian caps which hang pouchlike to the shoulder. Black and white which are said not to *be* colors, are the only colors of the male Sard. One sees in the stores gaudily ornamented sheep-skin vests, which are worn by the shepherds as a protection against malaria. I will not enlarge on the checkered history of the island and tell how it has belonged to Carthage, Rome, the Vandals, the Saracen, the Pope, native princes, Spain, Austria, and finally to the house of Savoy, thus becoming, in the Providence of God, the cradle of Italian liberty.

On my journey I carried for re-reading a book entitled *Italian Characters,* by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, over whose stories of heroism in suffering and in action I had already shed many tears. Carlyle says somewhere that the lives of a few great men of any period constitute its history, and so this volume in the thrilling sketches of Baron Ricasoli, Settembrini, Martinengo, the Poerios, Constance d'Azelio, Geofredo Mameli, the patriot priest Ugo Bassi, Nino Bixio, unveils a large part of Italy's romantic struggle for unity and freedom.

Among these persons, as in the case of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi there was the greatest difference in character, condition and political ideas, but all were alike in devotion to the one great cause. Peasant and prince, soldier and civilian, and even priest, stand side by side and forget all, save that they are brothers because sons of the same mother, and that mother in sore distress.

At Iglesias and Domus Novas we had excellent meetings and specially at the latter place some listened as to news, and good news at that. In each town I enjoyed the kind hospitality of our evangelist residing there and came away loving better and understanding better these brethren. I was able to correct some abuses that had crept in. Best of all, I was permitted to act, in an humble way, the part of peace-maker in two cases. Two ministers who had stopped speaking to each other, after conversation and prayer, rushed simultaneously into each other's arms, while two church members suspended hostilities and reentered into fellowship. Sardinians, like the rest of the world, have "the defects of their qualities" and if I could describe the last named breach with its causes, my letter would have an interesting close; but prudence, not to name the tyranny of space, restrains my pen.

Many years later, when Dr. Taylor had had a serious fall, he describes his going Rome-ward from Vallombrosa, when he must needs be helped by loving hands, in contrast to the long Italian journeys, when alone he met hardships and the ups and downs of travel with pluck and initiative. Even in this "personally conducted" trip his cheerfulness and interest in things great and small, shine forth. From Perugia he wrote:

We reached this at 10 P. M., I utterly worn out and hardly able to stand, much less walk, though I had to do both, and,

despite heavy wraps, I for the last few hours of the trip had shaken with the piercing evening chills, as all along there had been heavy rains. Otherwise the journey was all that we could ask, as the day was bright, and I traveled like a prince though in third class. Last night was the first for ten days that I was warm, as after the bad weather, my feet, most of the time, were like blocks of ice. I have gradually improved in walking and seldom suffer pain at the hip, but from sheer weakness and lack of movement I can walk only a few steps at a time, and only with help or touching the walls with my hands for support. But I have abandoned crutches, which I never learned to use easily.

Perugia is 1700 feet above the sea. I have just taken a walk over this hilly, picturesque town of about 30,000 inhabitants, everywhere admiring the noble architecture, not confined to the great public buildings, for the doorway of almost every house is an artistic arch of some kind. I remember Ruskin's reproving the people of Edinburgh for having all their openings for doors and windows square. One may travel over America, aye, and England, and get little idea of architectural grace and loveliness. He must come to Italy for that, and even in her secondary cities, as here, he will find it at every step. Thursday morning the sled (at Vallombrosa) drawn by two immense cows, bore the numerous pieces of baggage to the depot, and then came back for me; it was filled with hay, and on that a pillow, on which I came safely over the steep, rough path to the depot. It was very cold and the wind pierced, but I heartened myself that it would be warmer at every step, and, in fact, in an hour we came down some 2,000 feet.

This chapter, which has told about many but by no means about all of Dr. Taylor's journeys up and down the Italian "boot" and to other places, may well close

with these words of his as to the bearing of travel on one's religious life:

I cannot say that I sympathize with those who find travel unfavorable to religious life. It may be so when the travel is for mere pleasure and with lively company, though even then it would seem that a life so varied and changeful would nourish the sense of constant dependence upon divine care; but certainly the lonely Christian traveler, mid scenes and company not in sympathy with him, should find himself driven closer to the one ever-present Friend. This, at least, is my experience. I find it easier to be spiritual in my long, lonely journeys than in the routine of home life; and often on rail-car or in a hotel, prayer and the word of God have a new sweetness. It is, on the other hand, a great error to think that any path is so beaten that one does not need divine guidance and support, or that any home life is so delightful and consoling that one can afford to walk less near to God. Who has not found himself in the most familiar circumstances surprised by temptation, and his soul in the most endearing scenes starving for an absent, because neglected, God?

DR. EVERETT GILL

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CHAPTER V

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. —*Ps. 126:6*

The enthusiasm that marked the early days of the work of Southern Baptists in Italy, combined with the inadequacy of rented halls as places of worship, so echoed across the ocean that soon $20,000 was raised from the North and the South for a chapel in Rome. In America, when the money is provided, there is little trouble to secure a lot and build a church. Not so in Rome, where there are no vacant lots and where building a house means going down to the original level of the city, sometimes thirty, sometimes seventy feet. Dr. Taylor soon learned all this, and at once realized that to pull down a house and build up again would probably mean that before the top of the ground was reached the $20,000 would all be gone. So he decided that the thing to be done was to buy and remodel some building. Still, to find the suitable house—suitable as to size, possibility of reshaping, location, and price—was by no means easy. So slow a business did it prove, that the $20,000 sent to Rome for the chapel was actually returned to Richmond until it should be needed.

So, from his earliest days in Rome, Dr. Taylor's search for a chapel site began.

One day at the dinner-table he asked:

"Well, who wants to take a good long walk with me this afternoon?"

"Where are you going, father?"

"I do not know exactly where, but not outside the city walls. I have a list of some of the many houses belonging to convents that are to be sold, and I want to see if any of them might suit us for a chapel."

George accepted his father's invitation, and a few moments after the meal was over they were off.

When more than once they had seen on the sides of houses red marks reaching from ground to roof, George asked the purpose and meaning of these red lines.

"The government has already adopted a plan for many new streets and for making many others far wider than at present. These marks show where houses will have to be cut in order to carry out this plan. Some buildings will lose a corner, some will have a number of feet cut from the front, or from the side."

"When will this be done?"

"No one can say; it may be next year, it may not be for a decade or even two. It will all depend upon which streets are changed first and upon how much money can be spent in such improvements."

They crossed the Corso, Rome's chief street, and

soon found themselves on the Via di Ripetta, one of the three streets that radiate from the Piazza del Popolo. Presently they came to the Porto di Ripetta. Steps here lead down from the street to the edge of the Tiber. Dr. Taylor turned to his Baedeker, which he always carried in pocket on such walks, and learned that these steps were built by Clement XI, who was Pope from 1700 to 1721, with stones taken from the Colosseum.

"Look at that big gauge on the side of the house; it shows how high the Tiber has been in its various inundations. Doubtless the new plans will seek to make Father Tiber stay in its own bed."

"It certainly is yellow and looks tricky, with its whirlpools and swift current."

The ferry-boat was just about to start across, so they got in and were soon in fields and vineyards not reached by city streets and houses.

"We are now, you know, my son, in what is supposed to be the farm of Cincinnatus, who, made dictator, delivered Rome from its danger and then came back to his plow right where we are now standing."

"And what is that high hill or mountain over yonder, in front of us?"

"Monte Mario, I think. Let me see." And the guidebook was opened. "Yes, Monte Mario."

"Would not that be a splendid place for a house!"

"Indeed it would be! The whole of Rome would be

spread out a splendid panorama, and St. Peter's and the Vatican almost in the shadow of the house."

This was but one of many walks Dr. Taylor took with Dr. Cote, or with some member of his own family, or by himself. Finally a house was found that seemed what was wanted. It was on the street Via Teatro Valle. This street, while narrow, as are most of Rome's streets, was an artery of traffic toward the Tiber, a short link in a series of streets leading from the middle of the Corso to the Sisto Bridge. The Pantheon was not far away, and the square of San Eustachio, where is the University of Rome, even nearer. The house that Dr. Taylor decided to buy, No. 27, was next to the chief prose-theater of the city, and so gave the name to the street. But the house belonged to a family that were "Blacks," that is, Catholics of the Catholics, ardent adherents of the Holy Mother Church and of the Pope. So a go-between was necessary.

At the dinner-table, a certain never-to-be-forgotten day:

"I believe this morning has been the most anxious half-day in my life. My lawyer came and I gave into his hands the purchase price of the house on Teatro Valle. He was to go and purchase the property and then come and sell it to me. It seemed the only way to manage it all. For me the moments were like lead and when they multiplied into hours, I could not help imagining and fearing what might have happened. What

if the lawyer after all was a rascal! What would I do? What would my dear brethren back at home think and say about me? I tried to pray, the only thing left for me to do. Finally my lawyer arrived, and I think I was hardly in all my life gladder to see anyone. Everything was all right, and now Southern Baptists have a house, which I hope can soon be turned into a chapel."

Yet the chapel was not yet fully assured. Indeed, in a sense the battle was just begun. As soon as work was started to provide an auditorium and to give the exterior a churchlike facade, trouble began. Let us have Dr. Taylor's story of these difficulties:

The city authorities, after having accepted the plan for the façade, withdrew their acceptance at the instance of clerical enemies, and required us to retire our front several feet to the rear of the street line, and this though the buildings on each side projected beyond our building and beyond the straightened line of the street. To obey the city council would have spoilt the chapel, both as to symmetry and size, so we replied that sooner than yield to such a palpable injustice we would suspend work and appeal to Parliament and failing there, to the public sentiment of the world. This had the desired effect, and the revoked permission was again given. The construction of the Apse led to a lawsuit with the owners of the property adjoining on one side who were most overbearing in their pretensions and manners. At the first trial before the Prâetor, I stood alone and was confronted with the lawyer of the other side, who made in the harshest manner, an *ad captandum* appeal, representing us as foreigners building and pulling down at our pleasure, without regard to the rights of others or to the law. To which I replied calmly, stating the facts. The Prâetor adjourned the case to a

future day on the premises, when he ordered the suspension of the work. I took an appeal from his decision and retained as counsel Stanislaus Mancini, one of the greatest lawyers of Europe, who at the trial, some months later, pronounced it a case of religious persecution, and so demonstrated the injustice of our opponents that they were defeated and condemned to pay the costs of the suit. Curiously enough, these gentlemen thenceforth became courteous and almost friendly in their manner. Two other unimportant lawsuits were upon me at the same time, one with the adjoining theatre, and the other with the tenants, who refused to leave the property and had to be ejected. It is a story soon told, but the suspense, the anxiety and weight of responsibility of that period well nigh crushed the life out of the man most intimately concerned.

While the legal battle was in progress, all the family summering at Torre Pellice shared Dr. Taylor's suspense and anxiety; and when the lawyer's letter came, saying that "our victory is complete," the gratitude and thanksgiving of Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, even to tears of joy, were shared by the children. The suit with the theater was concerning their "tromba," and the word "tromba" came to be at first a word of trouble, and then almost a joke in the family. Before the days of gas and, later, of electricity, the theater had been lighted by a big candelabra in the center of the house, full of lamps or candles. The candelabra was suspended and raised and lowered by a rope passing across the ceiling and down the side wall through a "drum." This "drum" was the "tromba." The theatre people claimed that the work being done at the chapel injured this

tromba. Of course the candelabra had not been used at all for many years.

The $20,000 was not enough for all the changes necessary to make the chapel available for services. This word went to Richmond. As in the Staunton days, Dr. Taylor was still a poor sleeper, getting his sleep, if any, toward the morning hours. One night came a cablegram calling Dr. Taylor to America, to raise money for the chapel. As careful as ever of her husband's health and well-being, Mrs. Taylor carried alone the news until the next morning. He responded to the call, taking, of course, his family with him, and spoke far and wide before churches and conventions; this, too, although he was feeble and far from well. Upon the advice of a distinguished physician, the Board requested Dr. Taylor to remain in the homeland longer than the original plan had indicated; he remained, but, with all the calls that came to him, he perhaps did not rest as much as the Board had hoped he would.

The Teatro Valle property, besides the chapel, had two apartments. One of these the Taylors occupied; so for the first time in Rome they did *not* live in their own hired house.

Very early in the Rome life, "Mothers' Meetings" had been held in The Borgo, a section of the city almost within a stone's throw of the Pope's quarters in the Vatican. In the new mission property there was a

room suitable and available for these services. Women, chiefly mothers, came to these meetings, and for several hours sewed on garments for themselves and their children, under the direction and help of Mrs. Taylor and those who assisted her. Then came a religious service, with singing, the Scripture, and a brief talk by Mattei, the colporteur. The necessary cloth was bought in large quantities and sold to the women at wholesale prices, they being allowed to pay week by week as they were able.

Luigi Mattei was a great character. With his turned-up nose, he was anything but handsome, but beauty is as beauty does. He was almost the factotum of the mission. He was a native of Mome, a little village in the Tuscan mountains, where his father by his card-playing had nearly brought his family to the poorhouse. To play cards and drink all the week with the village priest, and then on Sunday to receive the mass at the hands of the same priest, did not seem to the elder Mattei an inconsistent line of action. Once, in Mome, a very ill man required leeches, and they were secured from a distant city at great expense. Later Luigi, in some city, bought at a low figure a whole barrel of leeches. This he took back to Mome, hoping by selling the whole barrel, to relieve the financial straits of the family. But not often in a little village do people need leeches!

Mattei, besides being colporteur, was sexton, usher,

and deacon of the church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school. He could also be counted on for the safe delivery of important letters or documents. He managed to keep up with current events, by reading the daily paper as he walked the crowded streets of the city, on his various errands. Certainly our own English poet, Robert Browning, read thus at least once, when he had bought the old book which led to his great poem *The Ring and the Book:*

> Still I read on, from written title-page
> To written index, on, through street and street
> At the Strozzi, at the Pillar, at the Bridge.

Once when a half-dozen kittens must be gotten rid of, Mattei was sure that a certain friend of his, a butcher in the Trastevere, would be glad to have them, to eat up all his scraps of meat. So, with the kittens in a basket, Mattei set out for the Trastevere, reading as he went. Arriving at the butcher-shop, Mattei explained his mission. His friend was glad to have the kittens, and Mattei turned to get them from the basket; but, alas! they were not there: one by one they had all crawled out, and when Mattei reached home they were there to greet him.

Chiara was the family cook for years. She was low and fat, with no figure at all; indeed, recognizing herself—her physical rotundity and largeness—she called herself the Colosseum. She was gray, with a hirsute lip and chin, but her mind was vigorous, her heart true

and warm. She loved the whole family and was loyal to them. She never told them a falsehood, though for them she was willing to modify the truth. She did all the marketing for the household, either at the door or at Piazza Campo de Fiori. She was ardent in her love for Italy and its political freedom and unity. Two of her sons had fought under Garibaldi, and as they had marched away she stood on the side of the street in the crowd and wiped away her tears with the corner of her apron. She told how Garibaldi, in 1849, after the Roman Republic had been formed, when the French came to uphold the Pope, left the city, counting the time not yet ripe.

"And," she went on, "he said, 'I go away, but I will return; it may not be today, it may not be tomorrow, but I will return *(non sarà oggi, non sarà domani, ma ritornerò)*'—and he did, twenty-one years later," she would add, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes.

The big white cat that had adopted the family and routed all the mice and rats, must have a name, and one of the children suggested "Ciceruacchio," and so it was. Chiara had known Ciceruacchio and had charmed the family with his story. He was a street truckman and idol and leader of the people in their struggle for freedom, yet he would never accept any public office. When the arms from the Austrian embassy were torn down by the crowd, he had ready carts full of fuel with which they were burned. But when the

mob was once ready to burn certain wooden confessionals they had taken from the churches, he mounted the pile and told the crowd that such a smoke might hurt the eyes of European diplomats and turn them against Italy. The crowd obeyed him. His popularity with the common people never turned his head. A young poet wrote a sonnet in his honor, but when he got to the line: "Thou are greater than all patricians," Ciceruacchio stopped him, saying it must not be published and adding: "I am a poor man of the people, and such I will always remain." His bones and those of his son were later removed to Rome, with all honors and affection, and buried on the Janiculum. His real name was Angelo Brunetti, but the cat was called "Ciceruacchio."

Chiara charmed the children with many a folklore story, but the one they liked best ran as follows:

"There was once a lady who had two children: the boy was called Oraggio, the girl Bianchinetta. By misfortunes they were reduced from great wealth to poverty. It was decided that Oraggio should go out to service; and indeed he found a situation as *valet de chambre* to a prince. After a time the prince, satisfied with his service, changed it, and set him to work cleaning pictures in his gallery. Among the various paintings was one of a very beautiful lady, which was constantly Oraggio's admiration. The prince often surprised him admiring the portrait. One day he asked him why he

spent so much time before that picture. Oraggio replied that it was the very image of his sister, and having been away from her some time, he felt the need of seeing her again. The prince answered that he did not believe that picture resembled his sister, because he had a search made, and it had not been possible to find any lady like the portrait. He added: 'Have her come here, and if she is as beautiful as you say, I will make her my wife.'

"Oraggio wrote at once to Bianchinetta, who immediately set out on her journey. Oraggio went to the harbor to await her, and when he perceived the ship at a distance, he called out at intervals: 'Mariners of the high sea, guard my sister Bianchina, so that the sun shall not brown her.' Now, on the ship where Bianchinetta was, was also another young girl with her mother, both very homely. When they were near the harbor, the daughter gave Bianchinetta a blow, and pushed her into the sea. When they landed, Oraggio could not recognize his sister; and that homely girl presented herself, saying that the sun had made her so dark that she could no longer be recognized. The prince was surprised at seeing such a homely woman and reproved Oraggio, removing him from his position and setting him to watch the geese. Every day he led the geese to the sea, and every day Bianchinetta came forth and adorned them with tassels of various colors. When the geese returned home, they said:

" 'Cro! Cro!
From the sea we come;
We feed on gold and pearls.
Oraggio's sister is fair,
She is fair as the sun;
She would suit our master well.'

"The prince asked Oraggio how the geese came to repeat those words every day. He told them that his sister, thrown into the sea, had been seized by a fish, which had taken her to a beautiful palace under the water, where she was in chains, but that, attached to a long chain, she was permitted to come to the shore when he drove the geese there. The prince said: 'If what you relate is true, ask her what is required to liberate her from that prison.'

"The next day Oraggio asked Bianchinetta how it would be possible to take her from there and conduct her to the prince. She replied. 'It is impossible to take me from here. At least the monster always says to me,' "It would require a sword that cuts like a hundred, and a horse that runs like the wind." 'It is almost impossible to find these two things. You see, therefore, it is my fate to remain here always.'

"Oraggio returned to the palace, and informed the prince of his sister's answer. The latter made every effort, and succeeded in finding the horse that ran like the wind, and the sword that cut like a hundred. They went to the sea, found Bianchinetta, who was awaiting

them. She led them to her palace. With the sword the chain was cut. She mounted the horse, and thus was able to escape. When they reached the palace the prince found her as beautiful as the portrait Oraggio was always gazing at, and married her. The other homely one was burned in the public square, with the accustomed pitchshirt. And they lived content and happy."

As the years passed other stations besides Rome came to have chapels, rather than rented halls. There was Carpi, a small town not far from Modena. The church here started with ten members who were described as "walking uprightly." In the earlier days of the work the field of which Carpi was a part was described as "thorny." At Carpi the bishop made great war against the little church, and "its members were despised by friends, renounced by relatives, and held aloof by society," being forced to seek the protection of the *Carabinieri,* the police. Finally, however, a chapel was provided, and was dedicated in the presence of a great crowd.

"It is very fine that I am to have you with us at our Torre Pellice church dedication, my dear brother." This, as Dr. Taylor and his brother James B. Taylor, Jr., climbed up on top of the *diligence* at Pinerolo for the trip to the little capital city of the Waldensian valleys.

"The town has two names?"

"Yes, La Tour, and in Italian Torre Pellice, the tower on the river Pellice."

"And the language up in these valleys?"

"Really three: French, Italian, and a *patois,* which is half Italian and half French. Our services up here are in French."

"And what is the name of the highest peak away in front of us?"

"That is Monte Viso, 12,615 feet high. There is only a bridle-path across it, by the Col de la Croix, into France; but, doubtless, some day this road from Pinerolo will be pushed through to France. Away to your left, in the plain, you can just see the place where Cavour, Italy's great statesman, lived."

As the two brothers got off the dust of travel in their spacious room at the Hotel of the Orso (the Bear), they could see the mountain summit from which many were cast down because they would not renounce their faith. Although he could understand little next day at the dedication, still, the brother from America was deeply interested in the service and admired the new meeting-house and was surprised to know it cost only five thousand dollars. He was surprised to learn later in the day, as the two brothers rested and talked in their room in the hotel, that the completion of the chapel had revived hostile demonstrations and unjust charges, which Dr. Taylor wisely decided to leave to refute themselves. He also learned that the occasion

had increased in some the hatred against Baptists, in others the conviction that conscience is free, and in still others the desire of informing themselves as to Baptist principles.

"Brother James, you know that my family has spent several summers in these valleys. One year we were in a French family living in a semi-Swiss chalet. The children had a fine chance to learn spoken French, and every Sunday after the eleven o'clock service in Bro. Ferraris' house there was in the yard of the chalet and its porches a delightful vesper service. Another year we had our own house beside the singing *bialera* (irrigation streamlet), and here, but for the tender nursing of my loved ones, the medical skill of Dr. Laura, and the mercy of God, a very serious illness would have ended my life."

The story of the building of the Miglionico chapel will be given here, yet it might just as well come in a later chapter wherein some of the sufferings of Italian Baptists for their faith are to be described. The gospel puts places on the map. Thousands of people in America have talked and prayed about this village in Southern Italy, because our little church here has suffered in almost apostolic fashion. And where is Miglionico? Why, take the train from Naples at 12:40 o'clock and, passing through Pompei, and Salerno, where the first medical school of modern times was located, at 19:45 o'clock (i. e. evening), you reach Potenza; and now you

are not far from Miglionico. Like Ephesus in the days of Paul, Miglionico had its nearby towns and villages: Ferrendina, Pomarico, Grottolo, Gersosimo, and Matera that from Miglionico were to hear and accept the gospel. One year Dr. Taylor wrote:

> The Miglionico station requires separate notice and offers ground for grief and at the same time for gladness. Not only has our evangelist been pursued with venomous hatred by false brethren but the clericals and especially the arch-priest have succeeded, on some legal pretext, in suspending for several weeks the erection of our chapel. The report of the expert called from Taranto is all in our favor, and if justice is done, so must the case be decided in our favor. But it has been an anxious time with me and specially with our young evangelist whose labors also have been greatly multiplied. It has carried me back to the year the work on the Rome chapel was, for a considerable period, interrupted in a similar way, almost costing me my life, so painful was the suspense, so heavy was the load of responsibility in view of threatened disaster, with pecuniary loss. Now, as then, having done all that is possible, I can only cry to God to arise and plead his own cause and make his truth to triumph. Even if victory shall be gained, considerable expense will have been incurred. But there is another side; for not only have evangelical principles been brought more prominently before the local community by the trouble in question, but the journeys of the evangelist in the region around, thereby necessitated, have contributed to the further spread of gospel truth, and perhaps in eternity, if not before, it may appear that the efforts of our adversaries were blessings in disguise.

The young evangelist mentioned by Dr. Taylor was Carlo Piccinni. In a letter to one of our Southern Bap-

tist churches, which was especially interested in the Miglionico work, he said:

I had awaited with impatience the 15th of August, when according to the custom of the town, the occupants of the houses we had sought to transform into a chapel, were to move out. From that time it was rumored that the leading priest of the town would obstruct and hinder, with great cunning and in many ways, the commencement and carrying on of our building. I paid no attention to these reports believing firmly that my Saviour was with me. I prepared everything that was necessary for building and made formal application to the town council for a little more space on the north for a tower, and a little more on the west to make the façade more beautiful. This request was unanimously granted by the committee, but when it was presented to the council, after a long discussion, it was upon a secret ballot refused, the vote standing—one neutral, seven for and eight against. After this the priest commenced boasting about his victory.

I began to study again and more carefully the house we had bought, and found that the chapel could still be beautiful and symmetrical if we built the tower in the center, where there was a stairway leading up to one of the rooms. With the help of the Lord, early in September I had the stairway torn down, and a few days afterwards began the erection of the tower, expecting later to take off the roof of the rooms so as to carry the walls up to the desired height. The priest, finding that there were two houses adjoining ours, one belonging to a peasant, on the 9th of October bought by means of a notary, the house of the peasant. And when he found that we were about to pull down the roof of our room which was next to his, pretending that his rights had been invaded (which was false) he made the following statement to the civil authorities: "Piccinni, contrary to the laws, is erecting his walls beyond the limit allowed, and the old

foundations will not support the extra weight. Observing already damage done on the side next to my house, I inform the authorities in order that they may require the necessary repairs." By an order of Nov. 28 the prefect of Montescaglioso summoned me to appear, December 1st. I obeyed, and notwithstanding the most inclement weather (I was obliged to make the journey on foot and through rain the whole way), I arrived at Montescaglioso, although in a terrible plight. I was examined, and from my answers the judge understood that the complaints of the priest were not well founded, and decided that he would be with the architect, Signor Galeone, of Taranto, the 19th of December. From the specifications of the architect, from the strength of the foundations when examined, the judge said on the spot that no injury was to be feared by the priest, and fixed the 15th of January for hearing the case and rendering a decision at Montescaglioso. But what was our surprise when upon our appearing at the fixed day, it was understood that the attorney of the priest asked for a postponement of the case at the hands of the judge that he might more carefully study the question. Since he had a right to make this request, eight days were granted and the case fixed for the 22nd. But, verily, the truth could not be hurt by giving time.

The priest, knowing that the case was going against him, used the extra time to secure from the former owner of our property, the right to prevent us from raising our walls more than six feet, on the ground that this would keep out the light from the windows of his neighboring palace.

Thanks to the astuteness of the judge, who knew how to enter into the very marrow of the question, and notwithstanding the priestly recommendations and urgency, on the 29th of January the verdict was given out by which, notwithstanding the appeal taken by the priest, we were enabled to resume and continue our work. Not only so, but our enemy was condemned to pay half the costs, and we were permitted to summon him to

appear again for a decision concerning the other half of the costs. This has been indeed a blessing from the Lord, and the news very quickly spread not only in this but also in the neighboring towns. And it was news which not only encouraged those who were weak in the faith, but also awoke those who were asleep in the sleep of spiritual death. I will not stop to tell you how many other satanic methods the priest has used, but the Lord watches over us.

Our meetings continually improve. A number of candidates will be baptized when the chapel is dedicated, which will be in May, if God is willing. And I am almost certain that nothing will happen to prevent, although we live in the very midst of Roman Catholicism. Our dedication will give satisfaction to those who are neutral, who watch attentively both our course and that of the priest. It was only yesterday that the preacher-priest, who had come to hold Lenten services, when he saw the church empty, said: "I am grieved that this people do not observe the precepts of the church; no one comes to confessional, nor do I see any one coming to me and saying, 'Here is a lira (twenty cents) for a mass in behalf of the soul of one who is passed away and who suffers now in the pains of purgatory'." This remark, instead of making a good, made a very bad impression, judging from the way the majority of the bystanders grumbled. At first the priest wanted to be considered by the people here a lamb, but with the help of the Lord and the continued preaching of the gospel, I can say that the priest has remained despoiled of his sheep's clothing and with only his wolf's skin. This, too, in our town is a hard point to gain.

Before the law-suit, I went to Matera, a neighboring city of about 24,000 inhabitants and the residence of the Catholic bishop, to preach Christ, and although there were obstacles, as I returned home I felt satisfied with my trip. At the very climax of my trouble with the priest, the bishop wrote to his subordinates

here, saying, "Put every obstacle in the way of the evangelicals." This is what they call us.

One very rainy day when we were trying to repair a temporary roof, lo! and behold, I received a letter from a youth about 20 years of age living in Matera. In the letter he made a profession of faith, and I must admit that when I read it, tears ran down my cheeks—tears of thanksgiving to God. After two days I went to Matera and made his acquaintance. He said to me "Thanks be to God for he hath strengthened the afflicted." And in truth this young man grows stronger and stronger. His mother, who has put many obstacles in his way, even going so far as to make him suffer hunger, is beginning to relent and to feel in her dark heart the living word.

And the chapel was dedicated—though not in May but in October. Dr. Taylor describing the occasion said:

Mr. Eager and I worked until ten preparing our addresses. As we moved towards the chapel we met a band whose piping I supposed to be in our honor (as we had been serenaded last night), and I was preparing to smile on them, when "This is the opposition band," explained Piccinni; but a little further on was a much larger one discoursing sweet music, and it was suggested that in return for their homage we should pause a few moments, which we did. The streets were crowded with people, who eyed us curiously but not with hostility; in fact, many raised their hats. The house was crowded.

Not only was the new chapel "very neat and satisfactory, without and within, much ornamented with frescoes, altogether a gem, but also was adorned without and within with passages of Scripture."

Upon the purchase and remodeling of the Via

Teatro Valle property, Dr. Taylor and his family moved into the apartment over the chapel. The lack of sunshine in almost all the rooms was in part counterbalanced by the fact that there was a flat roof, easily reached by a staircase, and made safe even for children by a high parapet. Here it was possible on many Roman winter days to have a delightful sun-bath while reading a good book or admiring the matchless blue of the Italian sky. Fortunately, the poisoned biscuits thrown over upon this high front porch by very "black" Catholic neighbors, were not eaten by mistake by any of the family—not even by "'Ciceruacchio."

Here at 27 Via Teatro Valle Dr. and Mrs. Taylor's children gave their parents a modest but loving celebration of their silver wedding, where twenty-five beautiful white roses voiced the sweet sentiment and love of their hearts no less (perhaps even more) than the simple silver tokens. Alas! before another twelve months had passed, suddenly the Angel of Death had come to break this family circle.

Mrs. Taylor had her class of children in the Sunday-school. Her usual bright and cheerful self one Sunday morning, she taught this class and also welcomed with her wonted grace and charm certain visitors from America. Before the next Sunday her body was asleep beneath the sod and her spirit had returned to God. Her illness lasted scarcely more than two days. A slight cold came quickly to be a serious inflammation of

the windpipe. Dr. Gason, the family's beloved physician, called in for consultation Professor Mazzoni, a most eminent surgeon, who came immediately and performed the operation known as tracheotomy, cutting the windpipe. The operation gave the sufferer considerable relief and seemed to have been successful, but the strain on the heart must have been too great, for early the next morning she passed away. Not only the family and the church, but also the whole evangelical and American circle were doubly shocked and saddened by Mrs. Taylor's almost tragic death, for "she was beloved by all who knew her." Expressions of sympathy came from many, and a large company composed of people of many creeds and many nationalities gathered at the cemetery for the funeral. Addresses were delivered in Italian by Mr. Wall of the English Baptist Mission and in English by Mr. Piggott of the Wesleyan Mission, who also read the Scriptures. Prayers were offered by Mr. Eager, Mr. Gray, Pastor of the Presbyterian church and Signor Prochet, of the Waldensian. Besides an Italian hymn, two hymns in English, *Asleep in Jesus,* (her favorite) and *Shall We Gather at the River,* were sung. There is probably nowhere in the world a more interesting, a more beautiful cemetery than the English Protestant cemetery in Rome, where Mrs. Taylor's body sleeps its last sleep. This beautiful "God's acre" is close to the city wall, near the city gate, and in the shadow of the pyramid

of Caius Cestius. In this hallowed spot are the graves of Keats and Shelley. A well-known author speaks thus of the death of the Apostle Paul and of this hallowed spot:

As he (Paul) issued forth from the gate, his eyes must have rested for a moment on that sepulchral pyramid which stood beside the road and still stands unshattered, amid the wreck of so many centuries upon the same spot. That spot was then only the burial-place of a single Roman; it is now the burial-place of many Britons. The mausoleum of Caius Cestius rises conspicuously among humbler graves and marks the site where Papal Rome suffers her Protestant sojourners to bury their dead. In England and Germany, in Scandinavia and in America, there are hearts which turn to that lofty cenotaph as the Sacred Point of their whole horizon; even as the English villager turns to the grey church tower which overlooks the gravestones of his kindred. Among the works of man, that pyramid is the only surviving witness of the martyrdom of St. Paul; and we may thus regard it with yet deeper interest, as a monument unconsciously erected by a pagan to the memory of a martyr. Nor let us think that they who lie beneath its shadow are indeed resting (as degenerate Italians fancy) in unconsecrated ground. Rather let us say, that a spot where the disciples of Paul's faith now sleep in Christ, so near the soil once watered by his blood, is doubly hallowed; and that their resting-place is most fitly identified with the last earthly journey and the dying glance of their own patron saint, the Apostle to the Gentiles.

The following paragraphs are from the true and beautiful tribute that Dr. Taylor paid to his wife's memory:

In Staunton, though always overworked with her children

(of whom eight were born and four of them buried) and a hospitality extended most to those who most needed it, she joined her husband in many of his visits, taught a class in the Sunday-school, and quietly led the beneficence of the ladies of the church. She was also the pastor's sympathizing friend and wise counselor, and never, by any imprudence compromised her influence or diminished his usefulness.

She was not in favor of going to Italy, as she was not fond of change; trembled for her children—one of whom was then only two or three months old; feared that she could not be and do abroad what she could do at home. But when the question was decided, she acquiesced cheerfully, though with a sad heart, and left, on a few days' notice, home and goods to be disposed of by others, and never, in the deepest difficulties afterwards, breathed a wish that she had not gone. Nay, she adapted herself to the new situation, quietly took up its strange duties, and as soon as possible began a work among the poor of her own sex which she continued to the last. She also made a point of attending the meetings of the church to add another to the congregation and encourage and set a good example to the members, and this, though the services were, for several years, long and to her tedious. She has been an efficient helper in almost every department of the work, and has taken upon her heart quite her share of the care which the position entailed. Her cordial and sweetly-gracious, winning manners, with her fine conversational gift, made her house attractive to young and old, both residents in Rome and visitors. To scores of the latter, their stay here, as many are now testifying, was brightened by her kindness, and some of the little circle tearfully tell that no one ever helped them so much in solving the problem of life. To the little congregation, she was their ideal of lovely Christian womanhood, her words and her life will never be by them forgotten.

She was singularly industrious; and as the movement of Walter Scott's pen stirred some idlers to diligence, so the click

of her sewing machine often roused others from sloth. She loved to rise early and do various duties before the house stirred, and had a keen sense of the value of time. No labor was too hard or menial for her, if there was to her mind a reason for her doing it. When the children were sick, she gave herself day and night to them, with utter self-forgetfulness, and in general denied herself too much the open-air recreation which in Rome is necessary. Her occasional visits to the antiquities and to the art galleries of the city she keenly enjoyed, and her favorite way of resting was to lie down with book in hand,—specially a book that told of Rome's history, or of Italy's grand works and masters.

She wrote few missionary letters, from want of time, and a timidity which was excessive, inasmuch as her family letters were, like her conversation, fresh and piquant. Her nature was healthy and she never brooded over trouble. Her mind combined strength and delicacy, her ideas were clearly defined, and her opinions firmly held and frankly expressed, though without imprudence or intolerance. Her insight into character was wonderfully keen and accurate. Her most prominent moral traits were—humility, courage, unselfishness, sympathy with the suffering, generosity and enthusiasm in whatever she did. Injustice aroused her indignation, and meanness, her contempt. She had her faults, for she was human, but they leaned to virtue's side and were in a large degree the infirmities of a noble mind. No one could have been more magnanimous, and she was equally prompt to forgive or confess a wrong. Reticent as to her religious feelings she often spoke of her love for the Bible and her unwavering trust in Jesus, who was very real to her. Her prayers were simple and direct, and free from ruts and commonplaces, and she always held family worship in the absence of the father.

FACULTY AND SENIOR CLASS, THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ROME

CHAPTER VI

PREACHERS AND PERSECUTIONS

Whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas.
—*1 Cor. 3:22.*
Being destitute, afflicted, ill-treated.
—*Heb. 11:37.*

From the very beginning, the Italian mission has been rich beyond any other Southern Baptist foreign field in native evangelists; in the fifty years and more of our Italian work all the men sent from America can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. After all, Italy is not a pagan but, in a sense, a Christian land, and there has been a two-fold source from which our preachers have often come: the Catholic priesthood and the Waldensians. From the former group, so to speak, two steps must be taken, and from the latter only one. Notwithstanding Italy's guarantee, since 1870, of religious liberty, persecutions have continued even into the twentieth century. In many a village or town more or less remote the parish priest is king, not to say czar. Since for many centuries the Holy Mother Church has had almost complete control, it is not strange that the clergy have resented and resisted any curtailment of their authority. Little by little they are losing this authority as political rights have come to the humblest and as men are seeing out into the great world. Persecution, then, there has been in all the

story of our Italian work, not often, it is true, unto death, but persecution meaning physical suffering, imprisonment, expense, embarrassment, the limitation of personal privilege and liberty, besides petty persecution such as financial boycott and social ostracism and humiliation.

From the earliest years in Italy gatherings of the evangelists, the pastors, were held, these meetings being for counsel, discussion, fellowship and coöperation, and, in a measure, like our associations and conventions. An Episcopalian minister, rather conversant with our work in Italy, once remarked: "With all your Baptist boasting about your congregational church government, Dr. Taylor in Italy, to all intents and purposes, is a bishop." The answer was: "By no means. The cases are not parallel. By far the larger part of the funds expended in this work in Italy is given in America. This giving carries with it the duty and privilege of control and direction." As a matter of fact, Dr. Taylor tried, so far as the fact just mentioned allowed, to have the brethren debate and decide matters touching the work.

Let us imagine ourselves at one of these gatherings, that we may come to know and almost see face to face some of the workers in the first two decades, or thereabouts, of our half-century in Italy. These men, who have now passed away, were not perfect, and some of them sooner or later gave trouble, but such conditions

and troubles are by no means confined to Italy. May we not in some measure keep alive the names and green the memory of those who worked in these first years?

Will you meet some of these brethren?

Here is Signor Gaetano Giannini, who was for a time our minister at Bologna, but who, before our work in Italy began lived and labored and suffered, and almost gave his life for his faith, at Barletta, a small town, near Bari, in Southern Italy. Barletta, though small, is famous. Here, in 1259, the first tournament ever given in that part of Italy took place, and in 1503 there occurred here a strange battle. Thirteen French knights led by Bayard, the chevalier *'sans peur et sans reproche,'* met thirteen Italian knights whose leader was Colonna. This encounter was known as *La Sfida di Barletta,* and is described in Massimo D'Azeglio's novel *Ettore Fieramosca.* But let Dr. Taylor tell the story that more nearly interests us:

In this city, in the summer, came Gaetano Giannini, an evangelist of apostolic zeal and power, raised up from among the people. He was accompanied by a colporteur. At first the services were attended by a small number, which, however, afterward increased to larger proportions, and the power of the Lord was present to save. The conversion and complete renovation of a notoriously wicked man was a potent factor both in bringing others to hear the gospel and in kindling the fires of persecution. As to the population in general, composed of some ten thousand laborers in the fields and of well-to-do proprietors, Barletta was not an illiberal city, but there was a low class of

both sexes entirely under priestly influence. Bitter was the crusade preached in the Catholic churches against these Evangelicals, and on one occasion their meeting was invaded by men bent on securing the person of the evangelist; but the brethren, forewarned, defended themselves and their leader with stout sticks and stout hearts, and the assailants were driven back. The story of what occurred on March 19, 1866, is found in the simple and touching words written soon after by the evangelist himself. Standing at his window, about the middle of the afternoon, he heard the cry for his death. He barred the windows and waited. Suddenly came two boys, the sons of brethren, and throwing themselves on his neck, exclaimed: "Signor Gaetano, the people wish your blood." He begged them to leave him, but they said "No, we wish to die with you," and from one roof to another he conducted them. Having found a hiding place, they were sharply driven away by the owner of the house. Committing their souls into the hands of God, they continued their flight, now having to leap to a lower roof and, again, to climb to one higher. Seeing the door of a terrace ajar, he opened it furtively, and they crept under a bed. Their whispered prayers were interrupted by people passing near them to see the sad spectacle. Their hearts froze at the sight of a canon of the cathedral, and deep were their sighs. But darkness coming on without their having been discovered, he took the children and started to return. It was more difficult, as there were heights to be scaled, but there were stones with which to make steps; he would put up one child, and they would both help him up, and then he would pull up the other. While they were doing this, the owner of the house appeared, of whom he begged pity for the boys and himself. This one was very kind and concealed them where they could not be found. Late at night he sent the boys separately to their homes, one of whom found his father barbarously murdered. The wife of the landlord of the hall, though wounded in the face, defended with her left hand her babe of five months.

The house was robbed and set on fire. Raging like hyenas, they cried, "Give us the Protestant," and the landlord, being determined to save him, was beaten, but in the confusion escaped. The house of Petrucci was given to the flames, and him they killed, throwing his body into the fire. Another brother had his house burned, and while he was kneeling before the cross, despite the efforts of the citizens to save him, was stabbed in the breast and slain. He and his family were the glory of the Barletta church. Yet another, escaping with his life, suffered the injury and loss of his goods. Many brethren fled into the fields, but their pursuers were led by a priest on horseback who had pretended to be a friend, and God alone saved them, as some of them, though hid very near their pursuers, were not discovered. The persecutors were in large numbers, but were not permitted to execute their designs with impunity, as nine of them were slain and many were wounded. The authorities saved many families in the castle till they could be carried to a place of safety. The first persons arrested were three priests and a capuchin monk. Later forty-three other persons were arrested, among them a man of position, with whom was found the list of seventy-two families, not individuals but families, destined to be sacrificed. In the home of a canon of the cathedral was found the property stolen from the evangelist's host.

The secular press condemned with one voice the infamous facts of Barletta, renewing the barbarism of the Middle Ages, but certain clerical organs excused these facts. The law, however, had its course, and religious liberty was sustained. A lesson was given to intolerant clericals which, alas, is not yet learned, since often when the Gospel is first preached in a secondary town, the pulpits of the papal churches resound with the cry: "Death to the Protestants."

Will you meet next Amadeo Basile, who, I assure you, is warmhearted and enthusiastic. His work with

our mission began in Bari. Let him tell his own story of his trials in Bari:

Never have I experienced similar persecutions. And not only I, but all the faithful brethren and sisters, have suffered at the hands of false brethren. The blackest calumnies have been hurled against us. In former years I have been stoned by the wayside and in the *Locale,* but this was done by fanatical clericals, and was the more supportable because predicted in Scripture. By the Lord's aid and consolation, I have not died of grief, the brethren accompanying me from meetings for protection.

Later Dr. Taylor, following, as he said, Horace's route, came to Bari where with the help of Basile and an accomplished clerical, he ascertained that there formerly existed in this city a baptistery for the immersion of adults, with rooms for preparing the candidates of both sexes. Signor Basile's next field was Barletta where twelve years before the work started by Signor Giannini was broken up by the massacre described above. Concerning his preliminary visit to his new field he wrote from Barletta:

I came here day before yesterday and having religiously preserved some names given me by Giannini, of the survivors of that slaughter of March 19, 1866, I betook myself to one of these dear brethren, Signor Salmanici, who received me cordially, and introduced me to some others whom I found to be faithful. I explained the object of my visit, and expressed my interest in them and my desire to labor for and with them. They approved my sentiments, but, jealous of their liberty in Christ, feared that I was coming to impose some human rules or systems on them. I declared that such was not the wish either of our

Board or myself, adding that I desired order for the sake of liberty.

When he had established himself at Barletta he wrote:

We have had a meeting of eight persons, all brethren tried in the furnace from the 19th of March 1866 until today. They live in an element of martyrdom, but have not abandoned their Saviour. Others are dispersed, or absent in the country, but we hope the good example of these will recall them. Oh, what shakes of the hand! What welcomes! what joy shone on the faces of these modest heroes of the gospel! We have need of Bibles and Testaments, for many of these brethren remain without them, the priests having by means of wives and relatives sequestrated them. The priests and friars, always enemies of Christ, know of my arrival, and have ordered prayers for the undoing of the heretics. We will use prudence, but will not play the coward. It is morally impossible that the old scenes can be renewed; but it is not for the want of will on the part of these butchers.

Later Signor Basile was pastor at Bologna and finally in Naples. It was from Bologna that he wrote:

My relations with other denominations have been good, but they omitted to write me to take part in the meetings during the week of prayer. Obeying the instructions of our Lord (Mat. 18:15) I addressed them a dignified but earnest letter of remonstrance against a course so sectarian.

This good man lived to be an octogenarian.

Let us meet Signor Basile's successor on the Bari field, namely, Signor Ercole Volpi. You will notice that his hair is white as snow; this is his souvenir of his

imprisonment. Upon his return from the dedication of the Rome Chapel, an attempt having been made about that time to take the life of the King, Umberto I, he was arrested, put in irons, and imprisoned as a Socialist; it was a case of persecution for the gospel; the Government made reparation, but when he was set free his head was white. He came to our ranks from the Free Church, and practically his whole church came with him. (Such an event took place once in Maryland; why not also in Italy?) Read between the lines when you are told that he went to preach at the nearby towns of Grumo and Acquavita, opening a *locale* at the latter place, and realize how he had initiative and courage. Perhaps we can see that he was worthy of the title "The Baptist Apostle of Apulia" when we learn that the churches organized at Gravina, Altamura, and Gioia del Colle were all the fruit, directly or indirectly, of his labors. Will you smile when you know that he was persecuted as an apostate and imposter because he "did not baptize children as even the other Protestants do?" He was present when, at Barletta, the thirtieth anniversary of the horrible massacre was celebrated, and, describing the occasion, said: "The room was crowded, and had it been large enough, at least two hundred persons could have been evangelized." At the same time he wrote about a certain persecution in Gioia del Colle. Here lived alone the Chevalier Francesco Cassano, the mayor of the town, attended

only by his servant. His brother, a very rich priest, concealed the illness of our brother in the faith—for such he was—and after his death gave out that the Chevalier Francesco had repented and returned to the papacy; but the servant stated publicly that his master had confounded the priest in argument and had died in the faith as a Protestant Christian. Signor Volpi also encountered persecution at Gravina and Altamura. At the former place peril of life came to all the members; one convert's business was so boycotted and ruined that he had to move away; another, after years of faithful service on the police force, was in danger of losing his place, because of the hostility and power of the priest.

Next make the acquaintance of brethren from Naples. Here are Count Oswald Papengouth and his two sons, Alexander and Nicholas. The count is a Russian by birth. Perfectly groomed, with fine figure, handsome face and impressive carriage, no one seeing him would question his noble rank and large wealth. After a rather dissipated life, he was led to Christ by a tract that happened to catch his eye when he was searching for a scrap of paper; yet, let us not forget the prayers of his pious housekeeper and the tracts she wanted him to read but that went into the waste-basket. He was baptized by Baptist Noel, and for a number of years spent out of his own purse as much money in evangelical work in Italy as our Foreign Board was appropriat-

ing at that time to that country. He and his wife, a member of the English nobility, were deeply religious and devout. Every morning a service (more than family worship) in their home was followed by a service in their chapel, more than half-a-mile away.

A certain American lad who, with the pastor of the Rome church, was a guest in this home, was probably religious, but not religious overmuch. These extended religious exercises one morning prevented an early start for the promised and planned excursion to the top of Mt. Vesuvius. It was noon when the party got off, and in those days carriages, not automobiles, were the conveyances. But it is an ill wind that blows no good. So it was this time. Reaching the summit of the volcano at six o'clock in the evening of a short winter day, instead of at noon, the visiting lad and those with him saw what few visitors to Vesuvius see. Within the crater, and below the great column of smoke, the lambent flames of fire, clearly seen, gave the party a sight never to be forgotten, and as vivid as Doré's visions of Dante's *Inferno*.

On the road from Naples, Count Papengouth saw a peasant beating a very small donkey with a very big stick. At once he was out of his carriage. He took the stick from the peasant, who then promised not to beat his beast any more. "Then you will not need this any more," said the Count, and, suiting the action to the word, he threw the stick far into the nearby vineyard.

He was a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Count Papengouth was never officially connected with our mission, though always most fraternal and friendly and willing to coöperate. Finally, however, the church of Piazza S. Domenico Maggiore, which he organized and helped, was taken over by our Board. Later his two sons, Nicholas and Alexander, both graduates of Spurgeon's College in London, became evangelists with our Board, the former serving the church in Milan and the latter the church in Naples.

Next in the receiving line is Signor Paulo Gardiol. He came from Velletri, in the very first days of the mission in Italy, to work in Rome. Thence he went to Civita Vecchia, where for years he had charge of the church, conditions being most discouraging and difficult. If now he could come back from the spirit land and see the beautiful chapel in the seaport town where he worked so long, surely his soul would leap with joy.

Form the acquaintance next of Vincenzo Bellondi, for so long our minister in Venice. You can see yourself that he is tall and fine-looking. First he was a minister of the Free church and then had charge of an independent mission that gave especial thought to seeking to reach the Jews. It was at this time that Dr. Taylor came to know him. His work was conducted on a very generous scale, he had a magnificent hall and a piano and a master of music. Signor Bellondi wrote the

hymns and his music master set them to music. He was baptized by Dr. Taylor near the spot where Gherlandi, Bizetto, and Della Lega—though perhaps if not Baptists yet holding to some tenets dear to Baptists—were drowned. After languishing in the dungeons of the palace of the doges, they were sewn up in sacks and cast into the lagoon. Usually such candidates for death were placed on a plank between two boats, which separating sent them to their watery grave. If the famous Fra Sarpi was not a Baptist, he was a valiant advocate of separation of Church and State, so valiant that he was almost done to death by emissaries, it was supposed, of the Pope. This remarkable man, who was first named Pietro and later Paul, who would have made the Bible an open book in Venice, and who wanted Protestant worship tolerated in that city, because of his *History of the Council of Trent,* was ranked by Ranke second among modern Italian historians, Macchiavelli being given the first place. Signor Bellondi was an author as well as a poet, and his book *Ancient Baptists of Venice,* awakened such interest among intelligent and distinguished readers that they were led to exclaim: "It is well to be a Baptist." Kind words of praise did not take away the sting his great sorrow had left, and in bitterness of soul he exclaimed: "Ah, if death had not snatched my daughter from me!"

We have already met Signor Oscar Cocorda, and since he speaks English well, American visitors the

more easily held fellowship with him. Besides being a thoroughly educated man, a theologian and a scholar, one acquainted with the best in French and in Italian literatures, he was companionable and interesting in conversation. He was ready and able and willing to take a cross-country or a mountain tramp, or to join a picnic party, and in every way to add to the pleasure of any such excursion. His ability and culture ran out into many fields. For years, in several of our mission stations—longest in Rome, as pastor, teacher, writer, preacher—he was recognized as one of our most valued leaders and workers. Finally, alas, he adopted the doctrine of "conditional immortality," which led to his retirement from the ranks of our evangelists, and there were perhaps other reasons that made this separation, painful as it was to Dr. Taylor and others, seem the only possible path of action.

Meet and greet Signor Enrico Paschetto. His tall and slender figure, kindly face, high forehead, intellectual cast of features all bespeak the scholar and thinker that he is. Born in the Waldensian Valleys, he, like Signor Cocorda, studied in Geneva. He was baptized into our fellowship by Dr. Taylor. With us his fields of labor have been Milan and Rome, with a brief season in Torre Pellice. So deep was his love for the work and church in Milan, that it seemed well-nigh a pity to break those ties that were at once strong and fruitful; but perhaps Rome the capital must have

the best. In his many years in Rome he worked as pastor, as editor of *Il Testimonio,* and as professor in the theological school. He was an author of such popular publications as a Baptist Almanac and a tract on baptism, and for years worked to give the world what it had never had, a Hebrew-Italian lexicon. Another work of his, suggesting his great and rather unusual scholarship, was an Arabic grammar. Scholar though he was, he could and did interest himself in practical things, especially in Milan, where his Sunday-school had his earnest care and gave him real joy. In vacation time he, like Signor Cocorda, was glad to join the young people for pedestrian trips among his native mountains, always on such tramps proving himself a genial and companionable fellow. Signor Paschetto's two sons perpetuate his name and carry on his work in interesting and honorable fashion; their names are Ludovico and Paul. Signor Ludovico Paschetto, pastor, professor in the theological school, and co-editor of *Bilychnis,* our Baptist review that is read all over Europe, won several years ago the prize of the Pontifical Archælogical Academy of Rome for his learned work entitled *History and Monuments of Ostia.* The prize of one thousand Italian francs in gold, with all expenses of publication, was a bequest of Pope Leo XIII. It is not surprising to learn that Pope Pius X when he heard that the award had gone to a Baptist minister, was much chagrined. Signor Paul Paschetto is one of the

finest young painters in Italy. He is professor of design in the Roman National Academy of Art. Evangelical churches of all the several denominations in Italy have been decorated by him. After painting two hundred evangelical and historical subjects for the Waldensian Museum of Torre Pellice, he executed eight pictures on the Lord's Prayer, which were most favorably noticed at the Exhibition in Turin. The next work undertaken by him was drawings to illustrate the *Parables of Jesus.*

Meet next not only Signor Francesco Martinelli but also his wife, whom he knows as Brigida. Think of the contrast between the earlier part and the balance of his life; first the superior of a monastery and then a Baptist pastor! And his wife was a nun! One is reminded of Martin Luther and his wife. Any human life is interesting. Certainly to know the ins and outs of such a life, leading from the restraints of a monastic establishment to the duties of the undershepherd of a small church, would be most interesting. Signor Martinelli's Brigida brought with her from the convent a wonderful skill in cooking all sorts of good things, and the cakes she called "the fingers of the Holy Apostles" deservedly held high place in her kitchen *repertoire.* She once told a young lady who was entertaining her that she had traveled all over Italy, but had seen little of its beauty for her monastic vow had required her to keep her eyes ever on the ground.

After a brief season in Bari, Signor Martinelli came to Modena, beginning in this town with a church of thirteen members. He also worked in Carpi and San Possidonio, cities not far from Modena. Perhaps there was greater fruitage, and certainly there was severer persecution, at these smaller places. Upon his arrival at San Possidonio the priests called him and his associates by worse names than that of "damned heretics," making these derogatory statements from their pulpit. By the priests also the boys in the street were moved to howl at these Baptist folk as they passed and to cry out "Wolf!" Wolf!" Yet, the good man often preached to not less than one hundred and fifty people. If any scarcity of the articles of necessary daily food arose the priests were glad to make these "heretics" the cause and occasion of the disaster.

His own experience of the gospel was the heart of his preaching and he was meek, affectionate and lovable, yet he could change to a lion when the truth which he believed was attacked. The larger part of his ministry was given to Modena. His too easy belief in men, together with the venality of the poorer class in Modena, caused him to be much imposed upon, and ruined his work there. From Modena he was moved to Boscoreale, a town at the foot of Mount Vesuvius. Here the people were more sincere, and though at first he encountered fierce persecution, finally he built up a good church and universal regard. His messages and

his life message for ten years won the day. Finally, when a painful and chronic disease disqualified him for active service, then by a spiritual catalysis, by his mere presence, he still wrought for the Lord and the Gospel he loved.

Describing a visit to Boscoreale, Dr. Taylor wrote:

> In my visits to these towns on the Vesuvius slope I was much impressed with the influence of the Evangelist Signor Martinelli. I noted, too, with pleasure, the esteem in which he is held by the public—nearly every hat being raised to him as we drove Sunday afternoon from one locale to the other. Nor could another denomination get a footing there, which seeing the field somewhat fertile, attempted to enter it, moved also by the knowledge of our evangelist's feeble health; a kindly tract from his pen, together with his personal influence, sufficing to hold the fort.

Perhaps it was in his earlier years at Boscoreale that he was accused by the priests of having caused an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius that brought disaster and suffering! When he first settled in this town, with its fine name (Boscoreale means "Royal Forest"), at the foot of the world-famous volcano, Martinelli could not find for many months a house. Finally he bought for himself a home that furnished a commodious hall for the church and its services. Upon his death this property came by his will to the Foreign Mission Board, some provision, however, being made for the widow, his dear Brigida. No wonder that Dr. Taylor felt keenly the passing of this good and useful man, for he was

the first Italian brother met by him on coming to Italy in 1873.

You may not be able to meet all those who have labored or are laboring with us in Italy, but you must not fail to see Signor Onorato Ferraris, or you may write his first name "Honoré," for his work has often gone into the edge of France. Signor Ferraris might well be called, as *Mnason* was by Luke, "an early disciple." Look at him: Big body, big frame, big hands and feet, big brain, and big heart! He seems to have strength as of an ox. Not until middle life did he become a minister, up to that time working as a carpenter. In view of this fact, his knowledge of the Bible is the more wonderful. His brother evangelists called him a living Bible. He was especially a mountain missionary, though he also visited the cities of the plain, such as Pinerolo, Cuneo and Cannes. He went about on foot, going to many villages and homes that no vehicle could reach. Besides the sermon and the spoken word, he greatly believed in tracts, which have been called the side arms of the Christian soldier. The message in this form often found entrance when a Testament or Gospel would have been rejected or left unread. Oftentimes he would leave a tract on a wall or buttress of a bridge, with a small stone on it to keep it from blowing away. Did he ever so cast his bread upon the water without a prayer that the good seed might fall into good ground? I trow not; for he believed in prayer and was

a man of prayer. His tramps often took him into France and even into Switzerland. Once in this latter land an officer took from him all his tracts and Testaments and came near casting him into prison. Before the chapel was built at Torre Pellice his own humble home was used on Sunday for the church service, and his best room, tidy and filled with all the chairs and benches the house possessed, accommodated the sisters, many of them no longer young, who had walked, in some cases many miles from their mountain cottages, as well as others who came to the meeting. How the songs of Zion rose on the air, full of praise to God and comfort to his saints, led by Signor Ferraris, who loved to sing and sang well.

One summer a sixteen-year-old American youth, who was spending his vacation in the "Valleys," went with Signor Ferraris on foot across the Alps and and on into France as far as Guillestre. It was a pleasant trip, though not without certain stress and strain, not to say danger; but every hour and every mile the lad realized that the ruling passion of his fellow-traveler was to bring the gospel to men and men to the gospel. If they fell into company for an hour with a soldier, the whole hour throbbed with the message of salvation. In the French village, where these two pedestrians spent three days, Signor Ferraris preached twice, talked to many about Christ, explained to the lady principal of the girls' school the Baptist position with so

much skill and zeal that she promised to study the whole question for herself, carried the aroma of the gospel into many homes, and distributed a goodly number of tracts. The trip took nearly a week, and had its June sun, the chilling rain and mist of the Alpine summits, its foot-path over snow and slippery places, its miles along the dashing Durance River, its ice-cold draughts of crystal springs, its vista of an Italian regiment doing its annual mountain manoeuvres, and scores of other thrills, at least for the American boy. The pilgrimage left a lasting memory with him; but even deeper was the impression of this simple, strong man of God who loved his lord and master with all his heart and served him day by day with all his might.

When Signor Ferraris died, Dr. Taylor wrote thus about him in his annual report to the Board in Richmond:

> From the carpenter's bench he entered the ministry in middle life. Above the medium height, with distinctive features he was characterized by a good mind, prudence, fidelity, zeal in evangelization, prayerfulness, and knowledge rare, if not unique of the Word of God. His colleagues called him a living Bible. I miss his carefully written and affectionate letters and am poorer for lack of his intercession though those of his life time may yet bear fruit. Death came to him in the gentlest way. Alone in his room, his family heard him singing the songs of Zion which he loved so well. A little later he was with Christ. Thus passed away the last of the original band whom I met on coming to Italy.

This gathering of the evangelists for counsel and fellowship was at first in the nature of an experiment, but presently became a permanent feature of the mission program, and finally the Apostolic Baptist Union was organized, with its regular stated meetings. From the glow of the blest tie that binds, that pervaded these gatherings, the evangelists went back to their respective fields, often-times each one perhaps adopting Paul's words as their own "bonds and afflictions abide me;" certainly, if not "bonds," at least in one form or another persecutions. Already in this chapter mention has been made of some of the sufferings endured by our Italian brethren for their faith as Protestants and Baptists. The full story of these trials cannot be told here; perhaps it never will be told. Nevertheless, a few pages from this unpublished but tragic story should be given now.

On the Island of Sardinia, in the town of Iglesias, certain scattered Protestants ceased to attend our services because not invited to the Lord's Supper. At once the Catholics were ready to say: "If Protestants do not come to your services, you can scarcely expect us to come." One of these Protestants was the wife of the director of the great mines nearby. Since she was opposed to us, the less wonder that her husband forbade his many thousands of operatives to attend our meetings under pain of losing their places. Yet the evange-

list wrote that his paper *Sardinia Evangelica* had ready sale in the town.

In another Sardinian town, Gonnesa, the town council forbade a procession which the Catholics intended as a protest against the Gospel. The priest was furious, and his appeal to the under-prefect won for him the day and secured a detail of eight carabineers. After all, a heavy rain-storm prevented the procession, but not a praise service of the Evangelicals.

The massacre of 1866 did not end in that town (Barletta) the opposition to the gospel, as the following incident shows: During two nights before the death of a faithful disciple, in the street of his dwelling was seen a person dressed to represent the devil, in order to give the impression that the Protestant would be carried to hell. It became known afterwards that this feigned devil was employed and paid three lire by a fanatical papist.

At the neighboring city of Gravina, with some 20,000 inhabitants, our brethren rented a hall for the preaching of the gospel. An ecclesiastic went to the owner of the hall and said: "You have committed a damnable offence, and will go to hell unless you rescind that contract." The man was in terror, and declared himself willing to lose the rent if he could only get back his hall, and our brethren, partly to avoid litigation and partly in magnanimity, gave up the hall. In such a city it is almost impossible to secure a hall for

evangelical services, yet one was finally found, and our brethren spared neither expense nor pains to fit it for our use. By special request, Dr. Taylor was present and preached the Sunday it was opened. Crowds were present, many standing, morning and night and on subsequent nights, all eager to hear the gospel proclaimed.

Our Italian brethren have persecution in many shapes and forms, private as well as public.

The wife of a baker at the village of———— received the gospel some three years ago through the labors of one of our evangelists, and she has remained firm despite the beatings received from her blaspheming husband, who also more than once drove her out of the house, forbidding her to return. In the meantime his business was growing less every day. He became greatly puzzled, and at length went to the city to visit the evangelist, and said to him: "What sort of a Christ is yours, who gives such powers of persistence?" The minister explained the gospel to him, and he returned in a different state of mind to the village. Tranquillity returned to the family, but business did not return, so he removed to the city, the minister working in his favor; and now the whole household regularly attends the meetings, giving hope that every member will become a true disciple.

Hear yet other stories:

Our brethren at Minturno, a mountain town overlooking the Mediterranean, half-way between Rome and Naples, are treated with contempt on the streets by the populace. It is necessary to have the caribineers present at the meetings to prevent disorder. At Tufo, a neighboring village, the wife of one of the brethren

had the hair torn from her head when it was known that she had accepted the gospel. One night the evangelist was assaulted and was in danger of his life, as half-grown youths, instigated by the parish priest, pursued him, stoning him. The assault continued against the house after he entered it, many stones crashing through the window. They succeeded, however, in closing the blind, which was solid, and then lighted a lamp. As the hostile demonstration continued, they succeeded in sending a messenger by a back way to the brigadier of caribineers.

The evangelist of Reggio, Calabria, also has been more than once attacked by enemies of the gospel, not, indeed, in that city, but in the villages around or on his way to them. In one of these cases, while addressed with evil words and threats by some peasants who had heard him speak of Jesus, other peasants came up and took his part, the two parties soon came to blows, and his defenders were getting the best of it when he succeeded in separating them, at which his assailants went their way, and the others proposed to escort him to their village, for which he was bound. There all would have gone well but for the presence of the parish priest who instigated the stoning. Besides this, the house was about to be set fire to while he preached, but the arrival of several influential citizens prevented it.

Two members of our Naples church, a husband and wife, moved to Avellino, he to take charge of the telegraph office. They went to work with all their might for the gospel, she undertaking a day school for girls. They did much missionary work in the neighborhood, specially at the village of Aiello. The clericals were enraged, and put forth the most violent opposition, when every other effort had proved vain, they finally induced the authorities of the telegraph to send our brother away. It is a typical case of the all-ramifying power of Rome.

The evangelist of Foria Church, Naples, tells of the death of a member so peaceful as to impress Roman Catholic friends.

A catechumen, about to become a mother, was conducted to the hospital of the Peace, where crucifix and other Papistical things were pressed upon her, which she refused, saying that God was Spirit and to be worshiped with the heart. Eight hours after the birth of her babe she was thrust out, and died in consequence, which she preferred rather than deny her faith.

"Our Italian converts are no doubt defective in some things, but they seem to me," said Dr. Taylor, "to know how to suffer and die for Christ."

CHAPTER VII

REENFORCEMENTS FROM THE HOME LAND

These salute thee Epaphras, . . . Marcus, Aristarchus, Demas, Lucas, my fellow-laborers. —*Philemon: 24th v.*

When it seemed best for the evangelist pastor of the Rome church to live in the apartment over the Chapel at 27 Via Teatro Valle, Dr. Taylor took a flat at 52 Via Giulio Romano; and here he and his family resided the rest of the years, and here he died. Sunshine flooded the rooms of this home from three sides almost all day long, in a way most unusual in Rome, with its narrow streets and tall houses. The windows looked out on the Capitol square, with its museums, campanile, and equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and also on the steps of the Ara Coeli Church (in which church Edward Gibbon conceived the plan of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire)*. There is not space here even to make a bare list of the events in ancient and mediæval history associated with this locality, where, just to the rear of the house, for twenty years the magnificent monument of Victor Emanuel was in process of erection. In fact, all who lived in this 52 Giulio Romano block knew that at any time it might be pulled down—there was the red mark of condemnation on the walls. Often, as the family were disposing themselves for sleep, their slumbers were

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disturbed by the howling of two wolves, caged in the Capitol gardens, to remind all Rome of the story of Romulus and Remus and of the coat-of-arms of the city.

By heredity and choice Dr. Taylor was ever a lover of books. In his "oft infirmities," and later when deafness deprived him in a large degree of the conversation of friends, books were his solace for what otherwise would have been weary hours. It was a family joke, that, when father was sick, going to the circulating library to keep him supplied with reading-matter took almost the whole time of one person. A small literary club, made up of the members of several evangelical English families residing in Rome, gave to these busy workers helpful relaxation and intellectual quickening. The family may have lacked for an abundance of "ribbons and laces," and sometimes it was hard to make Dr. Taylor realize that he needed a new hat, but there were always books, the old favorites and the classics, as well as the new. He kept an account with Elliott Stock, Paternoster Row, London, whence almost an unbroken stream of books came. He thought not only of the loved ones near, but of the proper literary pabulum for his sons and grandson far away. In one letter to his son is the following passage:

Yesterday I wrote to London ordering Hans Anderson's *Fairy Tales,* two volumes, with some 2500 pictures, to be sent to Cabell. Now here is a commission which you must attend to

as soon as you can without too much inconvenience. Harper and Brother advertise a new and illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels, 48 volumes. . . . Perhaps they would put Cabell's initials on each volume. I wish you also to look out for a first rate edition of *Robinson Crusoe* (1st and 2nd part) and the same of *Swiss Family Robinson* and buy them for Cabell. I would like also a nice little book-case made for him. . . . The nice new books and a case may be a means of teaching him habits of order. . . . The money for these commissions please take from what you deposited for me in the Savings Bank.

Not once, but often, was he making gifts like this to some kinsman or friend. Of course his children and others often sent him books, knowing that they could make no gift that would be more acceptable. In sending thanks for one such present he wrote:

A thousand felt thanks (heart-felt) for your sweet thought of me and its handsome outcome. The book came two or three days ago. . . . I prefer a book to most other things, a biography is my passion, and the life of a man quite out of my own line has a peculiar attraction. How I shall enjoy it during these long evenings with my feet on the fender. I have in hand two biographies—Cæsar and St. Francis of Assisi—men quite the antipodes of each other, and now here is Joseph Jefferson, different from either, but all three having at least in common that they were all great, each in his own way. . . . George too has sent me a book which I trust will do me great good, *With Christ in the School of Prayer.*

Notwithstanding his heavy mission work, Dr. Taylor wrote two books during his years in Italy. The first was *Italy and the Italians,* a book descriptive of the

life and customs of the people, of the scenery and art treasures of Italy with references to the history of the land, and some account of Catholicism and of Protestant mission work. The book was brought out by the American Baptist Publication Society of Philadelphia, printed on cream laid paper, and with numerous photographs of Italy handsomely reproduced. It had a good sale. In a letter to one of his sons he describes the sending of the manuscript of this book to America:

> While I do not believe I have neglected my mission work for the MS. on hand, yet now that the latter is off my hands and, for the most part, off my mind also, I hope to plunge with renewed zeal into the former. Ten days ago Mary and Susy took the MS. which we had packed in a box to R———. The MS. went to Sig. Colombo, who insured it for 500 lire, and on the 19th it left Genoa for Philadelphia on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*

The second book that he published in Italy was in Italian, a *Manual of Systematic Theology, (Manuale di Teologia Sistematica)*. In the preface Dr. Taylor tells in Italian how he came to write this book:

> Called in the autumn of 1901, when I was already near my seventieth year, to teach systematic Theology in the Baptist school that was just then being opened in Rome, I wrote for my class two lessons a week. These lessons of mine appear now in the following pages as they were then taught.

The lessons were given without any idea that they would be published, but the demand that they should

be put into book form was the more urgent, as, from the very nature of the case, Italian is not rich in Protestant theological works. Dr. Taylor gives credit to the principal authors to whom he was under obligation, and dedicates the book to Dr. R. J. Willingham. After Dr. Taylor's death the chapter on Baptism was reprinted in pamphlet form by the First Assembly of the Baptist Churches of Southern Italy *(Prima Assemblea delle Chiese Battiste dell' Italia Meridionale)* as a memorial to him. This gracious act, accomplished through the contributions of the Assembly, is the more significant in that our Italian brethren are not rich in the wealth of this world.

During his residence in Via Giulio Romano, Dr. Taylor made several trips to the home-land. These visits to America, while in large part intended as "Sabbatic years," were always rich in addresses and work for Italy, since the care for all the churches was never absent from his heart. "I love Italy," he once wrote, and this passion grew with the years. A leave of absence of two years was granted by the Board, in order that he might again accept the chaplaincy of the University of Virginia.

From his earliest years in Italy, Dr. Taylor had asked that the mission be reënforced by the sending out of a young man. This request was more than once renewed. In all his life Dr. Taylor was not a strong man physically. Yet, he had what he himself often described

as stamina, and a great capacity and love for work. If he had not learned how to husband his time and bodily strength, he could never have accomplished what he did. Dr. Edward Judson, making reference to the early years of the Mission, said about him:

> I used to attend his Sunday services, and the vision of his pale but glowing features and his delicate frame, protected by a gray shawl against the tomb-like chilliness of the *locale* where his disciples met, will never fade away from my remembrance. . . . Dr. Taylor's unconquerable soul pushed his frail body through all the isolation and shock and strain incident to the part which he took in the establishment of Protestantism in the citadel of papacy. . . .

If he was thus frail in body when his work in Italy began, little wonder that twenty years later he did not count himself strong. Yet he lived on after that, and worked more than two more decades. Isaac of old said to his son, "Behold now I am old I know not the day of my death," but lived twenty years to see Jacob return, having become "two flocks." While not, like Isaac. blind and very helpless, Dr. Taylor was for many years deaf, though this and other infirmities never stopped his service nor quenched his dauntless spirit. Catch such sentences as this from personal letters to prove how active he was in body as well as in mind: "In a few days I shall be off on a journey of visitation to the North, to be followed by another to Sardinia and then still another to the South;" or consider such a para-

graph as this from one of his annual reports to the Board:

Last May I visited Naples, Secondigliano, Portici, Boscoreale, Boscotrecase, Anacapri, Palermo, and Messina, preaching and speaking in nearly every place and baptizing a candidate in Messina. . . . In the latter part of June, and in the first part of July, I visited Florence, Genoa, Sampierdarena, Torre Pellice, Cuneo, Castelleto, Milan, Venice, Miglionico, and Carpi, preaching and speaking in nearly every place. The weather was warm and I suffered from eczema, but still enjoyed the trip and saw much to gratify and encourage my heart. In November Genoa and Sampierdarena were again visited en route for Sanremo and Cannes. In February and March, the state of the work in Palermo requiring it, I visited that city and the neighboring town of Bagheria. . . . A day each was given to Messina and Naples. Appointments had been made for me at Portici and Boscoreale and one of the dispersed Christian families at Secondigliano earnestly begged a visit, but my indisposition compelled me to renounce that pleasure, to recall appointments and hurry home, where I have since been ill with appendicitis. Thus all the stations have been visited during the year save Bari, Gravina, and its secondary station of Altamura, Miglionico, and the four stations in Sardinia, viz., Sassari, Macomer, Iglesias, and Cagliari, each the center of extensive colportage and other evangelization. All these eight places I expect, D.V., to visit in the next two months. Toilsome though many of these journeys are, it is a pleasure to make them for the refreshment of the brethren and for their and my edification, while they are almost necessary for the adjustment of matters less well settled by correspondence.

In another annual report, some years later, Dr. Taylor wrote:

Never before did I write so many letters and articles for publication and for societies in various parts of our home land. I have never refused a request for a letter, though to write one is often no easy task.

Notwithstanding his many single days or weeks of weakness or even confinement to his bed, his stream of letters to evangelists and loved ones ever kept up, as did his courage and cheerful spirits. When he was sixty-seven years old he wrote: "The good effect of being out in the open air several hours and walking some two and a half or three miles a day, has been so marked that I mean to try for both even when the new avalanche of pen work falls on me again." From a letter written a few weeks later to one of his sons is taken the following passage:

I long for you and feel what a sacrifice the separation is for me and you. Certainly it is not so bad as Livingstone's, but that was very exceptional. Well, if each of us can do his work faithfully, life is not very long at the furthest, and if we may not have the meeting in this world which I crave, no doubt we shall meet up yonder and eternity will be long enough even for the longings of the most loving hearts.

Of course, a bad throat, just as I am out of the grip, is pretty severe, still I think I might mend faster were the weather not so unpropitious. As it is, I find my ordinary work a hard toil, needing to lie down two or three times a day even after getting up late, and I feel a great oppression in my throat, uncomfortable rather than painful. I am very careful to draw no conclusions when I am under the weather and that old couplet which has been a sheet anchor to me in many a dark hour is

still a standby, and it is one of the items of my small heritage which I wish to pass on to you:

> "Never despair, the darkest day;
> Wait till to-morrow, will have passed away,"

still, I am no longer young and am very frail and I just want you to know that if my days draw soon to a close, it will not take me by surprise. On the other hand, if my love of life is of late somewhat loosened, I do love it, and have much to live for, and if it be God's will to keep me here, gladly will I work on and wait on till my change comes. So far, I have shown during these 67 + years, a good deal of recuperative power, and it may well be that the elasticity and power to rebound are not all used up. In any case, we are all in our Father's hands, and that means "All is well."

Dr. Taylor, as already stated, early in his work in Italy and Rome appealed to his brethren at home to send out a young man. Of course, as the work grew and as the years passed, this need was the more imperative. His call was answered, and first and last five young men came, one after another. There were periods, however, when, upon the return of these helpers to America, the whole burden and anxiety of the mission would fall again on Dr. Taylor's shoulders. Of the five men who came, one after another, only one now remains on the field, the field to which he will give, let us hope, the remainder of his days and his death.

The story of these workers cannot be too extended, for three of them continued only a few years in Italy, and two of them are still living. Their names are re-

corded on the roster of the Foreign Mission Board and of the Southern Baptist Convention, and more of them than their names should be known to our Baptist brotherhood of the South.

The first one to respond to the call for reënforcements for the Italian Mission was the Rev. John Howard Eager, nor did he come alone, for not long before he sailed away from the home-land the wedding-bells were ringing in the Virginia mountain town of Liberty (now Bedford), in full sight of the Peaks of Otter that lift themselves four thousand feet into the air. Of course the bride had on her trunk, not Rome, Italy, but Liberty, Virginia, little dreaming that these two apparently innocent words—or, more accurately, one —"Liberty," would, in a few weeks, get herself and her husband into trouble at a Continental border custom house, causing the multitudinous Government officers to take the young couple for Red Republicans, or anarchists. The bride was Miss Olive May Board, whose father was for years a deacon and a leading member of the Liberty Church and also of the Strawberry District Association.

If the bride was a native of Bedford County, which lies along the eastern slopes and foothills of the Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains, the groom was from a far different section of the South, the low alluvial country of Mississippi. The atmosphere of sanctity, sanity, and sweetness breathed in this home — this

preacher's home. What is the message as to this home in Jefferson County brought to us in the very names of the boys? Could a mother and father who named one son after the heroic missionary to the Karens of Burmah, George Boardman, and another after John Howard the philanthropist, and a third after Patrick Henry the Revolutionary champion of liberty, be anything but intelligent and consecrated? Education and religion were paramount in that home, and at seven years of age John Howard, the future missionary to Italy, was entered in the preparatory department of Mississippi College. Little imagination is needed to see this slip of a lad passing on his way to "college" the crowds of negroes who thronged the village streets, or sung their songs in the wide cotton-fields. For four sessions John Howard kept on at Mississippi College, having for a part of this season the companionship in his studies of his older brother. A special course in English grammar, according to a new method, under Professor Watford of Alabama, so early in life led the boy out along the avenues of language, preparing him for foreign tongues in the years to come. In his early teens the rumors of war doubtless stirred the boy's heart and home, and that day when his older brother bade his loved ones farewell, setting his face toward Virginia and its Confederate Army, we may be sure John Howard envied George Boardman, and wished he were old enough to go too.

Notwithstanding the disturbance and demoralization of the terrible Reconstruction period, which afflicted the South with scalawag and carpetbagger rule, this preacher's son was not deflected from the paths of wisdom and learning; Oakland College, a Presbyterian institution, and then again Mississippi College, had him as a student. Of course he won his diploma, and no wonder his heart turned to the ministry. As a lad of fourteen he had been baptized by his father, and before his ordination and his seminary course he was preaching. During the vacation months of his years in the theological seminary he worked, now in protracted meetings in his own State, now as pastor of country churches in South Carolina, now as supply at the First Church, Memphis, and last as supply for the Eutaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore. In those glowing summer days in Mississippi, almost two hundred people accepted Christ in his meetings, and before his graduation at the Seminary his ordination took place, his father and brother George Boardman being members of the presbytery, for he had been called to be pastor at Vicksburg. Soon after the completion of his work at the Seminary, he accepted a call to the church in Manchester (now South Richmond), Virginia. From Manchester he entered his work as a foreign missionary, and set out for Italy.

Almost from the time of his call to the ministry the matter of missions for years, almost every day, was

on his heart. Appeals for men in the *Baptist Missionary Magazine*—of Boston greatly moved him, and finally he said: "Lord, here am I, send me." Concerning this decision, he writes:

> I shall never forget the little room in the rear of the college chapel, the place of all others at that time that I held sacred. In that room I spent some of the sweetest hours of my life. There I received strength many times for the duties that lay before me. There (how distinctly I remember the very day) I dedicated myself to God as a foreign missionary to go anywhere or do anything that He had for me to do. I said very little about the matter to any one, for I dreaded publicity and feared that I would not have the sympathy and encouragement of my brethren.

He was first accepted by the Foreign Mission Board for China, and then transferred to Italy. His recognition as missionary and farewell services were held at the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, these brethren, J. L. M. Curry, H. H. Harris, C. H. Read (pastor of the Grace Street Presbyterian Church), Henry McDonald, William E. Hatcher, and H. A. Tupper, taking part in the exercises.

Just before this meeting Mr. Eager had made a trip to the South to speak on missions, and especially to say good-by to his aged father and to kin and friends. His father, in his advanced years, when he was no longer active, loved to sit in the college class-room and listen as the lesson went forward. If a student utterly failed

in her answers and recitation, his comment would be: "She will never get out of the brush."

Mr. Eager, when he left for Italy, was magnetic in appearance, manner, and countenance. Of medium height and weight, erect in his carriage and alert in his movements, wearing a full and handsome beard, by his genial, friendly manner, sincere blue eyes, and pleasant voice he unconsciously attracted people. He learned Italian quickly, and easily came to speak this difficult language with an accurate accent and pronunciation, and a full vocabulary.

Concerning his years in Italy, Dr. Eager writes:

On October 6, 1880, in Bedford, Va., Miss Olive May Board and I were married by Dr. Cornelius Tyree, and after two days in Richmond, in conference with Dr. Tupper and the Foreign Mission Board, and two days in New York, we sailed for Italy.

Before getting out of sight of New York, we met a head wind, which soon developed into a fearful storm, and kept our good ship, the Anchoria, tossing on the water for fourteen instead of the usual eight days. One of those days we made just fifty miles, or about two miles an hour. Those were anxious hours for us all, even for the captain, as he later acknowledged. We had ten prominent Scotch Presbyterian preachers on board. The chief among them was Dr. Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. We enjoyed the great privilege of visiting his class-room while in Edinburgh, and spending an evening socially in his delightful home. He reminded me so much of my own dear teacher, Dr. John A. Broadus, that I fell in love with him.

On reaching Rome, our first business was to learn the language. I had just finished five years of work in college, four more years in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and one year of intensive work in my pastorate in Richmond, Va., and it took some courage to start in at the very beginning to learn Italian, and to learn it so as to be able to preach in it fluently and correctly. Horses, dogs and cats could understand Italian, and parrots could speak it, but I might as well have been deaf and dumb. But with a first class Roman teacher, constant attendance on church services, reading aloud many pages every day, much private conversation with our church members, who listened sympathetically, always ready to help, and never laughing at my mistakes, I soon outdistanced the horses and the parrots, for I could understand sermons, and could carry on a conversation. This was a source of much personal satisfaction.

I was very timid about speaking publicly in church, and my first effort was a prayer. I continued this method for months before attempting a sermon. My prayers were very brief, and very carefully thought out beforehand, which gave me courage and liberty. To this day I remember well the subject and the text of my first sermon: ETERNAL LIFE. "And this is the promise that he hath promised us, eternal life." I John 2:25. That sermon was prepared very carefully, and with much prayer for divine guidance in the preparation and the delivery. It was a source of much joy and encouragement to me that I was able to speak fluently for thirty minutes without hesitating a moment for thoughts or words. I felt then and still feel that God spoke through me that day. I still speak Italian, and could I stand in that same pulpit, with that same congregation, I could give them the substance of that same sermon. After this I found it much easier to take my part in preaching, in Sunday-school work, and in other duties that required a fluent use of the language.

It was a privilege to accompany Dr. Taylor on some of his annual visits to our preaching stations in Italy. In one small country town the Italian pastor had announced the coming of the American Superintendent, who would speak at eleven o'clock. Just before the service began the big bell of the Catholic church began to ring, and it seemed that the priest, who had ordered the ringing, would accomplish his purpose, for our voices were completely drowned and our services could not proceed.

This unusual bell-ringing attracted the people from the near-by fields, and soon the town was full, all curious to know what was the matter. On learning that the American Protestant had arrived, and was holding a public religious service, the people packed our hall, where we were singing songs, determined to wear out the bell-ringers, which we finally did. This method of the priest not only failed in its object, but gave us the largest congregation the mission had ever had in that town. In writing about this afterwards, I called it "A case where the devil outwitted himself."

We had a good work in Sardinia, but Dr. Taylor had never visited it, and I was very glad when Dr. Taylor proposed that together we tour the Island, visiting all of our mission stations. If my memory is correct, only Baptists had mission work in Sardinia at that time, and we were the first foreign missionaries to visit the Island. We were welcomed wherever we went, and the people listened attentively to our preaching. I recall the one Sardinian colporteur our mission employed for his whole time. He was a plain, uneducated man. His salary was very small, but he was tirelessly active, made his influence felt in every part of the Island, and put thousands of tracts, gospels, New Testaments, and Bibles, into the hands of the people.

My *second* visit to Sardinia was while Dr. Taylor was on a two years' leave of absence in America as chaplain of the Uni-

versity of Virginia, and I was left in full charge of the Italian Mission. We were opening a new preaching-station in one of the important towns of Sardinia. The pastor had been able to rent a good house for himself and family, with a large room on the ground floor, which he had fitted up for preaching, and he wanted me to come for the opening and for other meetings to follow. I preached every night for a week to a congregation that filled the room, but with men only. Not one woman entered the room while I was there. The men came willingly and listened attentively, for I was the first foreign missionary who had ever been in the town. The pastor's wife had one woman friend who wanted to hear the preaching, but she could not persuade herself to enter the public room, crowded with men, so I bored a hole in the floor of the sitting room, just above the pulpit. The plan worked, and hearing the gospel through an auger hole was a new and unique experience. In spite of the bad moral reputation of the Bishop of that town, he had sufficient influence over the women to keep them away from any of our meetings during my stay. The pastor was a native Sardinian, and hence there was less prejudice against him than against the Americans. I had never before been in a place where not one woman in town could be induced to hear me preach. Many of the men heard my message willingly. They were mostly declared agnostics, and had little or nothing to do with the church.

On this visit to Sardinia, I visited all of our stations, and went with our colporteur on some of his journeys. More than once we visited families where the colporteur had to interpret my Italian into a Sardinian dialect.

Sardinia has much that is interesting from a historic and literary point of view, but of this I cannot speak.

Once, while visiting one of our preaching-stations in Italy, it was agreed that I would preach in the morning, and the pastor at night. At the close of the morning service the pastor an-

nounced that at night he would speak on "God's Purgatory." The subject attracted an unusual congregation. "My subject tonight," said the pastor, as he began his sermon, "is 'God's Purgatory,' and my text is 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin,' " and he preached a most acceptable and convincing sermon, comparing and explaining the Catholic Purgatory and God's Purgatory. He was one of our best Italian preachers, and he had the attention and the deep interest of his congregation. I shall never forget what one man said to me at the close of the service: "When I entered this place the Catholic Purgatory was my Purgatory, but God's Purgatory will be mine after this." I have always hoped that one soul was born again that night.

When Dr. Taylor left Italy on his two years' leave of absence to be Chaplain of the University of Virginia, I was appointed Superintendent of the Italian Mission in his stead. By this time I could speak Italian with ease and fluency. I had visited our mission stations several times, and hence was well acquainted with our Italian ministers, and with many of the members of their churches. I was young, thirty-five, in vigorous health, enthusiastic about our Italian Mission, and so I cheerfully accepted the new and heavy responsibility. Those were two years of hard work, which Mrs. Eager willingly and efficiently shared with me, especially in keeping the accounts of the mission straight. Without exception, the pastors and their churches welcomed me as the new Superintendent, and did their part to advance the interests of the work.

By the end of those two strenuous years, I was much in need of a vacation, which the Foreign Mission Board had agreed to give me on Dr. Taylor's return. He reached Rome in the early part of the winter of 1887, and we lost no time in getting ready to sail with our three little children to our native land. We sailed from Holland on a small Dutch vessel, to lessen the ex-

pense. We had hoped to reach home for Christmas day, but spent that day on the sea, and the captain gave us a good Christmas dinner. The next day we reached New York, and had another Christmas dinner in our hotel, and the next day still another one at home in Bedford, Va. A year at home meant much to us as a family, and I did my best to make it mean something worth while for missions. I toured the country, speaking on our Italian mission, and raising funds to build chapels in Italy. It was my privilege to speak in many churches, and before many Conferences and Conventions, and to do much private canvassing. We had intended to sail back in January, but by special request of the Foreign Mission Board, so that I could continue the work of raising funds, we remained until June. We sailed back from New York to Naples on a small Italian vessel, the journey lasting eighteen days. We were glad we took this small Italian vessel, for with four little children to look after, we were just as comfortable and had far more freedom than we would have had on one of the large expensive English vessels.

We were glad to be in Rome again, and ready to take up our usual work.

About a year after this we moved our residence to Florence, where I opened a new Baptist Mission. I rented a hall, in a good position, on the banks of the Arno, had it fitted up for our needs, built in it the only Baptistery in the city, except, of course, the famous Catholic one. There we worshiped for six years. I soon secured a very capable assistant pastor, a young man trained in connection with another Baptist Mission. He developed into an eloquent preacher, and a writer of very worthwhile conversational-controversial tracts. They were thoroughly adapted to the situation, and thousands of them were distributed in Florence and Tuscany and other parts of Italy. It was always a pleasure to me to hear him preach. With him in the pulpit, I

never hesitated to be away on Sunday spending the day with one of our mission stations. It was through his influence that a fine young priest was converted, and afterwards became one of our very active and useful colporteurs in Tuscany, and was later ordained as a preacher, and became the first pastor in our new chapel, built with the money I raised while on our vacation.

It was during my stay in Florence that I wrote *Romanism in Its Home*. The origin of this book goes back to something that Dr. John A. Broadus said in the Seminary about looking out for a chance to write something worth while. I began to make notes and gather material for this book soon after reaching Italy. After ten years of this preparatory work, I felt safe in agreeing to furnish fifty consecutive articles to two of our Baptist papers, and those articles became the basis of my book, which cost me more than a year of additional labor before it was finished and ready to send to Dr. John A. Broadus, who had agreed to write the Introduction. When I carried that manuscript to the Post Office, I felt that I was sending away a part of my very self, my first-born literary child.

The International Evangelical Alliance met in Florence while we were living there, and it was a great privilege to attend those meetings. Prominent men and women from several countries were present. Dr. George Dana Boardman, then pastor in Philadelphia, was one of the American representatives. The public speaking was done in two or three languages, and in the devotional service each man was allowed to pray and sing in his own language. This international religious gathering was a new and thoroughly worth-while experience to me. Then such gatherings were very rare, but now they are quite the order of the day.

While living in Italy we enjoyed the privilege of meeting many prominent men and women from our own and other lands, Dr. Philip Schaff, who spent some time in Rome gather-

ing material for his rather voluminous Church History, Dr. S. F. Smith, author of *My Country 'Tis of Thee*, who was writing a book of his travels in mission lands. When the book was published, I found that in telling of his visit to Florence, Mrs. Eager and I were called "a lovely couple." We especially enjoyed the visit of Dr. and Mrs. Jewett, who were on their way home from India. It was our privilege to have them in our home for two weeks. They were fresh from the Telugu Mission, and knew many things that we were glad to hear about. Another interesting visitor was Dr. T. T. Eaton, with a large party who were touring Europe, Egypt, and Palestine. Several of them came to our morning service in Florence, and Dr. Eaton and two others made short talks which I interpreted into Italian. One German brother from Louisville, Ky., made a unique talk, which I have never forgotten. Standing on the platform, he said very quietly, with a pronounced accent: "I was born de fust time sixty years ago in Germany. I vas born de second time twenty years ago in Louisville, Ky. If I had been born but vunce I must die twice, but because I hav been born twice, I shall die but vunce." That short sermon was easy to interpret, and easy to understand, and made a great impression on us all.

My Seminary friend, Dr. A. J. Holt, was our guest for a few days. He was desperately homesick, but long delayed letters from home which reached him while he was with us greatly relieved the situation.

Mr. Harold McCormick and his bride (Miss Edith Rockefeller) came to Florence, and she wrote me a note to let me know they were in the city and where they were stopping. I called on them at once, and as it was Saturday afternoon, it was arranged that they would attend our Italian service the next day, and then have dinner with us. He made a short talk, which I interpreted into Italian, and then sang a solo, while the bride

furnished the music. I took occasion to let our Italian congregation know who they were.

About this time we had a visit from a prominent Salvation Army man, a native of India, who was returning from a visit to the United States. He seemed to be a man of genuine spiritual power and a very interesting speaker. He never failed to hold the attention of his audience, and to make an impression upon them. It was a joy to interpret his English into Italian. He induced a friend who was with him to make a short talk in his native language, which he put into English and which I then put into Italian.

In the Spring of 1896 the Foreign Mission Board granted us our second vacation, and we reached home with our six children, just in time to attend the Southern Baptist Convention, which was meeting in Chattanooga, Tenn. 1896 was a trying year financially, and I agreed to give my time to a vigorous canvass for the Foreign Mission Board. I enjoyed the work and had considerable success in raising funds. Our home during this vacation was in Baltimore, and I had already agreed to supply the pulpit of the Eutaw Place Church for the month of August. Some of my warmest friends were in that church, for I had already supplied for them in the summer of 1888, when at home on our first vacation, and again away back in 1879, the year I was graduated from the Seminary. In the winter of 1896, Mr. Millard, the popular young pastor of Eutaw Place Church, broke down, and had to leave Baltimore. To my surprise, the Pulpit Committee asked me to take his place. I hesitated, but after a correspondence with Dr. Tupper and the Foreign Mission Board, I accepted the call and remained four months, right in the heart of the season. We had splendid, appreciative congregations, and those were four red-letter months in my ministerial life. Our return to Italy with a family of six children began to give us much concern. After some months of prayerful

consideration, I came to this conclusion: It does seem much better for our children to remain in this country. As to the Italian Mission, Dr. Taylor can superintend *all of it* as well as a part of it, and hence my return is not essential to the welfare of the work. Mrs. Eager felt deeply that we owed to our children to remain in this country. Finally I decided that if I had a call from a good church that would settle the matter. Some months after this, while supplying the pulpit of the Broadway Baptist Church in Louisville, Ky., I received a call from the McFerran Memorial Church in the same city, which I accepted.

In all this time I had said nothing to the Foreign Mission Board, and my resignation came as a surprise. I have never felt that I made a mistake, but that God was guiding. The Italian Mission has been in good hands, and when the faithful and beloved superintendent, Dr. George B. Taylor, was called to his reward, Mr. Whittinghill was already there, fully prepared and qualified to take his place. As I see it, the preachers and pastors of the churches should be Italians, and the one superintendent an American, and possibly God may be already preparing a son of Dr. Whittinghill to be his successor. Dr. Taylor loved the Italian Mission and gave his life to it, and to have one of his grandsons called of God to be his successor, would probably be an answer to his prayers and add to his joy in heaven. May God's will be done.

Upon the final return of Dr. and Mrs. Eager to America, the Foreign Board sent out Rev. Charles James Fox Anderson and his wife. He was the son of Alfred Anderson and Virginia Williams Anderson, and a native of Pittsylvania County, Virginia. After his boyhood years on the farm—in which period of his life he was baptized into the fellowship of the Laurel Grove

Church by the Rev. P. H. Fontaine—and work at a secondary school, he was a student at Wake Forest College, and then was graduated from the Seminary, Louisville. After pastorates of two North Carolina fields, Carthage and Hertford—the latter church under his leadership increasing fourfold its gifts to foreign missions—he went to Italy, making his home in Rome. The first task of course of a new missionary on a foreign field is the language. In his second year in Rome, Mr. Anderson, seeking at once to do good and to learn Italian, organized a class for young men desiring to study English; the class soon numbered no less than sixty, and many of its members were advanced students of the Royal University, while one was the nephew of a prominent cardinal. With at least one of his pupils, Mr. Anderson had long conversations about evangelical Christianity and the Bible. By the end of another year Mr. Anderson reported to the Board that he had translated into Italian the booklet of Dr. James Stalker entitled *Temptation* and *What Baptist Principles Have Done for the World,* written by Dr. A. E. Dickinson. The next year the Foreign Mission Board reported to the Convention that Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had retired from the Italian Mission and returned to America.

The next young man to come from the home-land to work in Italy was Everett Gill, accompanied by his wife. He was of Scotch ancestry, one great-grandfather

coming from Edinburgh, Scotland, to Virginia in pre-Revolutionary days. Two of his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary forces in Virginia, while another ancestor was in the armies in New England. Dr. Gill's wife, Emma Williams Gill, is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. William Harrison Williams, of Richmond, Va., and for many years the editor of the *Central Baptist,* published in St. Louis. She was born in Staunton, during her father's pastorate there, he having succeeded Dr. Taylor, who had gone as Chaplain to the University of Virginia. One of Mrs. Gill's forbears, Thomas Mayo, was one of the two surveyors appointed, before the Revolutionary War, to run lines between Virginia and North Carolina. (The story, which is probably apocryphal, of why this line was not at that time finished, need not now be told.) He also laid out, with William Byrd and on his estate, the City of Richmond and also the City of Petersburg. (It would be interesting indeed if it should turn out that two of the women going from Virginia as missionaries to Italy were even distantly related; the kinship has not been traced out; Mrs. Taylor's mother was Elizabeth Teackle Mayo.)

The maternal grandmother of Dr. Gill, Mrs. Adah Brown Fairchild, was a volunteer for foreign missionary work at the very beginning of American Baptist work in India and was a dear friend of Mr. and Mrs. Justus Hatch Vinton, those pioneer missionaries among

the Karens, the bush people of Burmah. She herself was not permitted to go, but she handed on to her grandchildren, especially her grandson Everett, her missionary fervor. He traces his lifelong interest in the world-missionary task to the early influence of his grandmother.

After taking his A. B. degree from William Jewell College and graduating at S. B. T. Seminary, Louisville, he became pastor of the Mt. Sterling (Ky.) Baptist Church, and later of the Fifth Street Baptist Church, Hannibal, Missouri, on the Mississippi River. This is better known as "Mark Twain's Town" and the home of "Huck Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." Mark Twain made his last visit to his old home town during Dr. Gill's pastorate, and on Sunday, by invitation, delivered a brief address to a crowded house at the Fifth Street Church. At a memorial service at the Presbyterian church, where Mark Twain had been a Sunday-school scholar, Dr. Gill made one of the addresses.

It was on a trip to Europe and to the Fourth World's Sunday-school Convention in Jerusalem, while visiting his Seminary-mate D. G. Whittinghill, that Dr. Gill practically decided to meet the wishes of R. J. Willingham, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, and became a missionary to Italy. Like Dr. and Mrs. Taylor before them, Dr. and Mrs. Gill went to Italy with four children, namely, Harrison Williams, Charles Fairchild, Everett, and Geraldine. (During their

years in Italy a fifth child, Elizabeth Mayo, was born to them.)

When the Italian language was, in a measure, learned, Dr. Gill was able to write a book on the Sunday-school (a subject never before presented in book form in Italian) and to become the superintendent and treasurer of the North Italy Mission as well as a member of the faculty of our theological seminary in Rome. In this earlier period of his work in Italy, he had charge of the building of a beautiful chapel at Pordenone—a building, alas, as we shall see later, that was to suffer at the hands of enemies.

Great sorrow soon came to Dr. Gill and his wife. While they were summering at Nettuno, not far from Rome, the whole family was laid low by Roman malarial fever. The fair flower of three summers, Geraldine, fell asleep, and her little body was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at the pyramid of Caius Cestius in Rome. Since all the circle were poisoned, so to speak, by the pernicious malaria, they returned to America for restoration to full health. During their stay in the home-land Dr. Gill was temporary pastor at Danville, Ky., and all the family being well again, they were given a season of unexpected and unusual happiness.

After their return to Italy, Dr. Gill was one of the party that went from our Seminary in Rome to the sufferers in the Avezzano earthquake. Thomas Nelson Page, American Ambassador to Rome, turned over to

him several thousand lire, for the survivors in this disaster, which he administered so faithfully that later he was given a commemorative medal and decorated by the Italian government.

In the early days of the World War, while Dr. Gill was visiting our mission station in Rimini, the city was vigorously bombarded by Austro-Hungarian airmen. The official cellar in which he, with scores of the citizens, took refuge was furiously bombarded, the bombs falling nearby, with dooms-day like noise; it turned out that they were aiming at the barracks just next door to the cellar-refuge.

Toward the end of the World War, Dr. Gill was given service in the Hospital and Red Cross work. He was Inspector of Hospitals for the Medical Department of the Red Cross first in Rome, and also in Rimini, and later his field was in the war zone, Padua being his headquarters. He held the rank of captain. He was brought into close touch with actual war conditions, visiting and inspecting field hospitals. Upon his reports, the American Red Cross supplied the Italian hospitals with medicine and other equipment. He and his son Charles Fairchild Gill, a first-lieutenant in the American Red Cross, were presented to King Victor Emmanuel III at the opening of an American hospital at Rimini. A second time, after the first phase of the Battle of Vittasio Veneto, the last battle on the Italian front, he met the king. Captain Gill and his major had

crossed the Piave and were following the English army, which was pursuing the Austro-Hungarians in full retreat. They came to a small city. On request of the Major, Captain Gill interviewed the Mayor, to learn what the American Red Cross could do for the citizens. As he returned to make his report, he must needs cross the small stream that runs through the town, on a small one-plank improvised bridge (the large bridge having been dynamited by the retreating enemy). Just as he started down this one-plank bridge, a small Italian soldier was coming up, and as they almost butted into each other, he looked up and saw that it was the King. Surprised, he ejaculated to himself: *"O, il Re!"* and saluted and passed on. Then came a feeling of satisfaction, if not of superiority: *"The American Red Cross had beat even the King of Italy to the place of suffering and need on the Italian front."* Up to this time the King was always the first to visit the needy sections. Two days later, after thrilling experiences in following the victorious Italian army, in the staff car of the major of a flying battery, Captain Gill was the first American Red Cross man to arrive in Pordenone. After interviewing the acting mayor of the town and making a list of the pressing needs of the people, Captain Gill hurried to his beloved chapel, to find that, though the walls were still standing, the building had been wholly looted. Nothing had been

left but the windows and the floors, which were covered with straw on which the soldiers had slept.

Dr. Gill accompanied Dr. Love and Dr. Cody on their tour of missionary and relief inspection in Europe and Palestine. On this journey, while in Italy, and after many conferences, it was decided that the Italian mission should be reorganized. At a meeting in Naples this reorganization was effected. An executive committee of Italian brethren was appointed, with Dr. Whittinghill as chairman. Thus was put into operation a plan which Dr. Gill had desired. He at once resigned and accepted a call to the Westport Baptist Church, Kansas City, Missouri. He was here until he accepted the position of European Representative of the Foreign Mission Board in the five new countries taken over by the Board, not including Italy.

Those who read from year to year the Foreign Mission Board reports in the Minutes of the Southern Baptist Convention may remember the pictures of a husband and wife, the husband handsome, the wife charming, in the Italian Mission section of the annual report some years ago; they were James Percy Stuart and his wife. In Spotsylvania County, Virginia, the scene of so many bloody battles during the Civil War, and near the historic town of Fredericksburg, where George Washington spent some of his early days, Mr. Stuart was born. After early training in private schools (for the great public-school system was scarcely func-

tioning in Virginia then), he went to Missouri. Here, still a youth, he was converted, and presently held a business position in Kansas City, which he retained for several years. Hearing a "call" to preach, he became a student at William Jewell College, where he was graduated. After pastorates at Troy and Fulton, Missouri, and at Compton Heights, St. Louis, he turned his steps to Louisville, where he won at the S. B. T. Seminary his degree of Th. M.

The November after his appointment to Italy he and his wife and three children reached Rome, and before many moons passed had made many friends. Early in his life in Italy, a tripartite division of all the mission work having been made and he assuming charge of the churches in the South, Mr. Stuart had a dramatic and painful initiatory experience in the mountain town of Bisaccia. A criticism of the local Catholic clergy from the pen of the evangelist led to persecution, and only with the protection of two hundred soldiers were Mr. Stuart and several evangelists able to enter the town. Then an earthquake not much later so stirred the people against our church that the pastor, Signor Palmieri and Mr. Stuart, were attacked and did not altogether escape the flying stones. Before long the erection of a neat chapel was begun and Mr. Stuart wrote:

In the future I do not anticipate much physical persecution. Our victory at Bisaccia was so thorough and decisive and the

Government has proven its determination to establish and to protect the liberty of conscience and of worship in such a manner as to discourage further attempt of that kind.

Upon his arrival in Italy, Mr. Stuart had made, with Dr. Whittinghill, a journey in which almost all of our thirty-five churches were visited; then later, when in charge of the work in the South, having grown even more familiar with the situation on his especial field, he wrote:

> The conditions are far worse than those in the mountains of Virginia and Kentucky. The masses of the people are simple and often good at heart but unspeakably ignorant, superstitious and miserably poor. In my trips I frequently see one or more families, chickens, a donkey, a goat, a dog, a cat and other animals, all living together in one little ground room. . . . The filth of the towns is beyond description, as there is no sewerage, and all the filth of the place is thrown into the streets.

Before long the World War had come, and after a hard year the word went to Richmond that Mr. Stuart was far from well. After seven years he sailed, with his family, from Naples for his first furlough. Not long afterwards he wrote: "We are looking forward with great joy to returning to the people and work which we love and to which our lives are consecrated, after a year of needed rest at home." Alas, it was not so to be; his health did not improve, and at Liberty, Missouri, on February 17, 1927, he fell asleep. The five boys he left are being successfully trained by his wife for service and usefulness. Concerning Mr. Stu-

art, one of our Italian pastors wrote: "His deep knowledge of the field and men, his strong and consecrated leadership, and his diplomatic ability would have made him a splendid American leader in that country (Italy). His death was the greatest loss our mission has suffered since the death of Dr. Taylor."

Scarcely was Dr. Taylor settled in Rome and some of the most absolutely pressing interests of the Mission given attention, when he wrote to the Board: "In all the stations forty-four persons have been baptized. I do hope we may do something to educate students for the ministry. It is important to publish tracts and small volumes on our distinctive views." A year or so later he again wrote to the Board: "I feel that I must take three young brethren to study for the ministry and hope in one way or another to pay or raise the necessary means myself." Here was the vision of a theological seminary in Rome and of large use of the printed page as a mighty arm for publishing and confirming the truth. Here was also the birth in modest proportions of the seminary. Italy has never needed Americans as missionaries in as large proportion as almost all our other foreign fields. Italy has always been, in a qualified sense at least, a Christian and a Bible land. The Waldensian Valleys, with a Protestant theological seminary and an evangelical community, the great theological school in Geneva, and even the ranks of the Catholic priesthood, have been sources

from which evangelists and pastors have come to us. It is evident that not all our need for trained preachers and leaders could be met this way. When our seminary in Rome was at last established, its blessed fruit began to be seen in delightful and diversified ways and in an amazingly short period of time.

When, at last, the Convention and the Board moved forward to make real in a large way Dr. Taylor's early vision of a theological seminary in response to their overture, as to this vital matter he wrote:

I offer the following suggestions for the organization of this school: 1. The school should be founded by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention by whom it should also be ultimately controlled. 2. The coöperation of other Baptists working in Italy should be cordially welcomed. 3. The Board would do well to send out for the presidency and for the more important professorship a man specially adapted for such service. 4. The chief object of the school being to aid in preparing preachers and pastors, as distinguished from learned scholars, great emphasis should be laid on the study, in the Italian language, of God's Word as nearly as possible in its entirety. The contents of the Bible and their meaning which *is* the Bible should be mastered by students. For those, however, who come to the school sufficiently prepared, the sacred Scriptures should be taught also in the original. Next in importance would come systematic theology, homiletics, ecclesiology and pastoral duties, much stress being laid on Baptist principles and practices. Brief courses of lectures on polemics and on church history would suffice, especially as Italian evangelicals generally seem to possess a certain knowledge of these, specially as regards the Papacy, and these courses could be given by competent

brethren coming temporarily to the school for the purpose. It would also be possible to have other courses on related subjects or science such as psychology and natural philosophy. 5. Only youths giving evidence of piety and who have already exercised their gifts and done some Christian work should be accepted as students of the school. Even they, however satisfactory, should have no promise of employment, though the hope of their being employed might properly be kept in view by all concerned. The power to accept students and that of employing evangelists should not be in the same hands. Other matters could be arranged by the faculty.

The matter of securing "a man specially adapted" as pointed out in the third of these foregoing suggestions, for the presidency and the chief professorship of the proposed school, was at once taken in hand by the Board. The man believed to be the right man was found.

The first session of the Southern Baptist Convention after the Civil War, held in Russellville, Kentucky, was described by one who attended the meeting, as "a happy greeting of long-separated friends." The two secretaries of the body that year were "George B. Taylor, Virginia; W. Pope Yeaman, Kentucky." Just a month before this meeting a boy was born on a farm, in Hopkins County, four miles from Madisonville and some fifty miles in an air-line from Russellville. The father of the boy on this farm, was a Baptist country preacher, serving for years three or four churches miles away from his home, and with a family that

finally numbered seven sons and two daughters. The churches which this faithful minister served during the years were: Cherry Hill and Smith Mills, Henderson County; Rock Ford and Little Union, Union County; Slaughters, Sebree, Vandersburg, Rock Spring, Dixon, Webster County; Pleasant Grove, Richland, Corinth, Olive Branch, Liberty, Concord, Old Salem, Dalton, Hopkins County; Oak Grove, Mecklenburg County. The new baby must have a name. At this time the two secretaries of the Foreign Mission Board were James B. Taylor and A. M. Poindexter. A. M. Poindexter was a flaming evangel, whose impassioned eloquence brought tears to men's eyes and set their hearts on fire for God and His work. Perchance the country preacher rode across on horseback from Hopkins County to Russellville and was at the Convention; perhaps he heard A. M. Poindexter plead like an angel for the cause of foreign missions; however this may have been, the baby was named Poindexter. Later the boy, perhaps before he knew about the man whose name he bore, found Poindexter too long, let the "Poin" go, and so has been known as Dexter.

The boys on the Hopkins County farm, taught and expected to work, as they went out into the world learned to shift for themselves. Dexter found his path to the town of Madisonville, not far away, and became a student in its normal school. At this period of his student life, being "hard up" for funds, he did work

as janitor in order to make both ends meet. Back and forth on horseback, day by day, in all kinds of weather, he made the four-and-a-half miles, and before the winter was over he had got an unpleasant memorial of Kentucky snow and cold—a frozen toe, and that frozen toe has never fully yielded to the warmth of sunny Italy. Here he won the degree of B. S. Then he became a student at Bethel College, in Russellville. Here young Whittinghill crowded a four years' course in Latin and Greek into two sessions, having also philosophy and English literature. In his work here he won a gold medal for scholarship, and was one of the college editors.

This small college has had many great teachers, and the college church, with its remarkable banker, Nimrod Long, supplied an atmosphere most helpful surely to the Bethel students. After two years, young Dexter boarded the train for Louisville and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Here he remained until he had won the coveted degree of Doctor of Theology, being in the first class that technically ever won the title of Th. D. While at Louisville he was editor of the seminary magazine, did some "coaching" in Hebrew, and was pastor of the Forks of Elkhorn Church. After some six years as pastor of the Coliseum Place Baptist Church, New Orleans, during which time he was ill almost unto death with yellow fever, and after one year as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Bonham,

Texas, Dr. Dexter Gooch Whittinghill was appointed by our Board, in Richmond, to take charge of the new theological seminary in Rome.

In a description of his arrival in Rome and the inauguration of the seminary, Dr. Whittinghill wrote:

> Having arrived in Rome the last of April, I began the study of the language almost immediately under Signor Henry Paschetto, pastor of our church here. During my absence from the city in the summer the study was continued alone and with the assistance of Signor L. M. Galassi, at Florence. . . . The preparations for the opening session were attended with some perplexing difficulties as to a *locale* for the school, a library and other necessities for the class-room. . . . The opening exercises . . . took place in our chapel. . . . Dr. Taylor, as it was eminently fitting, presided and made an address. . . . The other professors made appropriate addresses. Owing to a limited use of the language, I read my remarks. . . . The course of study is very similar to the one pursued in our seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. . . . The faculty is composed of four members, as follows: Dr. George B. Taylor, Systematic Theology and Ethics; Signor Enrico Paschetto, Old Testament, Biblical Introduction and Hebrew; Signor N. Shaw, Homiletics, and D. G. Whittinghill, New Testament, Greek and English.

With this auspicious beginning the Seminary went on year by year and soon became "the pride of our mission." One session the Rev. J. Campbell Wall, of the English Mission, who was born in Italy and the larger part of whose life had been spent in Rome, delivered a series of lectures on Christian Archæology, a subject of even more than ordinary interest and importance

to anyone living and preaching in Rome or Italy. Other sessions the students heard extra addresses by certain of our own evangelists on subjects of present-day value. Year by year the school had among those on its roll Wesleyan and English Baptist students. One year a part of the record for the session read thus: "One dismissed for insubordination, but, upon repentance and fruits worthy of repentance, restored; one sent home for lack of grey matter." So the years of solid work slipped by, and soon such facts as this began to find place in reports sent to Richmond: "Two of our students are now pastors." Less than a decade in the history of the seminary had gone when the announcement was: "Of our thirty-five churches, one-third are now served by ex-students of our theological school." Anyone who might have doubted about the wisdom of the establishment of the seminary, with such a piece of news, could surely doubt no longer.

When the American personnel of the mission was enlarged, a tripartite division of the work, in which Dr. Whittinghill continued at the head of the school, was possible and wise. Presently his burden was increased, for Dr. Taylor, moving on in life and, as it turned out, not many years from his departure from this earth, gave over to Dr. Whittinghill's hands the office of treasurer of the mission. As one by one, for various reasons, the men who had come from America for the work retired, the tripartite division of the mission must

of necessity be abandoned. So, in the process of the years, all the work of administration in addition to the presidency of the seminary fell upon Dr. Whittinghill's shoulders. Two years before he passed away Dr. Taylor wrote to the Board concerning Dr. Whittinghill thus:

> While ever ready in an unobstrusive way to respond to any appeal of my successor either for information or for counsel, it has been my rule not to offer either, confiding in his ability for the work, and having no wish to reproduce much less stereotype my own ideas and methods. He really took hold of the work from the first, with a courage, energy and prudence truly wonderful, and his year's administration convinces me that the mission could not be in wiser or better hands. I knew that he was a man to be absolutely depended on, but did not know whether he would preserve his independence, resisting the efforts of evangelists unduly to influence his decisions. But all doubt on this point has disappeared as he has shown himself firm and resolute in carrying out his own convictions after once forming them with all the light at his command. Really, administrative or executive ability seems to be his special gift and you were providentially guided in calling him to take charge of the Italian Mission.

When this was written Dr. Taylor was giving himself to his teaching in the seminary and to the preparation of his book *Systematic Theology*.

After the first meeting of the Baptist World's Alliance, which was held in London, Dr. Taylor and Dr. Whittinghill returned by way of Paris to Berne, Switzerland. In this beautiful capital city in the mid-

summer season Dr. Whittinghill was married to Miss Susy Braxton, Dr. Taylor's youngest child. The religious marriage (after the civil ceremony at the mayor's office) took place in Berne's stately Protestant cathedral, the bride, all clothed in white, passing up the high nave, followed by her maids of honor. After the wedding breakfast, served *al fresco* on the hills above the city commanding a view of the Bernese *oberland,* the bride and groom went off for a brief honeymoon to quiet, restful spots yet higher up among the Alps.

Two years after the happy scenes just described, Dr. Taylor (having passed, as a very ill man, a summer of great weariness and suffering in the higher Apennines above Pistoia) sick unto death, about the middle of September was carried back to Rome by his older daughter. In this city, in his own hired house, where he had dwelt many years, on September 27th, 1907, he passed to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. After having given almost thirty-five years to Italy, his tired and worn body was laid to rest in this fair land, beside his wife, in Rome's beautiful Protestant Cemetery. Many of the English-speaking colony in Rome had not returned to the city for the fall and winter, yet there were not lacking loving hands and voices for the funeral rites. Indeed, there were three services, one at the Teatro Valle, one at the house, and one at the grave. Frail as Dr. Taylor had been for years, he out-

lived many of his contemporaries, and some of those who spoke and prayed were of the younger generation. At the grave it was five o'clock Monday afternoon, "the air soft, the sky rose-colored above the cypresses, all the brilliant autumn flowers in bloom." One stanza of *Shall we Gather at the River* was sung and one of *Su Verde Colle Nel Paese Dove Spunta il Sol.*

Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past,
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

From the very nature of the case, the World War closed the doors of our Rome seminary. There are always open doors of usefulness for those who have eyes with which to see them. So there came the Pope's denunciation of modernism, and this furnished an opportunity for large service, which Dr. Whittinghill quickly saw and seized. The full story of this stage in the history of our Italian mission is told in a chapter following this one. So, just as his occupation was gone as head of the seminary, other work was awaiting him. Thus the reverse of the childhood proverb is happily true: "God finds some labor still for willing hands to do."

Besides the first World Alliance, in London, Dr. Whittinghill has represented either the Foreign Mission Board or the Italian Mission or both at a number

of important European or even world-wide gatherings. He was at Baptist gatherings at Berlin and at Stockholm and our representative at the Congress for the Promotion of International Peace Through the Churches, as it met at The Hague, at London, and at St. Beatenberg. At the request of our Foreign Board, he also went to Jerusalem when steps were being taken to establish a mission in Palestine. He and his wife represented Southern Baptists at the Hubmeyer Centennial at Vienna, and concerning this celebration his wife wrote:

In spite of not speaking German, I understood nearly all the speeches and *felt* the spiritual force back of it all. The only shadow was the news about Dr. Love. . . . The brethren looked poor, but the singing by a trained choir was fine and the preaching hall was prettily decorated with flags, from the different countries represented, evergreens and a carbon portrait of Hubmaier. We were taken to see the castle where he was one year. It was snowing and we dressed in Italian fashion. We could only feel how Hubmaier must have suffered cold and anguish of spirit. In the evening there was a roll-call and the seventy-seven representatives spoke. On Sunday we were in church practically all day, but no one thought the service long. On Saturday, in closed taxis, we all went to the field where Hubmaier was burned, near what used to be called the "Street of the Poor Sinners," as it led to where criminals were hung and burned. Five beautiful wreaths were placed on the spot. Then we walked to the bridge from which Elizabeth was thrown. I cast in red tulips, and spoke a few words; then the sisters from local churches came one at a time and did likewise—there were three hampers of flowers—and the river looked alive with color.

Almost on the very day when this book will come from the press Diana Grace Whittinghill, Dr. Whittinghill's daughter, is to receive in Westminster Abbey her degree, B. A. (honors) of the University of London.

CHAPTER VIII

PRINTING IT

Blessed is he that readeth . . . Write in a book and send it unto the seven churches. —*Rev. 1:3, 11.*

Italy is indeed a land of many strange contradictions. One of these contradictions may interest and concern us just now. Many books have been written and many more could be and doubtless will be written in regard to Italy's contribution to the learning and scholarship of the world. Time would fail to tell of her great authors, nor do all of them, as Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, belong to the long ago, for Walter Scott regarded Alessandro Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* as one of the great novels, while within our own generation Papini's *Life of Christ* has attracted wide and favorable notice, nor can D'Annunzio be forgotten. Many of the great libraries of the world are in Italy. Remember that one of the two greatest manuscripts of the Bible, Codex B, is in the Vatican Library in Rome. Interesting and rare books can be bought on the street corner of many Italian cities and towns.

Mr. Browning was strolling one day through a square in Florence, the Piazza San Lorenzo, which is a standing market for old clothes, old furniture, and old curiosities of every kind, when a parchment-covered book attracted his eye, from amidst the artistic or nondescript rubbish of one of the stalls. It was the

BILYCHNIS

RIVISTA·DI·STVDI·RELIGIOSI

EDITA·DALLA·FACOLTA·DELLA·SCVOLA·TEOLOGICA·BATTISTA·DI·ROMA

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record of a murder which had taken place in Rome and bore inside it an inscription. . . . The book proved, on examination, to contain the whole history of the case, as carried on in writing, after the fashion of those days: pleadings and counterpleadings. . . . Mr. Browning bought the whole for the value of eightpence and it became the raw material of what appeared four years later as *The Ring and the Book.*

And these few sentences have but touched the story of Italy's learning and wealth in books. On the other hand, remember the *Index Expurgatorius* (and the *Index Librorum Prohititorum*), catalogues of books comprising those which Catholics must not read unless in editions expurgated of objectionable passages and of those which they are absolutely forbidden to read. Nor should it be forgotten that up to our own day the Bible has been to all intents and purposes on these lists of forbidden books. As already set down in this book, the Bible was contraband in Rome as late as 1870, nay, even more recently in many outlying districts, so that Whittier's poem describing the Waldensian merchantmen with goodly pearls:

> O, lady fair, I have yet a gem, which a purer
> luster flings

is scarcely even now out of date.

Still, after the unification of Italy in 1870, great ignorance prevailed, especially among the lower classes. While in sixty-eight cities of Italy as late as 1870 there were no less than 283 theological schools with 13,175

student priests, besides over 4,000 lay and other students, nine years before this date seventy-five per cent of the entire population could neither read nor write. Formerly in nearly all village and rural schools instruction was oral, no text-books being used by the pupils, and consisted in the catechism and a few Latin prayers.

"Blessed is he that readeth" and "what thou seest, write in a book," phrases in the opening chapter of Revelation, well set forth the spirit of the Book and of its truest advocates as to study and books. So soon as printing was discovered, it became the vehicle for the dissemination of the Bible and its gospel message. Was not the first book ever printed a Bible? Who has not been thrilled as he has read the story of William Tyndale printing Testaments in Worms and sending them back to England? Was not Martin Luther, throwing his inkstand at the devil in the Wartburg Castle, most significant, suggestive, and symbolic?

Little wonder that from the very first "Evangelicals" working and interested in Italy have believed in and used the printed page. Bibles, Testaments, tracts, periodicals, Bible-translation, religious books have been used by all evangelical denominations, including our Southern Baptist workers, and in some of these lines of effort, it may be modestly claimed, our representatives have been pioneers.

While Pius IX considered Bible societies a pest and

a great evil, Garibaldi said: "The Bible is the cannon which shall free Italy." All may quickly know which of these two opinions was the truth and which was the marching orders for our Christian workers in Italy. Indeed, before Garibaldi had spoken this noble word, the British and Foreign Bible Society had begun its great work in Italy. As early as 1808 the importance of supplying to Italy the Scriptures in Italian was recognized by this Society, and first an edition of Giovanni Diodati's translation (of Lucca, preacher and professor in Geneva) was brought out, and then, later, Martini's Roman Catholic version. For many years the Italian work of this society was cared for by Mr. Thomas Bruce of Scotland, there being a "depository" on Via della Scrofa, Rome. Up to March 31, 1889, this Society disposed of 3,008,831 portions of the Scriptures either as a whole or in parts, besides 2,000 diglot Old Testament portions in Italian and Latin, and 4,044 diglot New Testament portions in Italian and English. Other organizations helped in the work. Thirty thousand copies of portions of the Scriptures were furnished by the Bible-stand of the Crystal Palace and by the American Tract Society and the American Baptist Publication Society. During the first two years after the loss of the Pope's temporal power, nearly one hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, were circulated in Rome alone. In 1886 one hundred and thirty thousand Bibles, Testa-

ments, and Gospels were sold in Italy. In its report for 1914, the American Bible Society showed that that year they had sold in Italy 2,104 volumes of the Bible. In all our years in Italy Southern Baptists through colporteurs have helped in Bible distribution. Yet it so happens that indirectly at least the establishment of our own denominational tenets has been forwarded for us by others, for is it not true, as Dr. Taylor once wrote, that the Bible is the best tract on baptism?

Perhaps next to the Bible the most useful product of the printing press for Christian evangelization has been the tract; someone has called tracts the side arms of the Christian army. Nothing worthwhile about the service of tracts in Italian mission could be written that did not make reference to Luigi De Sanctis, who was one of twenty-five sons, who had an English wife and who by his training and life as a monk was thus peculiarly prepared for service as a writer of controversial books and tracts. He also published the first evangelical periodical Italy ever had, *Il Cattolico.*

In our colporteur and tract work, we had most substantial and continued help from England. Mr. Oliver, treasurer and mainspring of the Baptist Tract Society of London, had a practical and deep interest in our Italian mission. About this good man, Dr. Taylor wrote:

> He is 88 years old, but he has the vivacity of a child and attends all his committee meetings and performs all the duties

of his office with punctual assiduity. His cheerful face and words always do me good like a medicine or, better still, as a cordial, alike pleasant and refreshing. In his house I feel as if with a good Virginia Baptist.

Miss K. Emery helped on through the years, with her money, her wisdom, and piety, spending much of her time in Italy, believing in the value of tract and Bible distribution especially.

As has already been shown in a previous chapter many, if not all, of our evangelists gave themselves to colporteur work with tracts and Bibles in abounding measure. Besides, there have been practically always in our work men whose whole time was given to this so-called humble but most blessed service. But our workers have not only distributed, they have also produced, tracts that have gone far and wide, no one being able to measure the fruitage. Signor Galassi, for a season our pastor in Florence, wrote several most effective tracts. One which he wrote in 1897 entitled *Let us Liberate the Pope* was a "big hit," had a large sale, stirred up things generally, and was translated into Polish and Spanish. He also won a prize offered by the Claudian Press for the best work on Christianity and anarchism. He also translated from the French the story of evangelization in Russia, which was so valuable that he received a letter from Queen Elena expressing her appreciation of the story. His tracts are issued by a non-sectarian printing house in Florence,

which sells more of his than of any other Protestant worker in Italy.

Since Count Papengouth, who for many years was so active and liberal in mission work in Italy, was led to Christ and to the Baptist ranks by a tract—at least, a tract began and a sermon consummated the good work—those who knew his story would be the more inclined to this form of gospel evangelization. The importance and value of tract and Bible distribution have increased as the reading public has been enlarged. With the passing of the Papal States, the point of view and eventually the statistics as to education changed. Dr. Eager wrote:

> The present government is not blind to the fact that knowledge is power and has labored earnestly to further the cause of education. Universities, colleges and academies have been founded. Public schools have been scattered broadcast over the land not only in the cities and large towns but also in the villages and mountain hamlets. Besides this there are 10,000 night schools intended especially for those who cannot afford to attend the day school. The result is that nearly all the boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 18 can read and write. As a rule they are not so superstitious as their ignorant and less fortunate parents nor do they accept so blindly the teaching of the priests. They can be reached by the printed page and through them their parents and relatives may and do sometimes hear a good tract or a chapter from the New Testament.

The names of countless colporteurs in many lands may never appear in shining letters on human honor rolls, but surely they are set down in God's book of

remembrance, nor will Italy's group of these faithful workers be an unworthy one. Would that all these names could be inscribed on these pages; this is impossible. One name, however, shall find place here, the name of one who in the very beginning of our work in Rome, with little preparation or talent, the humblest of the humble, did her task and passed: Rosa Guerrini, Bible woman.

The tract has its field and function; but it is not the only method by which the printing-press can further the proclamation and propagation and establishment of the truth of the gospel. Someone has said that "If Paul were living in the twentieth century he would be a journalist." As early as 1876, three years after he began his work in Italy, Dr. Taylor began the publication of *Il Seminatore (The Sower),* a monthly journal which contained articles on denominational tenets, Baptist history, and questions of church life, evangelization, and other practical questions. It served to clear away many prejudices, especially in the eyes of the Waldensians, who did not always view our Baptist work with friendly spirit. The spoken word may seem to demand an answer, or may be misunderstood, or forgotten. The printed word is received with more open mind and may be read again and again. This periodical was succeeded by *Il Testimonio (The Witness),* which started its career almost a decade after the birth of *The Sower.* Later this became, and is still, the organ

of the Baptist Union of Italy (of the American and English missions). It started as a monthly, but finally became a bi-monthly, and is now entirely self-supporting. When this publication proved its double right to exist, with its clearly defined field of service, *Il Seminatore (The Sower)* was reëstablished, being a smaller paper; it costs only one mill a copy, and is widely circulated, having a circulation of from 8,000 to 10,000. It is adapted to the simpler-minded and poorer classes. It is also self-supporting, and no evangelical paper in Italy has a wider circulation. While *The Sower* is a newspaper, strictly speaking *The Witness* is a review or magazine. It is attractive and readable, and the Baptist family in Italy is justly proud of this publication. It has quite a circulation also among other denominations. In recognition of its effectiveness, Pope Benedict XV a few years ago put this magazine under the ban, thereby honoring it. Not many years ago another newspaper began its career as one of our Italian Baptist organs. It bears the interesting and suggestive name of *Coscientia* (*Conscience*). This is a large weekly, and from its first number has met with great enthusiasm and commendation. *The Sower* is a smaller popular paper, and is mostly used for what its editors call "outside" circulation. Socialists and Catholics have paid this paper the compliment of imitating its size and other special characteristics in their popular periodicals.

Three publications, two newspapers and a review, make a notable showing for our Baptist forces in Italy; but there is a fourth journal to our credit, a review, and it is called *Bilychnis* (pronounced *Bee-lick-ness).* This rather peculiar name, which is Latin and Greek rather than Italian, is perhaps best explained by the picture which appears on its outside cover. It is an old Roman lamp. It has openings for two wicks and so for two flames. These two flames are supposed to be "Knowledge" and "Faith." The word "bilychnis" means "two lights." This is a monthly review and is published by the faculty of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Rome. This review seems to have been born in the heart and brain of our missionary, Dexter G. Whittinghill. He has at once the aptitudes of a scholar and the instincts of a journalist. Travel with him in England and France and Italy, and with each new day —nay, with the divisions of the day, morning and afternoon—you will see him buying the newspaper of the hour, whatever its language, and until he has got the paper's message, he is deaf and blind to all other sights and sounds.

When Pope Pius X made an uncompromising war on modernism several leading Catholic reviews and journals went out of business. About the same time the *Christian Review,* a periodical published for some forty years by the Waldensians, went out of existence. This seemed to Dr. Whittinghill a great opportunity, an

open door. "It has seemed to me," wrote Dr. Whittinghill, "a great pity that someone did not occupy the field abandoned by them by force of circumstances. This opportunity, coupled with my desire to increase the influence and utility of our seminary, led me to propose to the faculty the publication of a review, which proposition was enthusiastically accepted. Professor Ludovico Paschetto, owing to his fitness in mind and heart, was asked by me to become the chief editor, while I am foreign editor." When *Bilychnis* was established Dr. Whittinghill announced its program: "*Bilychnis* will treat religious subjects on a large scale and will be edited with a liberal spirit without in the least compromising our doctrines. The columns are open to writers of all Christian confessions, but of course we as editors disclaim any responsibility for articles which do not conform to New Testament teaching, sound philosophy and impartial history."

Before long Dr. Whittinghill was able to say about *Bilychnis:*

> The readers of *Bilychnis* are constantly increasing in number. Among our subscribers we have three members of Parliament, including Hon. Murri, excommunicated by the Pope for heresy and too much activity in democratic movements; the Italian Minister to Lisbon; more than a dozen professors in Italian universities; Paul Sabatier; ex-Prime Minister Luzzatti; twelve Roman Catholic priests; thirteen of the leading modernists and about 75 professors in government schools. This last category represents an element hitherto untouched by any de-

nomination; this will mean a great deal for us sooner or later. In addition, the review is kept on sale in more than 40 book stores and is on file in many of Italy's largest libraries. Indeed, the review has gone beyond our fondest expectations.

Concerning *Bilychnis,* Signor Pietro Chiminelli, one of our Baptist pastors in Rome, wrote: "It has earned a name for itself among the intellectuals that ought to fill its two editors, Ludovico Paschetto and D. G. Whittinghill with justifiable pride. Among the subscribers and contributors there are senators, deputies, university, lyceum and gymnasium professors and others of marked influence."

More than twenty of the principal political, scientific, literary and religious magazines of Italy and other European countries publish regularly the table of contents of *Bilychnis.* A large number of newspapers do the same thing. A German publication of Zurich, the *Neue Burcher Zeitung,* said concerning *Bilychnis:*

> The Italian Baptists are the youngest and smallest group of Italian Protestants. However, they are not behind the other two groups (Waldensians and Methodists) spiritually, but on the contrary they are first. . . . Technically it *(Bilychnis)* occupies the first place among Protestants in Europe; it seems to be a rival of art magazines if we are to judge by the beautiful illustrations it contains. In fact, it is not only a purely theological review but a periodical which opens its columns to every manifestation of religious life. It is further evident that *Bilychnis* is seeking to become the organ of Italian Protestants and of religious research.

An American reader of average intelligence who examined a copy of *Bilychnis* might have its pages sealed against him both by reason of the foreign language and also because of the very high plane of philosophy and criticism and research on which the review moves. Still, this reader would receive a message from this magazine of over one hundred pages. Illustrations of artistic value would catch his eye, and might be even cut out for preservation; the handsome and dignified "get-up," press-work, and all of the review would impress him favorably; its pages, with English, French, and German names would suggest to him the geographical reach of the magazine, while quotations in Latin, Greek, English, German, Hebrew, and French would not leave him in doubt as to its scholarship.

Nor has our Italian Baptist publication work been limited to tracts and periodicals. The larger field, the more permanent realm of books, has been entered and successfully. Very many, if not all, of those who read this paragraph know that on the continent of Europe paper-bound editions of books are far more respectable and far more general than in the United States. This fact greatly reduces for the publisher and for the purchaser the cost of a book. It might almost be said that a cloth-bound book is, on the Continent, the exception. Let the traveler recall the book-stalls and bookstores of Paris, Florence, Rome, and other continental cities, and say how many cloth-bound books

he saw on all these shelves. When a new book has won its spurs it *may* be bound by individuals, or by public libraries.

"Besides these periodicals (mentioned above) the Italian Baptists are also issuing a rich evangelical literature for which there is an urgent need, Catholic leaders as well as Protestants of all denominations making use of it." From the very nature of the case, evangelical workers began their labors in Italy with practically no religious literature. Our Baptist leaders in Italy are doing no unworthy nor small part toward the creation of such a literature. When Italy's long night of ignorance and illiteracy was beginning to be broken, Dr. Taylor had written to our Foreign Board: "Now Italy reads, and we should do our part towards furnishing a healthy, cheap literature." It seems most proper to give here an account at least of some of the books Southern Baptists have given to Italy.

The Lord's Prayer and The Modern World, whose author is Signor Pietro Chiminelli, who has been already mentioned, was memorized and then preached by a Roman priest in the Catholic Cathedral of Ancona. "After his series of eight sermons he was praised in a flattering way by the local archbishop for his devotional, gospel preaching." Another book by the same author, *The Life of Jesus,* has gone through several editions and has been bought by more than twenty Catholic bishops and archbishops and by hundreds of

priests, receiving from these purchasers highest praise.

In announcing the publication at an early day of two other books, Dr. Whittinghill wrote: "We shall soon have a Baptist literature in Italy worthy of our name, our history, our great principles." The first of these books was a translation of five chapters taken from the *Fundamentals,* that series of valuable and sound volumes published in Chicago some years ago and widely read in our country. Hundreds of requests for this book came from other lands, as well as Italy, before it was ready. The other book was a volume on homiletics, a subject on which there had been no text-book in Italian. These books already named, as well as others that will be mentioned, very worthily fulfill the promise and prophecy contained in the title *Library of Religious Studies* with which Dr. Whittinghill gave to readers the forecast and worthy ambition that was born in his earnest desire for Italy's advance in knowledge and faith. This *Library* had had as its first volume *Christianity and Criticism.* This volume, as anticipated, had a warm reception and was especially welcome to evangelicals. No less than 2,000 copies were printed, and most of them were distributed among all classes of people, including evangelical ministers, modernists, Catholic priests, and many others. Concerning the publication of this book, Dr. Whittinghill wrote:

It was the first time since my coming to Italy that funda-

mental New Testament doctrines have been presented in book form to the Italian public by orthodox writers who knew how to command the attention and respect of the best thinkers. Dr. Mullins' article on "The Testimony of Religious Experience" was highly praised by many. Literally hundreds of letters and postals came to me from all parts commending the publication and calling for other volumes. We Baptists have the credit of being the first to undertake a propaganda in Italy against the writings of the radical schools of France and Germany which are largely read here.

Besides a second volume of the *Library of Religious Studies,* there appeared that same year six tracts. The first one, entitled *Faith and Science,* by Dr. James Orr, was well received, especially by the learned class. Two other tracts entitled *Who are the Baptists?* and *What Do Baptists Believe?* by Dr. Gill, were brief and well written. Three other tracts were from the pen of Signor Berio, one of our Southern Baptist evangelists and pastors in Italy.

Yet another of the books published was *The Baptists,* being a volume of some 200 pages, made up of these three parts: I. *History of the Baptists,* by D. G. Whittinghill; II. *Baptist Beliefs,* by E. Y. Mullins; III. *Baptism,* by G. B. Taylor. A copy of this book was sent to each of the 2,000 readers of *Bilychnis* gratis. In addition more than 500 Roman Catholic priests received a copy free. Of these 500 copies about 30 were returned with rather acrimonious criticisms as to the

contents of the book as well as to the motives which led to its being sent forth.

Let one other of the volumes of this *Library* be mentioned, namely, *Verso La Fede,* made up of chapters with these titles: *The Existence of God; The Immortality of the Soul; A Question of Authority in Matters of Faith; Sin; A Modern Concept of Dogma; Is a Miracle Possible?* and *Christianity and Human Dignity.* There were 3,000 copies of this book, and the money for its publication came from many friends, one being the late Dr. A. H. Strong of Rochester.

Two other books, written one by a son and the other by his father, both son and father being our evangelist pastors, must not be forgotten in this partial list of modern Italian religious books produced by our Italian brethren. The first of these books, a volume of 250 pages, was entitled: *The Papal Primacy in History and Italian Thought.* On the cover an illustration, by our Professor Paschetto, shows the triple papal crown being cloven by a two-edged sword. The author of this book is Signor Aristarco Fasulo. This book was his thesis for his Law Degree in the University of Rome. Though now a preacher, he had studied the law ever since his boyhood. The book is a valuable contribution to Italian Protestant literature, and in it tribute is paid to Roger Williams and his work for separation of Church and State. The book has this dedication:

TO MY FATHER
A VETERAN OF HIS NATIVE LAND
AND OF THE GOSPEL
IN ITALY
ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY

This father, even in his old age, was a very handsome man, a Sicilian. As a youth he fought under Garibaldi. His was indeed the artistic temperament, and for recreation he loved to paint landscapes. He was wont to say that every woman ought to be a flower, so his daughters were named for flowers — Violet, Camellia, Rosa, Dahlia and Bianca. The second book mentioned above was by his pen, being a Protestant controversial novel called *Emmelina.* It was much read by young Italian evangelicals.

Even a cursory examination of this partial list of our book publications in Italian can but bring delight and possibly surprise to anyone interested in what Southern Baptists are doing for the betterment of the world. These books mark an era in the religious history of modern Italy and a noble milestone in the work of the Southern Baptists. And the end is not yet, for the volumes described above and others published are doubtless merely the vanguard of a great host of books we are to father, to brighten and bless tens of thousands in Italy.

In speaking of what our Italian brethren have done through the printing-press, mention must be made of the hymns of Signor Vincenzo Bellondi, for a long

time our evangelist-pastor in Venice. The singing and the hymns in all evangelical churches in Italy, as one would be led to suppose, are of a high order. Having, as Signor Bellondi had, a choir master of ability, the hymns, words and music coming from and through him promise to remain permanently for the enrichment of Italian evangelical church worship.

In a survey of our contribution to the religious literature of Italy must be included our share in Bible revision work. Not long before his death, Dr. Taylor was appointed to represent the Baptists in the proposed revision of Diodati's translation. He accepted this appointment and attended one meeting of this revision committee. Soon after, however, his call to heavenly realms came; but his son-in-law, Dr. D. G. Whittinghill, was elected to succeed him; and so the representation on this committee for our Baptist people was maintained.

TORINO BAPTIST CHURCH

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CHAPTER IX

SCENES AND STORIES

Watchman, what of the night?
—*Is. 21:11.*

Several titles for this chapter suggested themselves, one being *Progress and Prospects,* but the one chosen stands above. Consider some of the pivotal events of this period and then pass on to the "scenes and stories." Certainly, at least among the outstanding events of these years of our Italian work were these: Advance into North Africa; Taking over the English Baptist Mission; Purchase of the Barberini property; Establishment of an Orphanage in Rome; Earthquake at Messina; Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius; Death of George Boardman Taylor; World War; Death of Robert J. Willingham; Baptist World's Alliance; Official Religious Census of Italy; Mussolini.

Two "words," one from the very early days of our work in Italy, and the other penned in 1928, will help others to see the progress and growth God has given us. The following is an extract from one of Dr. Taylor's first reports to the Foreign Mission Board, and tells of the Rome church:

Yesterday, May 23rd, Mr. Cocorda baptized 5. After the baptisms referred to above a covenant which we had prepared was signed by six of the original members, by the 5 just bap-

tized and by Mr. Cocorda and his wife and by myself. There are three or four more to sign. Thus we begin almost anew and the little church is very feeble.

This organization was effected when the services were being held in the hall in Piazza Monte Citorio. The following is from one who though not connected with our Mission, has known the work all these years being heart and soul its friend:

Signor Fasulo left yesterday for Canada [World's Baptist Alliance, Toronto]. He was very keen on going and I do hope will derive much benefit. He is by far our best preacher and the Rome church under him has grown far beyond what I ever dared hope, and he is useful as a writer, being a student . . . and profoundly interested in the Baptist cause in Italy. In fact I am lately encouraged by a sense of permanence in the work and our members; it really all seems more encouraging. I used to be such a doubting Thomas.

Be prepared, reader, in the pages that follow, to visit all parts of the Italian peninsula, first walking the streets of great and famous cities, and then climbing up to villages and towns among the mountains; perhaps you will be willing at least sometimes to take your map of Italy and find the places we visit.

Naples, with its dense population, lying under the shadow of Vesuvius, and on the picturesque bay of which our English poets have written, at one time had three Baptist churches, perhaps not very friendly to one another and no one of them very strong; but finally these three congregations united, and now the Via

Foria church and congregation is perhaps the most important Baptist congregation in Italy. As among our home churches, pastors in Italy move from one church to another, yet many if not most of the Italian Baptist pastors have pastorates of worthy length and service. For nine years Signor Pietro Chiminelli was the pastor of this Naples church. He is not unknown in our home land, for he is a graduate not only of our Rome theological seminary but also of "Louisville." Not only is he a preacher, but he is also an author—an author of a number of books in Italian, some of which have already been mentioned, as well as the writer of one or more books in English. He had, before coming to Naples, organized the Baptist church in Floridia, a town not far from Syracuse, in Sicily. He describes an event which took place when this church had barely begun its life:

On a Sunday morning in October, our brethren, led by their preacher, were surprised by a mob estimated at 3,000 by the secular papers. It was composed mostly of women, instigated by the local parish priest. The bell of the Catholic belfry announced the hour of that red Sunday. The preacher at the time was reading the text of his sermon, which was one of the Beatitudes of Jesus: "Blessed are the meek." An increasing noise from the outside was heard. The mob besieged the hall, broke down the door and the lights and wounded several brethren. The writer and a number of members made their escape through a back window by means of a rope, with which they were drawn up to a place of safety on the roof of a neighboring house. Troops were called by telegraph from Syracuse. Two hundred

soldiers restored the population to order. The young church was strengthened in that day, and the next May the writer baptized the first fifty brethren "blessed" to have endured persecution for the sake of Jesus.

During his pastorate here there came to be 120 in the Sunday-school and he organized a *Circolo,* (club) that had 98 members, which was intended indirectly to lead men to Jesus. He also established in the town a circulating library with a thousand volumes. While the words of Paul, "not many wise not many mighty," still hold good everywhere, and especially, perhaps, in Italy, yet our Signor Chiminelli is related through his mother to the Hon. Luigi Luzzatti, late Prime Minister, and his brother is a well-known author and a major of the Italian marines.

Miglionico, a mountain town down in Southern Italy, not far from the Gulf of Taranto, is one of the places where we have a church-house. The story of Miglionico and its faithful pastor, Signor Carlo Piccinni, has already been told in part in a previous chapter of this book. This church supports a mission of its own at Cersosimo, where, when they baptize, they make a pool in a mountain-stream, as we do in our mountain sections in the homeland. Also the nearby town of Bernalda is "evangelized" by the faithful Piccinni, who for a quarter of a century has ministered to this field. Suddenly his wife was snatched away by death. She was a Florentine, so had found this rough

mountain town rather a sharp contrast to the home of her maiden days. "She was domestic and reserved; but her sterling character made itself felt, and even a high Romanist ecclesiastic burst into tears on hearing of her death."

Italy has its stories of self-sacrifice and hardship which entitle some of our evangelists of that land to a place beside our western frontier pioneers. Two of our ministers in Naples were in the habit of making long journeys in third-class cars to preach the gospel to those who otherwise could not have heard it; and they were both old men in years though not old in health, while in heart they were young. Especially has one of these brethren traveled at his own expense two Sundays in each month ten or twelve hours each Sunday, rising at dawn for the purpose, to supply the nascent church at Minturno, a town north of Naples; while his own congregation was supplied by two or three members. There was, indeed, some dissatisfaction as to the absence of their valued minister, but it was proved to them that they had no right to complain, nay, that they should be glad of these openings elsewhere and of the opportunity to cultivate gifts in their own midst. So, altogether, our two men in Naples, with the help indicated, were able to do the work of three men.

All the world not only heard of and wept over Messina and Reggio (the Rhegium of Acts) when

those towns were desolated by the fearful earthquake, but also gave to help the smitten cities. Before hearing the story of our own especial loss in the great seismatic disturbance, be reminded of the early story of our work in these two twin cities.

Nearly seventy years ago "a converted parish priest in Messina formed there an independent evangelical church and, after ministering to it several years, went as a missionary to India." For some time this work was carried on by his son, voluntary contributions coming in chiefly from England. "Having come in a very remarkable and providential way to the knowledge of Baptist principles, and being convinced of their conformity to the Scriptures," he applied to join our mission. He was given a very small help from us, and with his people continued to study the New Testament and our doctrines. The material composing this congregation was excellent. Before long he and nineteen others were baptized. On this occasion the preaching and the rite excited great interest, many people closing their shops and stores to attend. The hall was filled, many standing. The sacristan of the neighboring Romish church, who began ringing the bell (perhaps at the priest's order) in order to hinder our services, ended by coming to hear the preaching. A neighboring village was also visited by the Messina minister. Here the gospel was heard with deep interest, indeed, seemed to possess the whole place. A Jesuit, who had chal-

lenged the evangelist, fled from the place, escorted by the carabinieri. Another town asked for a preacher and offered the use of a large hall.

Reggio also became a place of deep interest in the gospel, and likewise a place of persecution. The cook of the Archbishop, because of his evangelical views, was turned out of his job, nor was he given the usual certificate of his ability and good conduct. His wife, hairdresser to the ladies of the town, lost every customer. The hall used for our meetings was unjustly taken away. Later another hall was offered to our evangelist gratuitously. Once, when many were gathered in the room of one of our ministers, who was there on a visit, a New Testament was called for. A little boy produced one from his pocket, and the preacher later learned that forty people in the place belonged to the International Society for Daily Reading of God's Word.

The earthquake ruined the building used for our services. Two months after the disaster, Signor Scuderi, his family, and relatives—in all seventeen—were still buried under the horrible mass of débris. After much diligent searching, the fate of half of the members of the little church was unknown. Desolation, famine, disease, and putrifying bodies marked the place of this once beautiful city. Scaletta and Itala, out-stations, were also reduced to ruins. Our work in

these cities was finally reëstablished, when the results of the earthquake were in large measure overcome.

Let us not forget the extension of our work to the shores of North Africa. At the time of this story eighty thousand Italians lived in Tunis, which stands not far from the site of ancient Carthage. One of our evangelists was invited to come to Tunis and preach. He went, was hospitably entertained, and preached daily in the French church. One of those reached and baptized had been for years a colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Baptist propaganda awakened opposition, and he lost his position with the Society. Unfortunately, lack of men and money made it impossible for our mission to enter this inviting field at once. A few years later, however, one of our missionaries visited Tunis, baptized twenty-six persons, found twenty others hoping for the ordinance at an early day, and put in charge of the work Signor Barbera, the former colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who also maintained two outstations. Later a new locale was secured on a principal street and twenty-eight more persons were baptized. Signor Barbera displayed much zeal and capacity for soul-winning, gathered a Sunday-school of fifty, visited frequently the nearby towns of Kram and Goletta, and presently sent two students to our theological school in Rome. Before many years passed the Sunday-school had an enrolment of ninety and the church a member-

ship of seventy-nine, and other towns were asking for preaching and preachers. In the process of time, members of our Tunis church moved to Tripoli; nor did they leave their religion behind them, as is the manner of some. So now we have a church in Tripoli with a pastor.

As the number of our churches in Italy has grown, and as the membership in these churches has increased, the emigration of Italians has more and more told upon our cause. At first this movement seriously hindered the growth and progress of our work in Italy. Especially in Southern Italy this loss, in numbers and in strength, affected our churches. As the years have gone by, an unexpected blessing has come to these churches that had lost so heavily through emigration to America. Often from the grinding poverty of some village or town in Southern Italy these Baptist emigrants attained in America the land of promise, to a degree of material prosperity they could never have reached in their native place. They had carried with them to their new home their religion and their love for the church where they had first heard and accepted the gospel. Again and again in the record of our churches in Italy is found the statement that some of their members in America were sending back regularly contributions for the support of their mother church. In other cases, membership had been placed in the local Italian Baptist church in the United States; but still

money went back for some improvement or enlargement that otherwise the church in the home-land could never have had. Let us notice some examples of these statements:

The Calitri church has ten members in America, one of them being the pastor of the Italian Baptist Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut. The brother who originated the work at Calitri is now minister at Monson Quarry, Massachusetts, where there are seven brethren who emigrated from the Gravina church. These seven are in frequent correspondence with the evangelist in Gravina and with their mother church. The church building at Monson Quarry was erected by the local membership. One of our Italian evangelists, after twenty years of service in his native land, emigrated to Argentina. Another of our evangelists, who found it difficult to support his family with twelve children on the salary our Mission paid him, upon the advice of one of our Italian missionaries, came to America. To divide the expense of the great ocean trip, the family came a few at a time. The move was a wise one; today one of the sons is a successful pastor in New England and another son is a professor in one of the great American universities, giving promise of being the leading authority in certain fields of archæological research. Surely these Italians, members of our churches in Italy and coming to America, have stood the acid test and given proof both of their ability to make good in a strange country

as well as of the sincerity and genuineness of their faith and Baptist convictions.

To one who has followed more or less carefully our work in Italy from its beginning, the following list of churches for an early year in the present century will be most interesting and encouraging even if the reader does not know much about each place: Genoa, Sanpierdarena, San Remo, Novara, Venice, Consandalo, Carpi, Milan, Florence, Pordenone, Rome, Ancona, Naples, Boscoreale, Gravina, Altamura, Matera, Bari, Barletta, Calitri, Avellino, Minturno, Reggio, Messina, Palermo, Noto, Cagliari, Iglesias, Maconeer, Tunis. Today the list is even longer.

The deep poverty found in many Italian villages, accompanied, alas! not unfrequently by squalor and filth, can scarcely be realized in America, where wealth and luxury and comfort are so generally found. This poverty explains, at least in part, the large emigration from Italy to America, and also, in a measure, the slow growth of our Italian churches in the matter of self-support and contributions. Nor is this poverty confined to Southern Italy. The people in Consandolo, a town near Ferrara, are so poor that *polenta* (corn meal mush) and beans are about their only food, meat being well-nigh unknown. Here New Testaments costing only a nickel were bought on the instalment plan, one cent at a time being paid. In at least two towns in Southern Italy our evangelists were promoters of organizations

to protect our members from unjust prices, to give them the benefit of wholesale cost, and to make their slim incomes (think of working for twenty cents a day!) go as far as possible. Remember, too, that taxes in Italy are very heavy; to give a concrete illustration, think of an inheritance tax of one hundred fifty-nine dollars on a piece of property worth six hundred dollars!

A former chapter has told the story of the establishment and organization of our theological seminary in Rome. Very promptly did the good fruit of this "school of the prophets" appear in the field we are seeking to help and bless. Again and again in the roll and record of the churches comes such a statement as this: "Our evangelist here is Signor ———, who finished his studies with us last year." Or perhaps it reads this way: "The minister here is Signor ———, who studied with us for two years in our school." Perhaps the word is even briefer: "The pastor here is ———, one of our students." Indeed, already it is true that nearly half of our Italian pastors have been trained in our seminary in Rome. Then, in the summer-time the students of this seminary are scattered all over Italy, helping pastors, doing independent work, and preaching to hundreds of people, their sermons being often reported by the newspapers.

The story of the persecution of many of our workers in the earlier days in Italy has already been told, but,

alas! in the twentieth century our preachers and people are still the objects of much the same sort of injustice. Persecution in many a town and village in Southern Italy still holds high hand. In one of these towns a converted priest was disinherited because he had turned from the faith of his fathers. In Goia del Colle our pastor was driven out. In Sicily, where the hedges of the fields are of geraniums waist-high, and where oranges and flowers abound, is the little town of Noto, with one of our stations. Here the ordinance of baptism was being administered in the blue, blue waters of the Mediterranean, and almost under the shadow of Mt. Etna. This, the local priest could not allow; so, with his underlings, he broke up the beautiful ceremony. In Messina — but not there alone — Catholic landlords either refuse to rent us halls for our services or make themselves disagreeable, even tyrannical, lords. In Calitri, about half-way between Naples and Bari, the procession passed one day with its priests and acolytes and crosses and banners and images and incense and mumbled Latin hymns. A certain young man, whose mother was a widow, as the crowds, spell-bound, watched the spectacle, crossing themselves, saying Ave Marias and even kneeling down, did not so much as lift his hat. For this his mother was heavily fined. Fortunately, a liberal lawyer of generous spirit plead his cause and saved the day.

Not a pillar nor post but is dizened
With red and blue papers;
All the roof waves with ribbons, each altar
Ablaze with long tapers;
But the great masterpiece is the scaffold
Rigged glorious to hold
All the fiddlers and fifers and drummers
And trumpeters bold,
Not afraid of Bellini nor Auber,
Who, when the priest's hoarse,
Will strike us up something that's brisk
For the feast's second course,
And then will the flaxen-winged Image
Be carried in pomp
Through the plain, while in gallant procession
The priests mean to stomp.

These scenes, born of bigotry and intolerance, have not been limited to Southern Italy, the most superstitious section of the peninsula. In Piedmont one of our evangelists was turned out of his father's house because he would not abandon the gospel. Even in Rome, the Eternal City, our people have had to suffer for their faith and to witness scenes suggestive of the Dark Ages and the days of the Inquisition. One of our pastors in Rome was nearly beaten to death in his own house by our adversaries. He and his family had to leave home for several weeks, in order to save their lives. An attempt to have the perpetrators of this dastardly deed punished completely failed.

And another Roman story: A girl who wanted to be baptized in our church was tormented by her family, but she won the battle and was "buried with Christ." Her mother witnessed the ordinance, but later said she expected to see her daughter die in the water. Just a few years ago (can it really be so?) Bibles were burned in one of the public squares of Rome. One of our preaching halls near Naples, with an organ which cost five hundred dollars and which was the gift of Italian converts in America, was burned, the whole disaster entailing a loss of twelve hundred dollars. In Northern Italy fire was used by our enemies, no less than four residences belonging to our inquirers going up in flames.

As already pointed out, a most important event in this period—important and significant when the whole history of our mission is considered—was the taking over by our Board and its representatives of the work of the English Baptist Mission in Italy. This event was in part the outcome of the Baptist Conference in London, where the general policy was adopted that a single society should work in any given field. This transfer added to our force and to our equipment three missionaries, twelve native pastors, sixteen churches, eight church houses (seven of which had parsonages) and a publication plant in Turin. The church buildings taken over are in Florence, Turin, Meana, Montenerodomo, Paganico, Sabina, and three in Rome. The

English Baptist Mission work in Italy began some years before the unification of Italy, its founder being the Rev. James Wall. He was decidedly "English" in appearance, having a florid complexion and well-nigh auburn hair. He was of stocky, solid build, suggesting great capacity for endurance and work. He mastered the Italian language so thoroughly, and so conformed to Italian manners and customs, that he gained in very high degree the confidence of the people. His wife was a woman of great consecration, and she ever stood ready to sacrifice her personal comfort for the furtherance of the gospel. First in Bologna and then in Rome this worthy couple gave, without stint, of their heart's blood for the work they loved as their life, and then handed the torch of light to their children, who right loyally held it high. The other English Baptist Missionaries first and last were the Rev. W. K. Landels, the Rev. Robert Walker, the Rev. Nathaniel Shaw, and the Rev. J. Campwell Wall, all loyal men and true.

Observant visitors in Rome will remember the long line of a high hill—nay, rather a low mountain—that lies back of St. Peter's and the Vatican, and runs almost parallel with the Tiber on beyond the Ponte Molle (the Milvian Bridge made famous among other things by the story of Constantine and his vision of the Cross). This is Monte Mario. It seems almost a miracle that we were ever able to purchase on this commanding eminence a site for an orphanage. It

seems almost another miracle that we should have been able to hold this property, especially when we learn that an American order of nuns sought in every way to buy it. On this tract of thirty-five acres, where fruits and flowers find it easy to grow, a building has been erected for our orphanage. Already this house shelters some twenty boys. The Italian law provides that in such an institution boys and girls must not live under the same roof; so, for the present at least, our girls are in care of the Rev. H. H. Pullen, director of an independent Baptist Mission in Spezia, a town on the sea coast between Pisa and Genoa.

Soon after the establishment of our orphanage on Monte Mario, and some years after Dr. Taylor's death, at a general gathering of our mission workers a spontaneous suggestion came from the Italian brethren that the new institution be named "The G. B. Taylor Orphanage." This suggestion was adopted. American Baptist visitors in Rome find it pleasant to go to the top of Mt. Mario to see the orphanage and its grounds and boys, nor do they fail to enjoy the magnificent panorama of Rome that this spot affords.

Then, on Sunday a group of our boys, especially trained to sing, form the choir of the American Episcopal Church, St. Paul's, on Via Nazionale, and besides attracting friendly and helpful interest to this department of our work, incidentally earn one thousand dollars which goes toward the maintenance of

this worthy enterprise. Dr. Lowry, the rector of the church, who loves children, says that our boys know enough English for their choir work, but this does not satisfy him, so he continues to send an English teacher every week to Monte Mario; for he believes that a fuller knowledge of our language will be a help to them through life. His lovely wife took as her birthday celebration a treat to our boys to a visit to the Roman Zoo. She also gave them a Christmas party, with a present for each boy. The boys who have good voices are considered very lucky by their fellows, so the crowd is divided into two classes: the singers and the non-singers; so they call themselves the "big oxen" and the "little oxen." Every Sunday morning the beloved preceptor brings all the boys down from the orphanage hill into Rome, the singers going to Saint Paul's and the others to one of our churches, not far away, in Via Urbana. In the afternoon they all have their own service. During the week they attend the neighboring public school on St. Onofrio.

If we find it difficult in this country properly to support our orphanages, it need not cause surprise that our missionaries and churches in Italy have such financial straits also. For several years the Christmas dinner for the boys has been provided by "pigs." Let our missionary tell her own story:

At the beginning of the year I bought a number of cheap earthenware savings-banks in the shape of pigs. These banks

were painted white with the word "Orphans," and then distributed among the children of my Sunday-school class at the Via Teatro Valle church. The week before Christmas the children are invited to come to my house bringing their banks. We have a little party with cocoa, buns, and games. The climax comes when a red table-cloth is spread out and a big hammer is handed to the smallest child. Bank after bank is smashed and with a delightful clatter the pennies roll out and are counted and put into a bag. My little boy Robert really started this scheme with his own enthusiasm, as he dearly loves the orphans and his "pig" is always the fattest, as our friends, for love for him as well as for the orphans, put in something besides cents and dimes in order to make his big blue eyes dilate and the blood rush to his face with delight at seeing a crisp note tucked into the slit. But all the children are interested and the cannie Scotch saying that "many mickles make a muckle" comes true, so that not only was the Christmas dinner provided, but also a nice sum toward the upkeep.

As an evidence of the truth of the Italian proverb: "All the world's a country," it is a fact that our Italian churches, just as our churches in the home-land, do their most liberal giving when it is for the orphans.

In Italy neither Mt. Vesuvius nor Mt. Etna has a monopoly of earthquakes. Only a few years ago such a disturbance, resulting in the destruction of 3,000 lives, touched the small town of San Benedetto, in the Abruzzi Mountains, where one of our churches was located. Three days after the disaster took place all of the faculty of our Rome Theological Seminary were on the spot ready to do all they could to help the suffer-

ing and destitute. They found a horrible state of affairs. At least three-fourths of the population of several thousand were killed outright by the shock. Most of the members of our church were among the victims. Our brethren from Rome gave first aid to the wounded and comfort to the dying. (In this connection let the reader learn that once when Vesuvius was sending forth fire and cloud and smoke and death and dismay the members of our little church at the foot of the mountain were held responsible by the priests and their followers for the fearful scourge.)

The Great War hindered our work in many ways, yet at the same time it opened great doors, and was effectual for large propagation and proclamation of the gospel. The first effect of the war was to close our seminary; the young men were going to arms and the young preachers neither could be nor cared to be an exception. Indeed, one of our evangelists, upon finding himself exempt from the duties of active service because he was a minister and assigned to hospital work, revolted and asked to be placed in the fighting and firing line. Here he met his death, but not before he had proved himself to be the Christian poet as well as the Christian soldier. The path that had led to his conversion started with a conversation on a railroad train; then came a sermon, and finally, at his own charges and almost secretly, he visited a Baptist assembly to see for himself how things went on in such a circle and

atmosphere. He accepted Christ, came to our school in Rome, whence he went as pastor to S. Gregorio Magno, where he worked until the blast of war sounded in his ears.

As in the American Civil War, so in Italy the World War was the colporteur's golden opportunity. Our Italian mission-workers seized it. The British and Foreign Bible Society of London loaned us of their colporteurs, and so we were enabled to put into the hands of officers and men starting to the front 12,216 Scripture "portions" and 100 New Testaments. Bible women in Rome distributed 12,009 "portions" and 298 New Testaments to soldiers. In all nearly 25,000 portions of God's word were thus given out. Later, Christmas packages were forwarded to the men in camp. Halls for soldiers were opened, and in a few months had had an attendance of 158,094 and from these centers 59,474 portions were distributed and 75,721 tracts. Churches in border towns helped all they could, and often suffered through the chance of war or by the deliberate ill-will of the enemy. Our chapel at Pordenone was injured by explosions and at the hands of the Austrians. It became a dormitory, and its furniture and doors disappeared. Of its members, in the scattering that took place, only fifty-six were left, and of all their live-stock only one cow could be found after the tide of war had passed. The pastor's daughter, in her escape from a place of such imminent death and

danger, traveled three days in a cattle-car, with only some dry bread to eat. In Messina alone 6,000 attended service, and of these 150 were "converted." It was a casting of the bread upon the water; has it not been—will it not be—found? Of course our members and ministers were not immune from disease and death. The roster of our own who died for the world's real freedom cannot be given here, but the name of at least one more of our heroes who fell is set down—Dr. John Arbanasich, whose father, a minister of ours, was a flaming evangel, was himself a scholar, an author, a preacher, a translator of the Scriptures; he was wounded near the Austrian trenches, and then, dying, left a widow and five children.

War has its aftermath, which is usually awful; yet sometimes we can see the silver lining. One soldier, a Government surveyor, was first turned toward the gospel when he saw in his days at the front the comfort and cheer derived from the Bible by his evangelical companions in arms. He was converted and came all the way from Avellino (whence comes the water supply of Naples) to Rome to be baptized. If Wilson's wartime visit to Rome brought trouble to evangelicals, since he paid his respects to the Pope in the Vatican, they never forgot that immediately upon leaving "His Holiness" he sought the assembly of his Protestant brethren.

There is nothing like seeing, if our interest in our

foreign mission work is going to glow like a flame, a zeal that works and leaps to other hearts. If we cannot see with our own eyes, let us see through the eyes of another. May we not right now visit with one of our missionaries some of our mission stations in Southern Italy:

From Rome to Bari is fourteen hours run, and there we took a side line to Altamura. The country was lovely with the groves of mammoth olives, vivid almond, and fig trees laden with fruit and stretches of blood-red poppies. The lack of rain had laid a heavy white dust over all. The town which was our destination is on a high ridge and the fields are full of rocks, but in spite of this it is cultivated with lentils and wheat—the two greens contrasting prettily—while the cactus hedges were gay with yellow bloom. The towns have a quasi-oriental look with their one-story, flat-roofed buildings.

At Altamura the pastor met us and we went at once to visit the kindergarten and sewing-school for girls. There were sixty-five present; and they looked very attractive in dark blue aprons and white collars. They recited and sang hymns for us and then we saw an exhibition of their labors, with each one's name upon the articles, beginning with the kindergarten work of paper and card board up to the fine embroidered sheets of the sixteen and seventeen-year-old pupils.

Italian girls are all taught to sew and embroider and they begin early to prepare their wedding chests. This work is invaluable. The two teachers are fine Baptist women who are capable and do all the designing. The pupils bring their own bread and stay from nine to five o'clock daily. On Thursday there is special religious training and singing. We saw the cauldron for soup-making, which holds several gallons, and is provided by the mission.

On Sunday morning at nine-thirty we attended the service in our small but tastefully decorated chapel, with its bell, which is the pride of the brethren. As we went we met a procession of hundreds of women wearing Paisley shawls and chanting Latin prayers. They were led by small boys with shaved heads and crowned with wreaths of thorns. The priests carried a crucifix. All these were directed towards the Church of St. Christopher whom they hoped to appease and to make him send rain! I felt that this stream of superstitious people could quite easily turn upon us few and rend us, but then remembered His presence and took heart.

In the chapel, the pastor played on the baby harmonium and afterwards we adjourned across the town to the rooms of the kindergarten where the baptisms were to be. It was literally an "upper chamber" and the primitive arrangement of a draped bath-tub on an improvised stage, with curtains, should have taken away all the solemnity of the beautiful ceremony, but it could not quite do so. For lack of baptisteries and equipment we are sadly handicapped here in Italy. Can we ever expect to reach the better classes when our work is carried on thus? The candidates wore night-dresses, but their simple faith and zeal were touching and the real thing. Many of our brethren from this town have been to America and speak of Monson, Mass., as if it were all one word, and around the corner.

One evening the girls of the sewing school and the kindergarten children were to give an entertainment for the benefit of the mutilated soldiers. A large hall was promised by the mayor, but then he was called away from town and forgot (?) to notify his "under dogs" so at the last hour the hall was not available. The pastor said quietly: "Well, I shall place posters every where stating whose fault it is that the performance is not to take place." Hearing this, the authorities backed down and the entertainment proceeded regularly and did credit to the

young people. With truly Latin grace they recited and sang. The despised Protestants made a good show and advertisement in this town and it was a triumph for them to be for once recognized and appreciated.

We wanted to give these girls a little treat and found what they would consider thrilling was to go on the train as far as the next station and then have a picnic, to many of them a new experience. A hamper was packed with baked macaroni, meat balls and cherries and they escorted us the day we left, feeling very proud to be traveling five minutes on the train. The last we saw of the blue-aproned group with their shining faces they were standing on the platform singing one of our hymns.

We continued to Gioia del Colle, where we have a rented hall and a big congregation of working men and women. Here the services were good and the Sunday before there were ten baptisms. Preparations were being made in the town for a big feast for Sam Fillipo Neri. Colored glass balls hung in hundreds of festoons over the principal streets and brass bands were booming away while a hideous image of the saint was borne aloft. Talk of idolatry! This "festa" cost lire 200,000, the money provided by the people themselves. The town still shows the influence of Barbarossa in its architecture, while the old castle partially in ruins has windows and traceries of lace-like delicacy. Many of the people have rooms with doors on the ground floor, opening right on the side-walk. Often these are sleeping-rooms and before the aperture is hung a knitted white cotton curtain with archaic designs upon it. We saw some of the brethren. Among others a youth of nineteen years who has a creeping paralysis and has kept his bed for four years. The whole family live in two rooms. They are a saintly group, the boy so patient, so happy in his faith; the mother and sister never miss going to church and he begs to be left because he says sending them is all he can do to testify.

At Bari we found a conservative church, but not without promise. This is the city where the present Queen Elena was formally made a Roman Catholic in order to marry King Victor Emmanuel III. Bari is situated on the sea and has broad streets, a commercial port and up-to-date school building and fine shops. Here we have again a rented hall for services not in a very important street, and yet we expect to do great things for the cause of Christ.

Let us go next into Northern Italy with two of our missionaries:

In Milan the church is over fifty years old and the brethren are still worshiping in a *rented hall*, in a far-off quarter because it is all that can be found, but we need a *church building*. Sunday we attended two services, one at Varese, a neighboring town where there is a group of believers and sympathizers. Leaving Milan, we journeyed into the valley of Susa, where the English Baptists founded the work which two years ago was taken over by our Board. Our first stop was at San Antonio, which is a hamlet in the heart of vineyards and apple orchards at the foot of the Alps. Signor Buffa is a widower living with his very old parents and in company with the trio one feels that they have walked with God. The primitive inn of the "Angel," with its stone balcony, overhung with purple grapes, looking out on a large dirt courtyard, offered us a barn-like room and coarse sheets of linen. In this town we have a neat little chapel and a tiny parsonage adjoining. We hurried to the service where the simple brethren were gathered and the pastor had prepared some fine choruses and the Sunday-school girls recited Bible verses followed by addresses by Signor Buffa and my husband. In spite of the dialect of the people, I could see by the responsive faces of the women that they understood my few words too. In the morning we walked to a neighboring village and visited the brethren at their homes and I found myself remembering simi-

lar occasions in "Old Virginia." The pastor, besides having Sunday-school and the regular services, teaches the three R's and music and has an influence for good which is felt in spite of the contrary work of the Roman Catholics.

In the afternoon we continued to Susa, where the road over which Cæsar marched from Gaul is still used with its triumphal arch. Our pastor here lives in the house where Napoleon stayed and we saw the room where he slept, decayed grandeur, save the ceilings, which are fine. The eight children of the pastor, with no toys, and with the bare necessities, play happily, creating a "pharmacy" with water and mud, and sing hymns lustily the while. In this town the clericals are making war on the evangelicals, and the pastor, going one night over a dark bridge to hold service, found five men armed with big sticks waiting for him! He walked on serenely, and they dared not touch him. We went to an out-of-the-way hamlet for services where sympathizers (not baptized) have rented a tiny, bare, low-pitched room. One man brought the benches and another painted Scripture verses on the wall and another helped bring the baby harmonium. The people are poor day-laborers and girls working in the mills. The pastor played the harmonium and four men and one girl accompanied with mandolins and violin. I suppose few knew how to read, and yet I wish you could have heard the hymn-singing and seen the attention to the appeal to the people to look to Christ as their Saviour. It was hot and the air foul, but it was thought wiser not to open the door, fearing some insult from the priest. The pastor told me how he started this work by going apparently for a walk and then getting acquainted with the people one by one and reading hymns and then the Bible.

The next day we went to see our chapel at Meana, which is very nice. It has a baptistery, a little tower, and a clock. Here the pastor goes on foot several times a week for preaching. He

gives himself body and soul to the work. My husband stopped at Avigliana, where there is a new work, and held a good service Saturday night. There was present a man who had spent twenty-eight years in prison! Another who had been the only evangelical there for twenty-five years until recently.

In each place we have found interest and zeal and the gratitude and prayer of all for the brethren in America. My husband and I have spoken nearly every night, and the people seem encouraged by our visit. Each night I would put to bed our eight-year-old Robert in a new, strange room to him, and on our return he would arouse and say "Did you have a good meeting?"

From one of our churches in Rome comes this interesting pen-picture:

In our church is a very clever, pretty young woman who, in spite of her marriage to a lawyer and politician of no faith, but nominally, of course, a Romanist, has continued to attend our church and has also retained her position as directress of one of the largest Roman elementary schools. She looked very charming and earnest in her fur coat and periwinkle blue-lined cloak and hat as she came to me and said: "Could you get me some of those big Sunday-school picture rolls of New Testament scenes you used to have? I asked the director of our school to let me give the 'religious instruction' in my school myself. He hesitated for some time, as he was afraid the authorities would object, but as I said I knew the gospel and the other teachers do not, he has consented and my children just love the Bible lessons! I keep them as reward and tell them 'If you do not behave you cannot come to my religious instruction.' We have done the Creation and are just come to the Fall—but I particularly want some pictures of the New Testament, and I remember you had them with people in Oriental dress and cor-

rect setting. In the book stores here I can get only conventional madonnas and haloed saints."

The next story has as its scene places not far to the south of Rome:

On Saturday my husband and I went to Formia by the new short route to Naples and the old way by coach via Terracina, Fondi, etc. We went to see a young church there and a "Circolo" of young men. Formia is in a grove of oranges right on the water and opposite to Gaeta. It was the feast of St. John and the town in great confusion, the streets lined with little altars and images of the saint. There were booths everywhere for cheap finery and toys, while bands were playing and crowds of people promenading. Sunday morning we rose early to go to Spigno which is up in the mountains. Here our brethren have suffered much for their faith; their hall and harmonium were burned, etc. We went in an old hired motor, as the town can be reached only in this way or on mule back. We had with us the local pastor and three young men, and half way stopped to pick up "nonna" (=grandma) in full costume of white towel on her head, huge ear-rings, full skirt, brocade bodice and overskirt of scarlet cloth. She had been waiting for us since 4 A. M. Part of our route was on the Appian Way, up, up past Cyclopean walls; the view a marvel of beauty, blue sea, orange groves, Vesuvius in the distance. Spigno is small, with narrow, rocky streets, women in costume. Our brethren have for some time been obliged to gather out in the open but now have an "upper chamber" for services, small with one window, but new chairs, and much zeal. Three small children offered me huge sheaves of yellow broom; they said it was not much of a bouquet, but all they had and produced by the sun and the earth! These were placed in the window which framed in peaceful olive trees and yellow grain. Somehow I found myself thinking of Pales-

tine. Every one spoke, my husband, the pastor, the deacons, and I a word of greeting to the women. Then a woman entered with a linen napkin full of "biscotti" and cups of black coffee for all. As we left and walked through the narrow streets and heard the Roman Catholic church bell ringing and the procession we could feel the hostility, but in spite of all the opposition, my heart seemed stirred and uplifted by the faith and simplicity of our people. They also make sacrifices, walking miles to attend services. In the evening we had preaching and discourses at Formia, where they have a rented hall set back from the street in a garden. They are so anxious to have a proper chapel. On Monday we went to Gaeta, which is situated picturesquely, and to see our "Casa Esterna" for working girls, and then back to Rome.

A recent traveler in Italy gives us an account of his sight of two of our churches in the north:

Turin, where we spent a night, though a city disregarded by tourists, has streets paved with big blocks of stone, public parks and squares with fountains, flowers and monuments, arcades that enable the pedestrian to cross the city protected from sun and rain, and on the edge of the Po, a station from which airplanes make regular sailings to Trieste and other points. This city was once the capital of the kingdom of Italy and the burial place of its kings. It is one of the leading commercial cities of Italy. Here is manufactured one of the best, if not the best, Italian automobiles. Our Baptist church stands on a corner where two main streets meet. The architecture of the building externally is in harmony with the dignified buildings which surround it. The auditorium, while not large, shows a beauty and church-like air and taste that delights and helps the worshipper. Indeed, this auditorium has a far more religious atmosphere, without in the least borrowing any Catholic decorations, far

surpassing many of our Baptist churches in America. Next to the church is our book-store, where Bibles and religious books are sold, presided over by a little woman with heaven in her face; she has had this work thirty-four years and the store meets its expenses and pays her salary as store-keeper and sexton; the home of the pastor is above the church. This Baptist plant, in this city whose streets suggest Paris, shows permanence and quiet dignity. . . . In Florence our property is not far from the River Arno and the Lung Arno and is on the Via Ogni Santi, which is by no means a side street. (So much has been said by visitors in Italy about our chapels being on side streets!) We own a four-story building, part of the first floor, the second floor and the third being rented out, while the fourth serves as the home of the pastor. Here, as in Turin, the church auditorium shows a beauty and grace that may well prove an aid to devotion. The pastor of this church, Ignatio Rivera, a young man, a graduate from St. Andrews, Scotland, with a face marked by intelligence, vivacity and charm, is not only an excellent pastor, but a leader in our young people's work in Italy. By the way, the ability of our Baptist ministers in Italy must impress and delight all who are interested in evangelical and Baptist progress in that land.

Once more, through the pen and eyes of one of our missionaries who writes from Rome, let us see another of our mission churches:

Last Sunday we spent at Isola del Liri; leaving home Saturday afternoon, we slept at Fiuggi, which is famous for its waters and its woods. We saw the Rossis, mother and daughter; unfortunately, Alice was in bed with a fever. We started Sunday morning and reached Isola in time for good services in the little hall, which has been freshly decorated, but the poor harmonium is beyond help and they need a new one badly. We

started a wee fund for it. Isola has a beautiful waterfall and paper mills in which hundreds are employed. The pastor, a young graduate, is the son of our pastor who is condemned to three years on an island off the coast of Sicily for political reasons. The family has suffered much but now is hoping for better days. We had with us the former pastor who spoke, as did Dr. Whittinghill. Every one was very friendly. At 5 A. M. Monday we started home, a lovely run through *ciocciaria,* golden grain, the peasants out in queer head dresses, full skirts and velvet bodices, little villages which seemed *glued* on small hills.

In imagination we have visited some of our Italian churches. Some of those which have not been seen in this mental trip have been mentioned somewhere in the foregoing pages. If the reader will turn to the map of the Italian Baptist Churches, he will see that practically all the great cities in the Peninsula and many smaller places have at least been entered—lampstands, as we believe, set up for Jesus. It is hoped that for many years this book may help those who are interested in our Baptist work in Italy. Statistics are constantly changing. Such data may be found from year to year in the report of the Foreign Mission Board to the Southern Baptist Convention. Broadly, however, it may be said that in the years covered by the story of these pages the roll of our Italian Baptist churches and mission stations has come up from below zero to much above the century mark. A paraphrase of Jacob's word: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands," might well be in order.

If all who have worked in our ranks for Italy, in the Peninsula and in the South, (and also elsewhere) could be brought together, as they rejoiced at the great progress that has been made, all would say: "Not unto us, O Jehovah, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory!"

What will another half century, by the grace of God, bring forth for Italy, through the agency of Baptist and other Christian workers?

CHAPTER X

MUSSOLINI

> Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them and they that are great exercise authority upon them. —*Matt. 20:25.*

"What in the world does all that great noise in the piazza mean?"

"Why, mother, do you not remember that today the 'Balilla' is meeting?" answered young Robert.

"And what is 'Balilla,' Robert?" asked an American tourist.

"Oh, do you not know?" replied Robert. " 'Balilla' is the name given to the Boy and Girl Scouts of Italy. A little boy named Balilla, in Genoa, in 1848, threw a stone at the foreign soldiers in his native town, and so a revolt against them was started."

The trio went to the window, and, sure enough, the big square, Piazza di Spagna, in the very heart of Rome's English quarter, was crowded with these boys and girls. "It looked as if the square had been turned into a big field of daisies, bordered and marshalled by swift black-and-white-tailed swallows. In the bright spring sunshine nothing could have been prettier than these little black and brown-eyed girls in their trim black skirts and white middies, their officers, wearing long black capes, darting up and down the ranks to

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get them into line or to hasten a change of position. Along the squads hovered the teachers of each day-school represented, dressed in their Sunday best. Presently through the square swarmed the Boy Scouts, marching gaily to their band's music, and the girls all threw out their right arms in the old Roman salute which the Fascisti have revived and imposed, to salute every Italian flag."

This organization among the boys and girls in Italy is a part of Mussolini's work, and shows how astute he is; for, to have the children is to have the future men and women as well as the parents. "Every school child is compelled to belong to this organization and failure to appear in a march or parade makes the girl or boy liable to one month's suspension from school, which naturally counts against the child's record." All these parades and gatherings are on Sunday, which means (for the "evangelical" children) missing Sunday-school and church and returning home about three o'clock in the afternoon utterly exhausted from standing six or seven hours in the sun. Under Mussolini these "Scouts" are practically a Roman Catholic institution, with "masses" and priestly functions. Remember that Mussolini described himself as "deeply a Catholic." So far, our orphanage boys in Rome have been allowed exemption from these gatherings, but this privilege may be at any time withdrawn.

No one today, who is interested in Italy and its pres-

ent and future religious outlook, can neglect considering Mussolini, *Il Duce,* who has wrought so powerfully and whose future career and influence can be forecast with no certainty. All do admit his unique personality and the large place he holds just now in Italy. Richard Washburn Child, sometime American Ambassador at the Quirinal, has described the curiosity among many as to Mussolini:

I had to pass upon applications of Americans to see Mussolini. Some were men who really have good minds and many were important. Some used to find that Mussolini was rather dramatic, that he rolled his eyes, ruffed his papers, and pressed buttons. I told Mussolini. He laughed. He said: "Well, a good many of your countrymen come to visit me as if I were a sea elephant or a great South American tapir. I try to give them a good show! I never do that with anyone who comes with a single idea or even with those who can formulate a germ of an intelligent question."

Yet, after all, these visitors may have been more discerning than Mussolini was willing to admit, for another writes concerning him: "He lives surrounded by mirrors. There are two Mussolinis—Mussolini the performer and Mussolini the audience." Mr. Child himself, from a slightly different angle, saw Mussolini's two-fold personality:

Mussolini is the rare case of a personality with duality of functions. He can spend a part of the day being a Roosevelt and another part being a Coolidge, one part being a yes-and-no man and another part being an I-wonder-why man. Therefore, one

finds that he can see a great number of visitors when he is in his yes-and-no office hours, but certain periods come when a visiting King would have trouble in smashing through his barriers.

And yet!—A certain youth in Rome, with absolutely no "pull," wrote recently to Mussolini asking for his signature. The youth supposed he was throwing away his stamp, but promptly he received not only the desired autograph, but also Mussolini's photograph.

Benito Mussolini was born in the village of Predappio, which is not far from the well-known cities of Rimini (remember Francesca da Rimini) and Bologna, the seat of an ancient university *(Bononia docet)*. The village lies along the side of two low mountains, on whose slopes are patch-work squares of vineyards and gardens. Cypress trees sentinel the town, and the church with its low campanile overlooks the place where the future "dictator" was born. His father, Alessandro Mussolini, was blacksmith, inn-keeper, and Socialist. Young Benito had schooling at a convent, and when twenty years old was a Socialist candidate. When defeated by a man of higher social standing, his anger was so great that he smashed the ballot-box. Some consider this incident as suggestive of his life-spirit and point of view. The ballot-box was stronger than he, driving him to Switzerland, to avoid arrest. In Switzerland he taught school and was a bricklayer's laborer to escape starvation; yet, at the same time, he attended lectures at the University of Lausanne, win-

ning his diploma as a professor of French. But his revolutionary propaganda caused his expulsion from Switzerland, when he sought place for the sole of his foot in Trento, Austria. There he "edited an Irredentist paper and even found time to write an historical novel advocating tyrannicide as a patriotic duty."

Presently, thanks to an amnesty, he was able to return to Italy and, as an ardent Socialist, became the editor-in-chief of *Avanti,* organ of the Italian Socialist party and one of the great journals of Europe. It was at this time that George Sorrel made this prophecy: "Our Mussolini is not an ordinary Socialist. Believe me, you will yet see him at the head of a sacred battalion, saluting with the uplifted sword the Italian flag. He is an Italian of the fifteen century. It is not yet known, but he is the only man capable of mending the weaknesses of his government." Here he was as Socialist editor when the great war broke out. He was one of the first to plead that Italy should take up arms. Concerning this epoch in his own and his country's history, he felt that the future not of Italy alone but of many nations was in the balance. In his newspaper office he constantly realized this. The Socialist party never seemed certain as to what position it should take. Many in this party were in full and open sympathy with Germany; this was not true of Mussolini. A few intelligent and able men began to question whether it was right for

Italians to support the political aims of the King of Prussia and whether such a line of action would be helpful for the future of Italy and the world. Mussolini, in his paper *Avanti,* raised this question and believed that the presentation of this issue was his most distinguished service in journalism. When the Socialist Council found which way Mussolini was headed, they took *Avanti* out of his hands. So he was no longer able in this way to urge Italy's intervention in the war. In other words, he was expelled. So he created the Fascisti, a company of ardent young men who felt that Italy could be made to enter the war. Mussolini was their leader, and he realized that he must have a daily paper.

Although Mussolini did not consider himself an adept in the world of money alone, and although in a way he despised money, still, he must have means with which to set up his paper. A simple outfit for his office was easily secured, but the contract for the printing was in danger every week of being broken for lack of funds. On November 15, 1914, his newspaper, the *Popolo d' Italia,* appeared; and this was his pulpit until 1922. It helped to make him. His first article had much to do with Italy taking her place in the war alongside of France and England. The Fascisti stood by him in his newspaper work.

Italy entered the war May 24, 1915, and Mussolini became a soldier. He determined when he thus put on

again the grey-green uniform of the Bersaglieri (the Italian troops who wear in their hats great masses of dark feathers) to be the very best soldier he could be, obedient, faithful, doing in all his duty. He wanted to be true to the ideal he was proclaiming. He had been in a Bersaglieri regiment in the days of his compulsory military service. Mussolini claims that in this purpose of his to be a model soldier he had no personal nor selfish motive, but was simply being consistent and loyal to those doctrines for which he was asking others to fight until victory was won. He wanted to be a volunteer, but this could not be allowed, so he had to wait his turn, and this, to his great joy, came three months after Italy had entered the war. At first he and his fellow-soldiers suffered cold, rain, hunger, and mud, but before long he was promoted because of merit, and became a corporal, with commendation from his superior officer.

After an illness of typhoid fever in the military hospital at Cividale and convalescence at Ferrara, he was back in the trenches again, taking his place on the high pinnacles of the Alps as a member of a company expert in the use of hand-grenades. They were only a few score of feet from the enemy where the air throbbed with flying shells and the menace of death moment by moment.

Presently he was wounded, whereupon he was moved to the hospital of Ronchi. His wounds were serious:

forty-four pieces of the grenade were taken from his body; he underwent, in one month, twenty-seven operations, all except two without anæsthetics. The King called once. Left with limbs too weak, on his recovery he took his place as fighter in his newspaper office. After the fearful defeat at Caporetto, and then the glorious victory on the Piave, came the end of the war. Yet the poison in the hearts of the disaffected, which doubtless had much to do with the disaster at Caporetto, soon spread far and wide though the war was over.

One writer thus describes the post-war situation: "The war had laid bare the ravages of half a century of misgovernment, of corruption. The administration was in tatters; the currency plunged downwards; the cost of living shot to the skies. For all practical purposes Italy at the end of 1918 was a defeated country. The wages of defeat was Communism."

All the fruitage of the war, however, was not bad. Mussolini believed that after a thousand years Italy had awakened again to give proof of moral and spiritual courage. Once more the patriot's love for Italy was bearing fruit. Trento and Treiste, "Italia Irredenta," was at last rescued from foreign rule, and Dante's prophecy of the fourteenth century had come to pass. War had lasted longer than was expected, but victory had given a glow to Italian hearts. The awful tragedy had left, Mussolini felt, beyond its inevitable griefs a

deep poetical aftermath in the life of the nation. The toll in human lives exacted from Italy by the great war was 652,000 dead; 450,000 mutilated; 100,000 wounded.

Demoralization followed the war. The treaty at Versailles, as far as Italy was concerned, made the situation worse. The loss of Fiume, in which transaction Wilson had a hand, turned the affection for our President, which had flamed high, into cruel criticism—nay, into hatred. Throughout Italy work was not the order of the day. Socialism seemed coming back to more than former power. Mussolini says that at Milan a mob of 30,000 people called for the raising of the red flag on the Municipal Building. All the normal forms of social life were turned upside down. A Socialist commission demanded the arrest of Mussolini and other Fascisti leaders. Bolshevism seemed to menace Italy. Socialist victory threatened to crush the liberals and democrats. Their victory had been won largely because of the general uneasiness of the people. Yet Mussolini refused to furl even the smallest part of his flag. He succeeded in keeping his paper, the *Popolo d' Italia* alive.

He would not allow the gaunt hand of poverty to throttle him. When he might have sold out, he tightened his hold.

Fed up, perhaps, with their victory, Socialists, or at least some of them, would have ignored him, and a

Bolshevik post-office clerk at first refused to pay him a money order saying he did not know anyone named Benito Mussolini.

The difficult situation resulting from the war, or at least brought to a climax by the war, did not improve, and one prime minister after another sought in vain to bring order out of what was well-nigh chaos. As already suggested, the finances of the country were askew and presently strikes were the order of the day in all parts of Italy and sometimes in all Italy. In the emergency of strikes, the Fascisti came to the fore, sweeping the streets, or running the street-cars, as the case might be. Finally, just seven years after the King had greeted Mussolini wounded and sick at Ronchi, he was inviting Mussolini to the Quirinal to form a ministry; but between these two strikingly-contrasted events there had been many steps. The Fascisti had at least failed once at election time; Mussolini likewise had been defeated, but that neither changed nor discouraged him. The strike in the summer of 1922, which the Facta government could not stop, the Fascisti ended in two weeks. The following October came the march on Rome.

One of the most remarkable notes in the history of the Fascisti movement was its rapid growth. In little more than two years their numbers had grown from a 1,000, scattered over Northern Italy to armed cohorts, with 300,000 men marching towards Rome, besides a

million and a half of non-fighting auxiliaries. With the march on Rome came the seizure of post-offices, telephone exchanges, telegraph and railroad stations. The Government decreed martial law, but the King wisely refused to sign the decree. Mussolini was in his office of the *Popolo d' Italia,* in Milan. He wore the black shirt. He would not deviate from his daily routine and found time to play on his beloved violin and to practice with the foil. The climax came on Sunday, October 29. It is two o'clock in the afternoon, Mussolini turns to his brother Arnaldo and says that a supplement must be issued, for the King had asked him to undertake the formation of a cabinet. Twenty hours later Mussolini reached Rome. He went at once to the Royal Palace. Next day he and his cabinet took oath of office. For the march on Rome Mussolini had made a plan of military and political organization based on the model of Rome's ancient legions. The Fascisti were divided into *principi* and *triari.* A slogan, a watchword, and a uniform were adopted. Mussolini saw two Italys.

One that appeared to him free from servitude. It was proud, noble, loyal, eternally dedicated by the bloody covenant of war, determined to be forever in the first rank for the defense of the right, and the illustrious heritage of the Italian people. The other Italy which he saw was dead to all nobility and power, forgetful of a splendid history, in chains to narrowness, lukewarm in all that was best, self-satis-

fied, forgetful of courteous tendencies, cold, egoistic, unable to make a gallantry, dead to unselfishness.

Mussolini had a mental picture of an Italy, an old Italy which through its narrow policies, its political crimination and recrimination, log rolling and bartering in legislative halls and even the cafés on the Corso, and a thousand other littlenesses were ruining Italy. Italy with its hard-pressed laborers, its weak, inadequate country banks, its false economy, its badly managed charity. Italy with its position of poor boy at the feast, bowing to other nations at all international gatherings for conference; Italy populous and fertile. Italy giving her thousands of laborers to enrich other lands; where was the leadership that might have been hers?

The world has not yet come to a unanimous verdict as to Mussolini. Perhaps no such verdict, if it is to be accurate, can be reached so long as he is still alive, at work on the problem of Italy's reformation and regeneration. Is Mussolini obsessed with desire for his own aggrandizement? Is he hoping some day to supplant even the King on his throne? Mussolini declared that Nitti had conceived the ambition of holding the presidency of a future Italian republic. Is some such scheme in Mussolini's heart and mind? Or is Mussolini the most unselfish, altruistic, patriotic, capable leader and saviour that Italy or any other country has ever (or at least for many years) seen? Opinion is divided.

Talk, for example, with a certain Italian correspondent of a great London paper, and he cannot find words strong enough to describe Mussolini's devotion and loyalty and service to Italy. In less than twenty-four hours another, apparently equally well-informed, will pronounce Mussolini the most aspiring tyrant of all the centuries.

Perhaps the reason many have found it difficult to summarize the principles and aims and plans of the Fascisti is because these things are being worked out as the days pass and as new emergencies and occasions arise. Perhaps Mussolini is an opportunist, in either the lower or larger meaning of this word. In any just estimate as to what he has accomplished or any prophecy as to what he yet may do for his native land, due consideration should be given to conditions in Italy as they existed when his work began. One writer says:

> Mussolini is a popular leader, but the leader of a people tired with democracy. . . . He is the gonfaloniere of the Italian return to roaring, violent, despotic normalcy from the alien interlude of an imported, unsympathetic and therefore ineffective theory of government. Democracy is impossible without a cheerful acquiescence in periodic defeat. Parliamentarianism on the continent was essentially a game with loaded dice. . . . Then came the War. It showed up shams. It provided millions of the common people with rifles and offered the greatest university extension course of all times. The principal subject taught was Direct Action. Two major peoples decided to go in for post-graduate study. One was the Russian under

Lenin. The other was the Italian under Mussolini. Napoleon cheated at cards whenever he could make reasonably sure that he would not be found out. Benito Mussolini made up his mind that he would be like Napoleon—never worry about the rules of the game. . . . The War had kindled the youth of Italy to a sense of romance and adventure. Fascism now unconsciously undertook to canalize the revolt against the dulness of modern middle class existence. Mussolini did not invent Fascism. He merely discovered its material and vitalized it by injecting one idea, brilliant in its very simplicity. It was the idea that it takes two classes to make a class war. The Italian bourgeoisie was dazzled. So was the Italian proletariat. No one had thought of this before. It remained only to organize the inevitable. The years of 1919 and 1920 form the period of Communist ascendency in Italy and of the abdication of the official state. It is also the period of Fascist growth and of civil war waged by small nuclei of Fascists against a numerically stronger enemy. Fascist methods were electric. They were the methods of vendetta, of the old Italian inter-city feud. The Fascists added an innovation of their own. Castor oil. . . . The history of Italy for the past thousand years is a history of feuds.

While the English were fighting the Germans, and the Spaniards the Moors, and so on and so on, the Italians were fighting one another. Remember the inter-party, inter-clan feuds of mediæval Italy, such were the Fascist forays. "In Italian civil war the special feature was the sudden disappearance of the defeated. After the great Fascist victories of 1921 the Socialist and Communist locals joined the Fascists wholesale. There was the Italian passion for climbing on the band wagon." Quite to the point is the story of an Italian

peasant who, when Socialism and Communism were in the saddle, named his baby Lenin, but when "Il Duce's" star was in the ascendency, sought royal permission to change the boy's name to Benito Mussolini.

Fascism was born as a negative movement, a movement of protest. Mussolini says: "Our programme is simple. We wish to govern Italy. . . . We are a movement, not a museum. . . . It is a reaction against the democrats who have made everything mediocre and uniform. . . . If the people wish to vote, let them vote. Let us all vote until we are sick of it." The point is that as long as one has an armed following of 300,000 men fired by an almost mystic spirit of obedience it does not really matter how people vote. Democracy is obsolete. What the world wants is dictatorship. Mankind is tired of liberty. Fascism founds its practice on the distinction between Fascist and non-Fascist, the capable and the incapable. It believes in Direct Action—that is parlimentarianism is a fraud, because it rests on argument. Mussolini worships violence. It is a case of force that creates right. Mussolini maintains that the people are incapable of governing themselves, that no government can succeed that is not based on armed force. The Fascist rebellion against the state was right; rebellion against Fascism would be wrong. Fascism has no system, only methods and tendencies. The methods are direct action and dictatorship. What Fascists call electicism in English is called stealing somebody else's thunder. Economy is a cardinal item in the Fascist schedule. Fascism, notwithstanding some objectionable methods, has achieved no little good for Italy. It dragged the Italian people out of its age-old rut. It broke open sealed windows and let in fresh air. It probably prevented Bolshevism in 1919. Mussolini is eminently a man of action. Theory is his weakness and he hates weakness. He sincerely believes that the weal of his beloved

Italy is inseparable from the weal of Benito Mussolini. A great man he is not. There is no charity in him. He cannot forget the bitterness of his youth. Lincoln was made of other stuff.

There seems no line of life and human activity that concerned the welfare of Italy upon which Mussolini has not laid hold in thought and with hand, hoping to correct what was wrong and better what was good. How many examples of this statement might be given! The financial situation after the war has been mentioned, when the lira fell in value and when prices soared and when the Government began to print money. Mussolini, on a trip to Cannes, France, to attend the Interallied Conference, had a concrete illustration of the depreciation of Italian money. He had ten thousand lire for necessary expenses.

His brother Arnaldo went to convert these lire at a money changer's, into French money and brought back only five thousand two hundred francs. Mussolini had followed indeed the ups and downs of foreign exchange, but this experience made on him a painful impression. It made him realize that Italian currency had lost almost half its value as compared with French currency! It was a serious situation. It was a disgraceful piece of humble pie for a victor nation, and a ominous danger signal. It suggested that not far away was bankruptcy. Mussolini decided that this condition of things must be changed and by Fascism. Doubtless this experience at Cannes had much to do with the vow Mus-

solini made: to fight for the lira with all his power and as long as he lives. And the same year that he made this vow the lira rose in value from 3.18 cents to about 5.45 cents.

Formerly travelers in Italy laughed and made jokes at the expense of the railway service, declaring that all the trains were slow and always behind time; and at least the second of these charges was, alas! too true. Under Mussolini, we are told, all this is changed and that trains are rarely late. No wonder, since if a train is late, the "crew" of such a train has its pay cut. Passengers on the trains, as well as the trainmen, are looked after under the Mussolini régime and even an offense seemingly so trivial as putting one's feet upon the opposite seat, will subject the guilty one to a fine. This statement is based not on theory, but on fact, as certain American girls could testify, and perhaps others.

In his thought and control of practically all the many vital matters that are factors in the life and prosperity of Italy, Mussolini has not neglected the realm of religion. To show what great changes have taken place in this field under Mussolini, it will be well to enumerate in order some things that he has done:

Religious instruction has been introduced into all the public schools of the Kingdom, from which it had been banished since 1870, when Italy became a united nation under Victor Emmanuel II.

Unlimited liberty has been granted the State church in reference to public streets, squares and parks for use for religious worship and other church functions.

The replacement of the crucifix in all public schools and court-rooms and other public places from which it had been banished in 1870, when the Pope lost his temporal power and Rome was taken from him by the Italian government.

Prohibition on the part of political and religious adversaries to criticize the Papacy or doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, in any way, especially by means of publication, either periodical or occasional.

The parish priests, who, of course, have charge of the public worship in the State Church, have had their pay considerably increased.

Masonry, which has been considered by the Vatican for years as a great enemy to the Roman church, has been utterly suppressed for the time being in Italy and its Grandmaster has been sent into exile for five years on an island in the Mediterranean. Masonic lodges have been closed and in many cases devastated and no Mason is allowed to hold a Government position of any kind, however humble it may be.

Both Socialism and Communism, both considered by most people not only enemies of civil government, but also of religion in general, have been suppressed and their principal leaders have been driven into exile. This action of the Government has been considered as much a victory for the church as for the Government itself.

The constitution of the Italian Kingdom—the first article—recognizes the Roman Catholic church as the State religion and extends toleration only to other religions, which of course includes Baptist churches. A considerable effort was made till recently on the part of our adversary toward the suppression of our privileges and we (Baptists) were on the point of being

banished from Italy when for some unknown cause negotiations for the modification of the State constitution came suddenly to an end. The writer of this article does not know for what reason the matter is being held up, but the probability is that the matter may come up again for consideration, sooner or later. In such a case all Evangelical churches in Italy would probably be closed, especially those doing work among the native population. Such a step would certainly be nothing short of an outrage, while Italians and Roman Catholics in general have absolute liberty in other countries of the world, especially in England and America, to worship God and to carry on their propaganda as they see fit.

Desperate efforts are being made by our adversaries to identify us with Masons, communists, anarchists and other extremists in order to bring us into disrepute in the eyes of the Government. We are represented as secret agents of foreign governments, sent here (Italy) for political and commercial reasons, under the guise of religious propaganda.

Without doubt, a considerable part of the population in Italy will be pleased to see Evangelicals either suppressed as far as their liberties are concerned or utterly banished from the country. A motion passed by the Union of Catholic Men in St. Thomas' church in Genoa represents this state of mind above referred to. It reads as follows:

"That the Government should no longer tolerate Protestant propaganda in Italy. That Evangelical schools and social work be closed. That Evangelical publications of all kinds be suppressed (See *Il Cittadino* of Genoa, July 10, 1927)."

Whatever Mussolini may do in the days to come in regard to Evangelicals and Baptists in Italy, already Baptists have suffered at the hands of his government; certain of our periodicals have had whole issues se-

questrated, at financial loss to us, and their "freedom of the press" narrowed. One of our evangelists, because it was claimed that he had given utterance to certain communistic opinions (yet this even was not established), has been banished for three years to an island in the Mediterranean, with meager support for himself and none for his family.

As to Mussolini's relation and attitude toward the Pope, no final word, perhaps, may yet be given, for here, as in other matters, he seems to be working out and feeling for some scheme rather than to be following an established plan and program. One quite familiar with conditions in Italy and on the continent of Europe says:

> Before the War Mussolini was an atheistic Socialist. As an anti-Catholic he wrote one of the best lives of John Huss extant, though now he will not allow its publication in Italy. There is no reason to believe that he has sincerely changed his religious opinions.
>
> Many ask me about the relations between "Il Duce" and the Pope. Summing up, I should say: they are two despots who mutually hate each other; fear each other; need each other and use each other for their own ends.

Mussolini has established from one end of Italy to the other a system of espionage which seems strange to one accustomed to the spirit of personal rights that is found in England and America. The thought that you are being watched, perhaps by some minion of the government, as you journey on the train or walk the

city's streets or motor over mountains and across valleys, haunts one like a ghost. Perhaps you have violated some law when you were as innocent of transgression as a new-born babe! Letters may be opened (thus one's private affairs becoming, as it were, public property) at the hands of the Government. Some say that this is all a part of the process which Italy must needs go through that she may find herself as a great and independent and aspiring nation with a future full of richest and best blessings. Let us hope that this prospect and process are all for Italy's highest good. Much of good for Italy, many think, has already been won by Mussolini. Perhaps it is even now true that in a degree Italy has already found herself, and that now, as never before, even the Italian *contadino* holds up his head and is proud of his native land. Yet, to press this view too far is to forget the thrilling story, in modern days, of Italy's splendid struggle for independence, with its heroes and statesmen such as Garibaldi, Silvio Pellico, Cavour, and many, many others.

While Mussolini has not told the world exactly what his ambition for Italy is, he has declared that his work is not yet finished and that his successor is not yet born. It is also true that, in part, we have heard his dream, his hope for his native land. In ten years he wants the population to increase from forty to sixty millions. He desires "to make Italy a concentrated, organized, and authoritative democracy." He advocates "temper-

ance." and has already closed 25,000 of Italy's 187,000 "saloons." He believes in the possibilities presented in country life, and proclaims himself a "convinced ruralist." He wants in Italy only healthy industries. He desires crime to be abolished, and already robberies have decreased since 1923 from 1226 to 298. These are but items that may suggest the way the wind blows around his head and heart.

The world waits to know just what is the meaning of the recent Concordat between Mussolini, representing the King and the Italian government, and the Pope. It is interesting to learn that our American papers were telling their readers about this Pact weeks before it was even suspected in Rome. The press in Rome was muzzled like a mad dog. Policemen in plain clothes appeared at certain Italian Protestant Sunday services, to get data as to what was taking place there. Some fear that Protestant churches will be closed and Protestant publications suppressed, but this is perhaps an extreme view. In a speech made by Mussolini, soon after the announcement as to the Concordat, in the Royal Opera of Rome and before the prefects and many of the Mayors of Italy, he used the following words concerning the recent Reconciliation: "Also here the Fascista Régime is logical in assigning to the Roman Catholic Church the preëminent place in the religious life of the Italian people. This does not signify (it is almost superfluous to say it) that the other

religions, up to the present time tolerated must be from now on persecuted, suppressed, or even annoyed." This interpretation by Mussolini is most interesting and encouraging to all who wish for Italy, and all the world, religious liberty.

Let us hope that Mussolini has indeed come for such a time as this, and that under God he may accomplish the greatest good and blessing in Italy, where Southern Baptists and other Protestant denominations have sent their representatives, and that Italy shall increasingly flourish, not alone in fig-tree, olive, orange, vine, and almond, but also, as never before, that her men and women may be, to use Isaiah's words: "Trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified."

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